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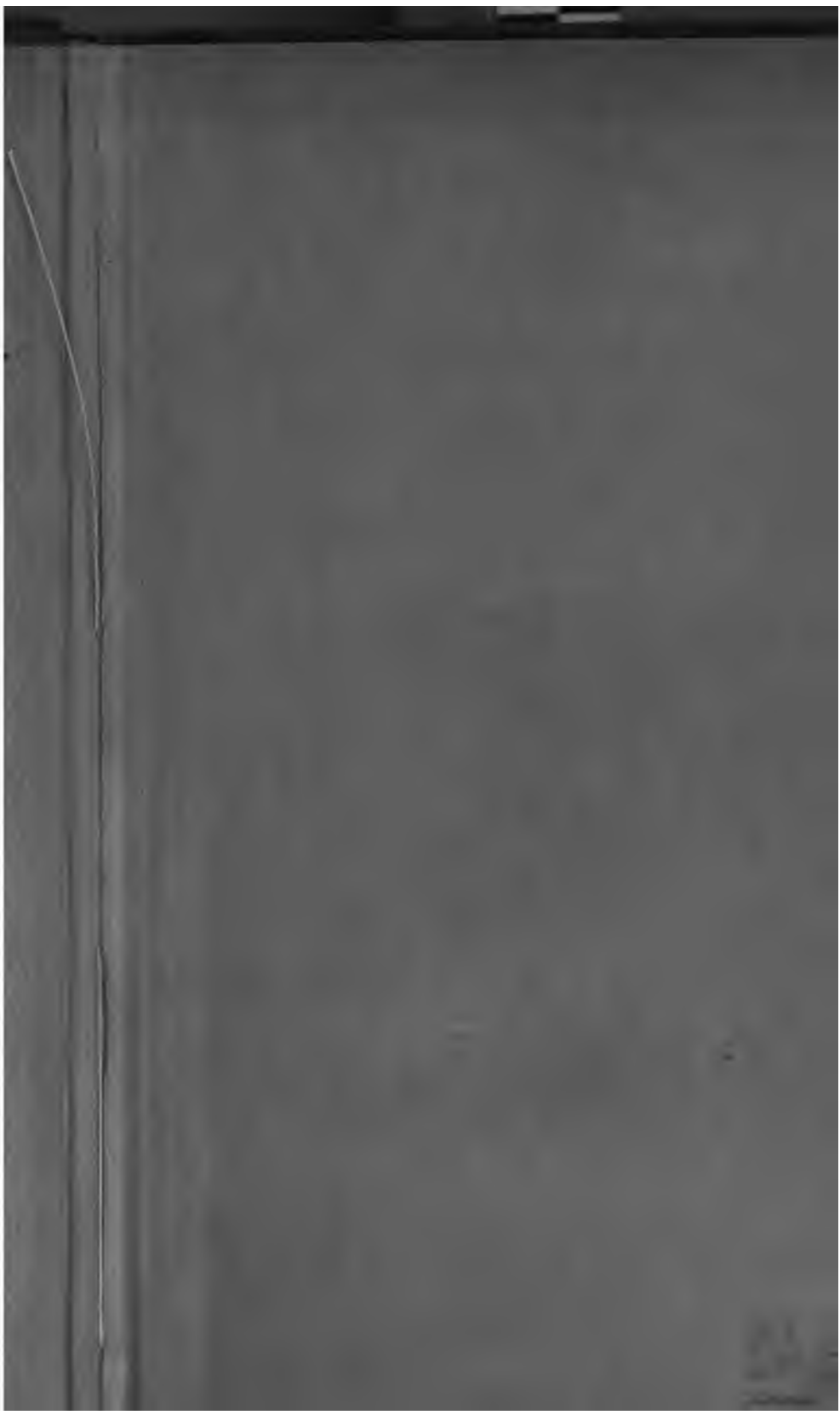

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INDEX.

VOLUME FOURTEEN.

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES.

		PAGE
ARSAPH, THE GODS OF THE WORLD, (Poem),	*Paul Avenel*,	143
ASTROLOGICAL PREDICTION ON PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S SECOND TERM, AN,	*Julius Erickson*,	266
AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SOUL, THE,	*Dr. Emma Seeley Stowe*,	339
DE BALZAC'S SERAPHITA—A METAPHYSICAL STUDY,	*Axel E. Gibson*,	110
DREAM OF SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS, THE,	*Frank H. Sprague*,	379
ENTHEASM,	*Alexander Wilder, M.D., F.A.S.*	81
EVOLUTION OF ETHICS, THE,	*F. W. Fitzpatrick*,	36
FREEDOM,	*Leander Edmund Whipple*,	251
HIGH AND LOW LIFE AMONG FLOWERS (An Allegory),	*Mrs. Ferdinand Dunkley*,	345
IMAGINATION, THE,	*Alexander Wilder, M.D., F.A.S.*	369
INDIA, THE TWO GREAT POEMS OF,	*Mrs. Arthur Smith*,	243
INDIVIDUALITY *versus* ORGANIZATION,	*Elizabeth Burns Ferm*,	400
INTELLIGENCE,	*Leander Edmund Whipple*,	20
MESSAGE OF TOLSTOI'S "RESURRECTION,"	*Axel E. Gibson*,	317
NIETZSCHE, FRIEDERICH WILHELM —A PHILOSOPHIC NIHILIST,	*Waldemar B. Kaempffert*,	1
OCCULT MEANING OF SOME WORDS, THE,	*Franz Hartmann, M. D.*,	161
"PETER" IDENTIFIED,	*Ephoros*,	169
PHILOSOPHY OF THE ZOROASTERS, THE,	*Alexander Wilder, M.D., F.A.S.*	225
PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE AND RELIGION,	*T. Watson Brown, B.A., LL.B.*	305

PAGE

REPOSE, DANGER AS WELL AS POWER IN, ... *Harold J. Learoyd*, ... 45
SOUL OF CHINA, THE, ... *André Camille Fontaine*, . . 313
SYMBOLISM OF THE EUCHARIST, THE, ... *Eugene A. Skilton*, ... 272
TELEPATHY, ... *Karl H. von Wiegand*, . . . 278
UNIVERSALISM, ... *Alexander Wilder, M.D., F.A.S.* 63
WILL, ... *Leander Edmund Whipple*, . . 94

DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY.

SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY, THE 77
EVOLUTION OF MENTAL SCIENCE, THE, ... *Eliza Calvert Hall*, ... 173

THE HOME CIRCLE.

DE IMMORTALITATE (Poem), . . *Leon Mead*, ... 62
DREAM OF MY SOUL'S REINCARNATION, ... *G. H. S. Soule*, ... 193
EASTER WINGS (Poem), . . . *Eva Best*, ... 296
ICICLE, THE (An Allegory), . . *Maud Dunkley*, ... 56
LIGHT ETERNAL, THE (Poem), . *Eva Best*, ... 367
LIGHT IS SPRUNG UP (Poem), . . *Eva Best*, ... 209
LOTUS, THE (Poem), ... *Maud Ralston*, ... 413
PATH OF SAFETY, ... *Eva Best*, ... 392
RENAISCENCE (Poem), ... *Dorothy King*, ... 366
SELF-HELP, ... *H. W. Graves*, ... 59
SERMON AND THANKSGIVING OF TRISMEGISTUS, THE (Poem), *Mrs. E. Sage*, ... 358
SNAP SHOTS ON THE JERICO ROAD, *Maria Weed*, ... 58
THE LORD CHRÊST, JESUS, THE PERSONIFIED GOODNESS, . *Ephoros*, ... 139
WHITE STONE, THE, ... *Hudor Genone*, ... 183
WISE MAN AND THE SEA URCHINS, THE, ... *Eva Best*, 46, 146, 201, 285, 348, 415

WORLD OF THOUGHT

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

PAGE

"1901" (*Editorial*) . . . 267
ABSTEMIOUSNESS, ... 298
ACHIEVEMENT OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, ... 365

	PAGE
ASHES AND FRUIT, ...	65
COLLEGE LEGISLATION, . .	364
EARLY RACES CIVILIZED, .	366
EVERY ONE HIS OWN PROVIDENCE, (*Editorial*), . . .	365
EVOLVING NOT A MOLDING, (*Editorial*), ...	70
EXPENSE OF EDUCATION, THE	155
HABIT OF INTERRUPTING, THE	425
HOPE AND EFFORT, (Poem), .	158
HOW LONG MAY WE LIVE, .	361
HOW THE NARRATIVE CAME, .	429
HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF YEARS, ...	69
INFANT GEMS, ...	156
"IF,"	427
"IF,"	429
MEDICAL FADS, ...	73
"MEDICAL MONOPOLY LEGISLATION" UNCONSTITUTIONAL, ...	297
MEDICAL SCIENCE, (*Franz Hartmann, M. D.*), . . .	76
METAPHYSICS IN THE MOUNTAINS, (A Letter), . . .	73
MIRACULOUS CHILD, THE, .	212
NEW YEAR, A, (*Eva Best*), .	71
OCCULT RITES IN HEBREW LAND, ...	364
PHILOSOPHY ESSENTIAL TO PRACTICAL RESULTS, (*Editorial*), ...	70
POWER OF FAITH, THE, . .	69
PROFESSOR HERRON IN AN INDEPENDENT PULPIT . .	155
READING HABIT, THE, . .	211
RELIGION OF PEACE, THE, (*Editorial*), ...	212
REVIEWER, THE, (Poem), *Dorothy King*), ...	213
RIGHT ROAD, THE, ...	298
RIGHTS THAT ARE NOT ABROGATED, ...	366
SMALL-POX NOT CONTAGIOUS,	298
SOUL OF THE TURTLE, THE, (With Explanation), (*James W. Louis Kellogg*),	214
VACCINATION IN BRITISH STATIONS, (*Editorial*), . . .	74
VACCINATION NEVER KEPT OFF SMALL-POX	298
VICTOR HUGO ON IMMORTALITY, ...	428

BOOK REVIEWS, ... 77, 222, 299, 368, 430
ADVANCE THOUGHT PUBLICATIONS, ... 79, 159

THE

METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE.

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FRIEDRICH WILHELM NIETZSCHE — A PHILOSOPHIC NIHILIST.

BY WALDEMAR B. KAEMPFFERT.

As one glances through the history of German philosophic literature from the death of Kant to the present day, one finds that there are two men, more or less intimately connected with each other, who have exerted upon the thought and writing of their countrymen an influence which is both pernicious and beneficial. The one man is Arthur Schopenhauer, the other Friedrich Nietzsche. Of Schopenhauer so much has been said and written that the underlying principles of his work have become as familiar to English readers as those of Kant himself. Of Nietzsche, on the other hand, little is known, outside of Germany, although he is as much *à la mode* as Wagner and Tolstoi.

His work is so strongly independent in style, so essentially a product of his emotion rather than his intellect, so deeply imbued with his strange individuality, that he possesses a peculiar interest to lovers of curious personalities. That the imaginative qualities of the man were those of a poet of no mean order his harshest critics have never denied; that his

philosophy presents startling defects even his most arden admirers have admitted. In feeling he was a musician; i expression, a poet; in thought, a nihilist. He has been calle a mad philosopher, and the charge, within certain limits, mus be admitted, especially when it is considered that he spent th last ten years of his life in an insane asylum.

His career has three periods. In early youth he was disciple of Schopenhauer and Wagner; and under their power ful influence it was that, in 1872, he wrote his first grea work, *Die Geburt der Tragödie aus dem Geiste der Musik* followed by *Unzeitgemässe Betrachtungen* (1873–76). Then h severed the ties which bound him to his mentors; for the pes simistic idealism of Schopenhauer was too strongly oppose to his own optimistic realism, and the religious tendencie evinced by Wagner in *Parsifal* repelled him. During the secon period of his career, which he now entered, he published th aphorisms bearing the titles *Menschliches, Allzumenschliche* (1878), *Der Wanderer und sein Schatten* (1880), *Die Morgen röte* (1881), and *Die fröhliche Wissenschaft* (*La gaya Scienza* (1882). In his "intellectualistic" stage, as Ritschl has terme it, Nietzsche shows a pronounced leaning toward the Englis positivistic school, a skepticism of truth, but not yet the nega tion of morality which marks his later works. When, how ever, he entered the third or "instinctivistic" period of Ritsch he cast aside restraint and attacked with all his fury the inst tutions which mankind has respected for thousands of year Book now followed book with astonishing rapidity. Betwee 1883 and 1885 appeared *Also Sprach Zarathustra*, th strangest book that ever came from the pen of a strang man. In 1886 *Jenseits von Gut und Böse* was published, th theories of which were amplified in *Zur Genealogie der Mor* (1887). The year 1888 saw the publication of *Der Fa Wagner*, and *Götzendämmerung*. Three months before the blo fell which was forever to deprive him of his reasoning power

he wrote his *Antichrist* (first published in 1895 in his collected works), the most bitter, passionate, violent attack ever made upon Christianity. Into the few tormented years of the last period he crowded all his chief work—the work by which he will live and by which he must be judged.

No startling or romantic events are to be found in his life. He was born in 1844 on the battlefield of Lützen. "The first name I heard," he wrote to Georg Brandes, "was that of Gustavus Adolphus." He prided himself, though it seems for no very good reason, upon his supposed descent from the Polish noble family of Niëzky. His head, he had been told, might be found in pictures by Matjeko. He studied in Bonn, later in Leipsic, where he attracted the attention of Ritschl, at that time the foremost philologist in Germany. In the winter of 1868–1869, when hardly twenty-four years of age, before he had even obtained his doctor's degree, he was called to fill a professorial chair at Basle. The University of Leipsic afterwards gave him a degree without an examination, waiving even the customary formality of requiring a dissertation. For ten years he lectured to and taught at Basle men far older than himself. And during those ten years he lived on terms of the most intimate friendship with Richard and Cosima Wagner—a friendship which he burst asunder with a suddenness which cost him no little pain and which was followed by a hatred afterwards vented in *Der Fall Wagner*. At the most brilliant period of his academic career began that failing in health which finally ended in madness. He passed a winter in Italy, in Sorrento; but no improvement in his condition resulted. He seems to have had a premonition of the mental disorder which was to darken his last days. In that brief sketch of his life included in the first of his letters to Brandes it is pitiful to read how he seeks to persuade himself and his Danish friend that his illness is of a purely physical nature. "I never had a symptom of mental disorder," he protests;

"not even fever or syncope. My pulse then beat as slowl as that of the first Napoleon (=60). It was my specialt to suffer extreme pain with perfect clearness of mind fo three days in succession. . . . The report has been sprea that I was confined and even that I died in an insane asylun Nothing can be further wrong. My mind even ripened durin this terrible period—witness my *Morgenröte*, which I wrot in one winter of incredible misery in Genoa, with no physician friend, or relative near me. The book is a kind of 'dynamom ter' for me; I wrote it with a minimum of strength an health. From 1882 on, my health improved, though ver slowly to be sure. The crisis seemed to have been passed (m father died when very young—exactly in the year of his li when I was nighest unto death). To this very day I mus exercise the utmost care. . . . It is not choice, but necessity which compels me to pass the summer in Oberengadin, th winter at the Riviera. Sickness has been of the utmost servic to me. . . . It has restored my courage to me."

Strange as it may seem, his long, painful illness never fo a moment embittered him. "A sick man has no right to b a pessimist," he said. To those about him he seemed lik one who lived in a world of his own, of which he alone hel the key; for, physical suffering caused him to shrink fro other men, to draw more and more within himself, to writ only for himself, and to study only himself. And that i why his philosophy may be regarded as the story of his ow soul. Throughout his literary work his individualism an subjectiveness are constantly reiterated. "My judgment is m judgment, to which another has no right," he exclaims i *Jenseits von Gut und Böse.*

Like his thought, his writing is stamped with his ow self. He is a skillful stylist, a consummate artist who know how to strike every chord to which human emotion ca respond, who paints as it has been given to few to pain

with words. In his writings there are passages which in power and beauty can be favorably compared with the prose of Schopenhauer and Heine. If there are times when he abandons all rhetorical ornamentation and expresses himself with a coarseness and brutality hardly to be expected of a man of his gentle disposition and innate courtesy, there are also times when he clothes his thought in a dress of rare splendor or hides his meaning in a cloudy mysticism which, unfortunately, too often become unintelligible. In all his work, though it be repulsive in its ferocity or entrancing in its beauty, there is always something unexpected, something kaleidoscopic; one never knows what the next sentence, the next paragraph, may bring, what curse may be uttered or lyric sung.

This element of the unexpected has its origin in Nietzsche's hatred of system and everything that savors of the well-ordered and regulated. He detested artistic transitions of thought from sentence to sentence, from paragraph to paragraph, and confined all his literary skill to the production of individually beautiful sentences. Perhaps his rapidly failing eyesight and his poor health hindered the patient elaboration of a theme; for books in the true sense of the term he never wrote after the second period of his career. His best works are, for the most part, composed of aphorisms—little masterpieces in their way, often as sharp and as stinging as the sayings of Chamfort or La Rochefoucauld. He overestimated the literary value of the aphorism, allowed his love of the sententious to obscure his expression, and prided himself not a little upon the adroitness with which he could turn an epigram. "The aphorism, the epigram, in which I am the foremost of German masters, are the forms of 'eternity'" he tells us in *Götzendämmerung;* "it is my ambition to say in ten sentences what every one else says in a book—what every one else does not say in a book." Once published, he never read a line of his work again. He wrote, owing to

his failing sight, in the open air, either standing in some pathway or lying in the grass, a sunny Italian landscape or a frowning Alpine cliff before him.

But, although he abhorred the systematic development of an argument and the graceful transition from one topic to another, his sentences, singly considered, display a faultless diction and a subtle melody that betray a highly trained and sensitive musical ear. Undoubtedly it was the love of rhythm which attracted him so irresistibly to dancing, which prompted him to turn instinctively to poetry as the most fitting medium for the expression of his emotions. Whatever may be the faults of his confused philosophic work, his poetry, it must be admitted, for its purity of tone and artistic perfection, deserves to take its place beside the best lyrics which have been sung by German poets. The *Nachtlied*, *Tanzlied*, and *Grablied* in *Also sprach Zarathustra* are rhapsodies remarkable not alone for their extraordinary independence of expression, but also for a certain unpremeditated charm that has caused many a critic who has fiercely attacked Nietzsche to pause in his denunciation and wonder why the "immoralist" never confined himself to poetry. The mysterious *Also Sprach Zarathustra*, inspired, if ever a book was inspired, with its strong archaic prose, its turbulence, its incoherence, sometimes rises to the heroic heights of epic poetry. The force of simple German prose can go no further.

To evolve a system of philosophy out of the chaos of aphorism and diatribe, defiant irreverence and melodious song, mysticism, and fancy, of which Nietzsche's writing is composed, is a task which has been undertaken more than once with varying success. So disconnected is much of Nietzsche's latest work, so many are the contradictions which occur, often in the same chapter, so unfathomable is his symbolism, that certain passages are open to as many interpretations as there are critics who undertake to translate

them into intelligible language. But in all his work, whatever its nature may be, he has concentrated his whole energy upon the reconstruction, or rather destruction, of our ethical system.

Few, indeed, have been the philosophers who have dared to question the correctness of our moral judgments. For the most part, they have been engaged chiefly in studying the genesis of morality, the evolution of the ethical spirit in man, and the moral conscience which governs his actions. Nietzsche boldly attacks these time-honored labors of ethical theorists, battles bitterly against so-called truth and against religions which are based upon the acceptance of the true as such. Fearlessly he asks himself: "Why truth rather than error? Why good rather than evil?" And dogmatically he concludes: "Nothing is true; everything is permissible." For him the most immediate reality, the only reality which exists, is the world of our passions and desires. All our thoughts, our deeds, our wishes, are governed by our instincts; and these instincts are in turn but the manifestations of a single, primordial instinct, *Wille zur Macht*. Every living organism tends to increase its power by subjecting to its will other organisms. And this incessant struggle for power is Nietzsche's fundamental principle of life.

Evidently the *Wille zur Macht* is a child of Schopenhauer's *Wille zum Leben* and the Darwinian theory of natural selection; but the combination of both theories and their development is distinctly Nietzsche's own. With Schopenhauer, Nietzsche denies the existence of an external causality and presents to us a new *Weltanschauung*. Both Schopenhauer and Nietzsche term their fundamental principle "Will," and by "Will" each understands not volition in its ordinary sense, but blind impulse. The principle of life, both affirm, we can discover only in ourselves; but between Schopenhauer's *Wille zum Leben* and Nietzsche's *Wille zur Macht* there is a radical difference. The *Wille zum Leben* is ever productive of the

same mystery. Schopenhauer regards life as an aimless desire caused by this very will to live. Neitzsche has added to Schopenhauer's doctrine the element of progression manifested in a continuous series of conquests in which the strong triumph over the weak. Like the struggle for existence, the *Wille zur Macht* is a biological principle, and in this respect differs from Schopenhauer's *Wille zum Leben*, which is a metaphysical hypothesis.

The *Weltanschauung* of Nietzsche differs as radically from that of Schopenhauer as the *Wille zum Leben* from the *Wille zur Macht*. For Nietzsche life is but a magnificent spectacle, to be judged as a conniosseur judges a work of art. Nietzsche asks only that life be beautiful—beautiful in the artist's sense of the term; for beauty is the sensation which accompanies the instinct of knowledge. It is the sensation of pleasure which renders perception possible, which places the observer *en rapport* with the universe, and causes him to feel its beauty. This æsthetic pleasure in life is a compensation and a justification of the pain which living necessarily entails—that morality which, he holds, has checked the development of humanity and culminated in the pessimistic resignation characteristic of the present period of vital depression.

It is Nietzsche's deep-rooted conviction that all civilized peoples are suffering from the wide-spread disease of moral decadence; that the world has been converted into a mighty lazar-house. Man has given a false valuation to life; he has been led astray. Instead of training his body, instead of caring only for the things of the flesh, he strives to reach a spiritual world which does not exist. He cultivates altruism, which is a pernicious delusion; he allows the weak to dominate the strong by reason of their very weakness; he upholds the State, in which the few great men are powerless in the level immensity of the governing mob; he is corrupted by religions in which pity and asceticism exert a fearful influ-

ence. With the first refinement if his animal nature, the decadence of man began; with the acquirement of reason, he lost his old sense of the glory of battles and the beauty of life. "At all times," we read in *Götzendämmerung*, "the wisest of men have formed the same judgment of life. . . . All have uttered the same cry—a cry full of doubt, full of melancholy, full of weariness of life, full of resistance to life."

The origin of the decadence of man is to be found in the beginnings of civilization, when the "human beast of prey" felt himself hampered in his wild freedom by the first social restraint. His outer development was checked; the animal passions, which could not be directed to an external object, were turned inwardly; and thus, according to Nietzsche, originated what man calls his "soul". From this primeval man, compelled to follow the straight and narrow path of social habit, owing to the lack of external hostility and resistance, was born the modern race of degenerate, civilized, reasoning human creatures, so weak that, to protect themselves against the power of a few, they have created the State.

Epithets vigorous enough to brand organized society under the form of the State Nietzsche can hardly find. He attacks constitutional governments, and above all democracies, because they check deeds of barbaric violence, because they render war well-nigh impossible. For, peace is but a stagnate interregnum; and war, the open struggle of rival forces, is the most powerful instrument of progress, showing as it does where weakness lies, where strength. And the goal reached by unutterable misery and loss of life is far more glorious than the end attained with no sacrifice whatever. Barbarians, the men who fight, are "whole men", or better, "whole beasts". In modern society, such men are dangerous; they are called criminals and restrained in accordance with the prescriptions of certain laws. "The criminal type, that is the type of the strong man under unfavorable conditions. . . . His virtues

are checked by society." His strength is involuntarily expressed in the destruction of the weak who surround him—a view which is at least partially confirmed by Lombroso's conclusions. When the criminal is very strong, a genius of strength in his way, he may even subject an entire nation, or even the world to his barbarian will. As an example of the criminal triumphant, Nietzsche cites Julius Cæsar, Borgia, and among later rulers, Napoleon.

With Renan and Taine, Nietzsche deeply deplores the leveling tendencies of the French Revolution and contemns political movements which destroy regal authority and emancipate the masses. Vehemently he denies that all men are born free and equal. Some are born to rule; others to be ruled. And these two classes—the classes of master and slave—should be governed by radically different codes of ethical laws. The *Wille zur Macht* which impels all living things must breed a master-morality and a slave-morality (*Herren-und Sklaven-Moral*).

The master, the aristocrat, forms his own valuation of the external world. What is beneficial or harmful to him is good or bad in itself. He is actuated merely by his instincts and passions, and his morality is but the consciousness of his own perfection and power. The strength, cruelty, and cunning by which he maintains his position he admires in others as well as in himself. But weakness and cowardice under the variant forms of humility, fear, baseness, lying, and pity, he despises because they corrupt, because they are so absurdly out of place in the character of a despotic master. Since he is but one of a few rulers among a vast army of hostile slaves, he must at all costs assert his authority and maintain his power by violence and bloodshed if need be.

In sharp contrast to the morality of the aristocrat stands the morality of the slave. The aristocrat rejoices in life, prides himself that he is a living thing, a part of the world he sees

about him. The slave is a pessimist and denies that life is beautiful. Only one feeling he has in common with his master —implacable hatred. The passion which the aristocrat must restrain in the company of his peers he vents upon the lower, weaker race. Against the slave everything is permitted—robbery, torture, murder; against him the aristocrat again becomes what he once was—a beast of prey superbly atrocious. The suffering weak regard as "evil" all that is violent and terrible, and as good all that is despised by the strong, all that renders their life less miserable—gentleness, patience, meekness, pity.

In this gloomy picture of misery and oppression, brightened by the love which one human creature bears for his fellow, modern civilization, as Nietzsche sees it, is evidently represented. But mankind is not unredeemable. Civilization is but a condition of decadence; and this condition of decadence is not only conquerable, but even absolutely necessary to man for the attainment of the high position which he is destined to occupy. The stream of humanity cannot return to its source, to its primeval condition of splendid brutality and strength. Man has become a transitional form of animal, "a thing that must be overcome," a step to something still uncreated—the mystical *Uebermensch*, the wonderful man, godlike in his beauty and perfection, of whom Zarathustra is the prophet. The doctrine of the *Uebermensch* contains no promise of eternal happiness, but presupposes an incessant struggle and change. Man could exist even though the *Uebermensch* were attained; but he would be to the *Uebermensch* what the brute is to the man. "Two species shall exist side by side, separated as far as may be; the one, like the Epicurian gods, indifferent to the other."

The modern European, in the eyes of Nietzsche, is an intelligent and industrious slave, inordinately inquisitive, pampered and feeble. How can a stronger race be bred out of

him, a race of classic taste? The classic taste, for Nietzsche, is the desire for simplicity and strength, for the tangibility of earthly happiness. In his endeavor to emerge from the emotional and intellectual chaos of his life, and to reach this classic ideal, the European must either be utterly destroyed or fight his way to his goal. A ruling race can spring only from a fierce, powerful tribe. "Where are our twentieth century barbarians?" So Nietzsche cries. Exactly how the *Uebermensch* is to be evolved out of the present, decadent, civilized man, Nietzsche has not clearly explained. Man is a thing that must become savage and terrible; but man is also "a thing that must be overcome." All wildness and cruelty are but the means of turning man against himself, of leading him to destroy himself. Onward and downward must he go; the higher the structure which he rears, the deeper must be the foundation upon which he builds. His misery should inspire him with a boundless, overpowering yearning for the direct opposite of what he is—the yearning of ugliness for beauty, of pollution for purity. In order that the superhuman may develop from the unhuman a new nobility must be created, preaches Zarathustra, out of whom the *Uebermensch* will be evolved—a nobility that cannot be bought, that cannot be acquired by crusading into the Holy Land, that prides itself not in its love of the fatherland. Not your father's land, but your children's land shall ye love, teaches Zarathustra. The love of the promised land, the undiscovered, the distant—this love is the religion of the new nobility. For their children's sake must these noblemen expiate the sin of being the offspring of their fathers. And to these noblemen, the "higher men", the precursors of the *Uebermensch*, Zarathustra teaches a new creed.

He teaches them to shun pity; for pity is an emotion which destroys a noble nature; which fosters and increases misery into the world; which breeds asceticism and

of life; which preserves the lives of countless human beings condemned to perish under the inexorable law of *Wille zur Macht*. "Become hard," Zarathustra counsels his disciples. For the sight of misery and suffering is the most formidable of dangers to the higher man. To bear pain is nothing; weak women and even slaves are masters in the art. Not to succumb to remorse when pain has been inflicted, to glory in hastening to its end a creature whom it would be a crime to save—these are conditions of grandeur. But not alone to others must the higher man be unrelenting; the same stern laws apply to him as well as to his fellows. He must renounce all pleasure and comfort. And yet he must not become an ascetic, nor one who curses laughter and gaiety. The higher man should learn to laugh, to approach his end not "like the quarry slave, scourged to his dungeon," but with joyful steps, dancing, singing, laughing:

"This crown of laughter, this crown of roses, I myself have placed it upon my head; I myself have blessed my joyous laughter. This crown of laughter, this crown of roses—to you, O my brethren, I cast it. I have blessed laughter. Ye higher men, learn to laugh."

Bold should the higher man be. But his boldness should be the boldness that causes him to curb himself, to reserve his powers for a foeman worthy of his steel, and not to retaliate at every attack.

The *Uebermensch*, as Zarathustra pictures him, is the last stage—if there can be a last stage—in the evolution of man. Nietzsche seems to have argued: If man is but a higher animal, why cannot a higher form of man be developed from the existing race of human creatures? This Darwinian development, however, will differ from that which has produced man in so far as it will be conscious and voluntary. It is true that Nietzsche had no great liking for Darwin, that he even called him a "worthy but mediocre Englishman"; but,

nevertheless, his theory of the *Uebermensch* is only a new conclusion drawn from the premises of the "mediocre Englishman". Throughout Nietzsche's works the possibility of creating a higher physiological human organism is constantly reiterated. In the *Unzeitgemässe Betrachtungen*, written during the first period of his literary career, when his philosophy was, in a measure, still formless, he states: "Mankind should ever strive to create individual great men—this and nothing else is its task." And in his *Jenseits von Gut und Böse*, composed during the last period, the thought is re-echoed in the sentence: "A nation is the roundabout course taken by Nature to produce six or seven great men."

Of all Nietzsche's works, *Also Sprach Zarathustra*, the book of the *Uebermensch*, is the most personal, the most subjective. It may be looked upon as Nietzsche's gospel; for it embodies the religion which he created for himself. A clergyman's son though he was, he had early in life lost all belief in Christianity, and in the moral precepts which are taught by religion. He instinctively tried to fill the blank in his spiritual life by formulating a personal ethical system and a personal religion which would answer his immediate needs. His *Uebermensch* to him was but an anthropomorphic god created to take the place of the deity in whom he had ceased to believe. And that half-mythical Zarathustra is but an idealized Nietzsche, a "higher man", an embryonic *Uebermensch*. So fervently did Nietzsche believe in his superhuman ideal that he finally imagined he contained within himself the *Uebermensch*. As a humanly conditioned creature he regarded himself as a sick man, as a decadent; but his being, apart from his body, he considered as the genius of humanity striving to attain the *Uebermensch*. When his megalomania soars to such heights it is not astonishing to find that in *Also Sprach Zarathustra* he has "given humanity his profoundest book." As he had created for himself a new

deity, he also formed for himself a new doctrine of immortality, the doctrine of the *Ewige Wiederkunft*, the Eternal Return of all earthly things. "Word and symbol" of the *Uebermensch*, the mightiest, most abyssmal of thoughts, Nietzsche terms this theory of his.

The sum of all universal forces is constant and determined; but the time in which they act is infinite. For it cannot be supposed that the sum decreases, since the universe would have long ago been enfeebled and destroyed. Nor can it be presumed that the world of forces is ever in equilibrium; for "the clock of existence would then stand still"; the world would be forever immovable, since we cannot conceive how so perfect a condition of rest can be destroyed. The sum of all forces cannot increase, for a mathematical progression of energy would be a perpetual miracle. Since time is infinite and the sum of all forces finite, it follows, argues Nietzsche, that a moment must come when the natural play of possibilities will reproduce a combination previously realized. But this combination, in its turn, will produce the total series of combinations to which it belongs, so that the universe constantly exhibits the same phases. Each life is but an inappreciable part of the whole cycle; every organism has already lived and will live again. Whatever may be the condition which the world can attain, that condition it has already attained, not merely once but countless times. The actions which we perform to-day were performed before with the same attendant circumstances and will be performed in the infinite future with pitiless monotony. "This life as thou art now living it and hast lived it, thou must live over and over again; and it shall be ever the same; every pain, and every thought, and every sob, and everything unutterably big and little in thy life must return, all in the same order. . . . The eternal hour-glass of existence is turned and turned, and thou with it, grain of dust." And Zarathustra preaches:

"Yearn not for unknown blessedness and grace, but so live that thou wouldst live again and live thus forever."

It was at Sils, in Engadin, while walking through the forests about Lake Silvaplana, that his theory of the Eternal Return flashed upon Nietzsche. The thought overpowered and repelled him; for so sensitive was his artist's nature that his inspirations were accompanied either by an ineffable enthusiasm bordering on ecstasy, or by a horror that drove him well-nigh mad. There was something awful in the *Ewige Wiederkunft*. Perhaps it was the evident contradiction of his theory of the *Uebermensch* necessarily incurred by the *Ewige Wiederkunft* that engendered at first a violent abhorrence for the thought. It was his intention to devote ten years to the study of natural science in order to build a scientific foundation for his theory—an intention frustrated by his poor health.

How he finally overcame his aversion, and even came to proclaim the *Ewige Wiederkunft* as a maxim to be accepted, as a truth not to be refuted, can be admirably traced in Zarathustra. After he had gradually prepared the reader for the full significance of his discovery, it was his intention to emphasize the conclusions to be drawn therefrom, with all his rhetorical power in the incomplete fifth part of Zarathustra. At the end of the first part the theory is obscurely referred to—so obscurely that it almost escapes the attention of the reader. Fearful of his knowledge of the world's destiny, Zarathustra forces himself to teach a lesson which he does not himself believe. But soon he casts aside the veil with which he has concealed his thought and boldly promulgates the *Ewige Wiederkunft* in his dialogue with the dwarf at the gateway:

"Behold this gateway, Dwarf! It hath two faces. Here two roads do meet; to their ends no one hath ever journeyed. This long lane that leadeth backward doth continue

for an eternity. And yonder long lane which leadeth forward, that is another eternity.

"They contradict each other, these roads; they strike each other. And here, at this very gateway, they do meet. The name of the gateway is written above: 'Present Moment.'

"But those who would pursue either of them farther and ever farther, believest thou, Dwarf, that they would forever contradict each other?

"'All things that are straight, lie,' muttered the Dwarf, disdainfully. 'All truth is crooked; time itself is but a circle.'

"Thou spirit of gravity! Spake I wrathfully. Lighten not thy task. Else shall I leave thee to squat where thou squattest, lameleg.

"Behold, I did continue, this Present Moment! From this gateway called 'Present Moment' a long lane runneth backward; behind us lieth an eternity.

"Must not all that can run of things, have already run through this lane? Must not what can happen things, have happened, have been done, and run past? And if all things have already been, what, Dwarf, thinkest thou of this 'Present Moment? Must not this gateway have once existed?

"And are not all things so firmly knit together that this 'Present Moment' doth drag with it all future things? And doth it not drag itself as well?

"For what can run of things in yonder long lane must run again!

"And this slow spider creeping in the moonlight, and this very moonlight, and I and thou, whispering together in the gateway, whispering of things eternal, have we not all once lived? And must we not all return and run in that other lane, forward, onward—in yonder long, awful lane? Must we not return, forever and ever?"

Critically considered the doctrine of the *Ewige Wiederkunft* obviously presents defects which rob it of scientific value.

Granting that time is infinite, by what right does Nietzsche arbitrarily declare that universal energy is finite? He probably saw that, in order to enable an event to recur endlessly, an infinite time must be assumed. Of space he affirms nothing, probably because he would have been compelled to accept the scholastic conception of an infinite space, the possibilities of the recurrences of groups of finite energy would be infinite. At all events, a diminution or even a state of equilibrium of energy is by no means inconceivable. Nor does it follow that if the sum of energy be constantly decreasing a state of rest would long ago have been attained. That there is a bare possibility of the return of an event under conditions precisely similar to those of its first occurrence, has been mathematically demonstrated; but that the Eternal Return is an absolute, incontrovertible, well-established, physical law requires considerably more proof than can be offered by an exceptional mathematical example.

"Aristocratic radicalism" is the term by which Brandes has defined Nietzsche's philosophical system. But the system is more than aristocratic. It is romantic; it is libertine; it is egotistical. The romantic element is to be found in Nietzsche's yearning for barbarism, for the savagery of primeval times, when man was governed by instinct, when the weak fell beneath the strong. The libertinism of the system is apparent in the negation of morality and religion, in the declaration that "good" and "evil" are mere ideas, that "nothing is true, everything is permissible," that "good" is synonymous with "strong," "beautiful." Egotism is everywhere present in the glorification of the individual, in the belief that self-preservation, self-deification are noble qualities of a higher man, in the denial of society's right to formulate laws by which the individual is to be bound.

Nietzsche is not to be regarded as a pathological phenomenon, but rather as that much discussed, estimable object,

a symbol of the times, a sign which points whither modern philosophical thought trends. His writings are not to be looked upon as symptoms of philosophic insanity. They must be studied seriously; for they have taken their place—and a very prominent place—in German philosophy and literature, and have not been without their effect upon the novelists of the day. It cannot be gainsaid that the thought of many an author has been decidedly influenced by the teachings of Zarathustra. If a writer with the vigor and originality of a D'Annunzio or a Strindberg finds it impossible to resist the power of Nietzsche, one is forced to conclude that his "aristocratic radicalism" must possess an inexplicable charm which irresistibly attracts natures for whom the world has lost nothing of its old beauty and perfection. Nietzsche never delights, never touches the heart. He either fascinates or repels—fascinates by a rhetoric which flashes either into love or hate, which appeals rather to one's senses than to one's reason; repels by paroxysms of rage which become Titanic in their hideousness, by an audacity which rides rough-shod over all proprieties. Scornfully, courageously, he has thrown down the gauntlet to civilization. Although his challenge may be accompanied by stinging insults unworthy of him, and although the justness of the cause for which he fights may be questionable, the man must, nevertheless, be admired for his sincerity and straightforwardness—qualities which are conspicuously lacking in the modern ultra-radical philosophers.

WALDEMAR B. KAEMPFFERT.

INTELLIGENCE.

In dealing with any of the subjects of Metaphysics, Intelligence is an element of Being most important to understand. In one sense it is generally understood as related to the power to know; but in many other ways, in which the element of Intelligence is equally important in our reasonings, it is but partially considered and in some, perhaps, not understood at all, except by philosophers. It is commonly considered in the sense of ability and power, especially in relation to the mental faculties. The able and the powerful are always respected, even though feared and perhaps condemned for actions not desired by others. No other feature of Divine Being occupies so high a position in the estimation of spiritual philosophers, and no feature of the activities of the human being is so much respected by all classes, in proportion to their ability to understand, from the common people to the deepest thinkers.

The books define Intelligence as "the capacity to know; to understand; to comprehend"; and its chief synonym is "Understanding." This is correct and it is well to know it, definitely; but it does not carry us far toward a practical comprehension of the meaning and uses of the word for philosophical purposes. Intelligence has a deep metaphysical significance, which, if clearly understood, gives great assistance in progressive thought along any of the lines of spiritual knowledge, and helps to solve many problems which otherwise are mysterious to the sense-reasoner.

Many attempts have been made through exercise of the reason, to establish Intelligence on a physical basis; and the would-be materialist has repeatedly exhausted his resources in determined effort to account for all of its powers by material synthesis. But Intelligence refuses to yield itself to such inadequate judgment; and, in spite of this underestimate, it con-

tinues to demonstrate its powers in ways that cannot possibly be classed as physical, because of intricate and far reaching activities, of which matter, even in its best features, is incapable.

The structural activity of matter, alone, can never account for the element of Intelligence, in being. In all of its finest expressions, in the intricate structure of the cells of the brain-tissue and ganglia throughout the physical system of man, the entire action suggests an operator with a purpose and in possession of knowledge, ability and design. Even in the coarsest, and consequently easiest to examine, of the parts of the physical human structure, this design is clearly apparent; and the comprehensive ability increases as the examination is extended into the finer realms of nerve structure. The force of action increases, also, in direct ratio to the fineness of material tissue and the intricacy of cellular structure, until it passes beyond the reach of vision, even when aided by the highest power of the microscope. Still the mind has not reached the ultimate fineness of physical structure, and proves its belief to that effect by striving to construct instruments of yet higher power with which to search the still unexplored fields of physical action which are believed to exist. In all of the structural building that has been observed, the following facts are recognized and stand undisputed:

(*a*) There is intelligent design in each operation.
(*b*) *Ability* to carry out the design is equally clear in every instance.
(*c*) The design and ability are carried into effect with *Mathematical exactness and precision*, each chemical combination having a definite number for its base.
(*d*) Each particle of matter that is used is put into its place according to *Geometrical proportion* and every cell is built in some exact geometrical form.

(*e*) The ganglia of the nervous system and the nerve centres, as well as the nerve structure in all other ways, show the same geometrical arrangement and mathematical precision in their structure and in the arrangement of their parts.

(*f*) When constructed, all these parts and facilities for action are set in operation together, act and re-act, apparently with a common purpose, and the activities exhibit the same mathematical and geometrical exactness as the cells and parts in themselves.

(*g*) The finest cells, parts and organs are invariably the ones that are exercised in the most intricate operations, and that demonstrate the greatest degree of power.

These finer observations always exhibit the highest degrees of intelligence; and, after we reach the limit of the microscope, and so the limit of the senses, even when aided by instruments, the power of Intelligence is still exhibited, in grades too fine for examination. These grades of intelligence appeal only to the higher faculties of the mind and soul, the sense faculties being incapable of their interpretation. By this analysis we find that the further we go beyond the coarseness of matter, in investigation, the nearer we come to Intelligence as it is exhibited in the higher comprehension of the mind.

In all of the action thus far outlined, the most intelligent design is exhibited, and the deepest understanding of both the necessities of life and the powers of each part, as well as the ability of the whole to carry out its design and execute definite plans, is clearly apparent.

Now we would ask the materialist who hypothetically finds life in the cell, and postulates intelligence in the brain tissue: Which of these parts of the physical structure is it

that knows so much; that understands so deeply; that comprehends all the intricacies of physical life; that can exhibit the supreme activity of Intelligence? All of the parts, organs, and functions of the physical body operate, both together and separately; always with design, yet not always with the same design; and in every instance with a definite purpose, yet not all of them exhibiting the same purpose. They are not alike, in form, in structure or in operation; yet they all exhibit intelligence in their actions, and of the same order, as regards the qualities, abilities, and purposes. Either ONE INTELLIGENCE is exhibited in different degrees by all these functional activities, or each has its own separate intelligence within itself. Let us examine this:

If the intelligence is a function of one physical part, alone, then *that part*, having the sole power of understanding, is the ruler and directs all the other parts. Well! which of the parts, organs, or functions of the body thus rules the rest? Is it the cell? The ganglion? The nerve fibre? The nerve centre? If so, which of the many members of each is it that controls the others? Does the muscular system rule? The bony structure? The blood? The cuticle? The heart or any vital organ? Or, do you say it is the brain? Whichever of these we can truly invest with our conception of Intelligence, becomes the head of the scheme of activity and the director of all the affairs of life. If we say it is the brain, we must consider the fact that the brain is an organ, and its tissues are composed of cells; and this would place Intelligence in the cells, making the Cell the intelligent director of affairs. What then becomes of the others? If all the intelligence belongs to the brain cells, alone, how do other cells perform their functions? If it belongs to cells of all kinds, but to no other parts, what gives the other and even finer parts their own apparent power and ability?

There are parts of the ganglionic nervous system that

are too fine to be seen, even with the aid of the highest-power microscope; and probably too fine in construction and intricate in action for the cellular system to be responsible. These finer activities are not excluded from the field of Intelligence, but are, in fact, more completely involved with it than any other parts or functions of the human economy. It is most difficult, therefore, to attach Intelligence exclusively to the cell, or to cell life; and it is equally difficult to attribute it to any one feature of physical action. What then! Has each part an Intelligence of its own, exclusive of the others? If so we have an army without a general. Many that understand, but no one to direct. Numbers, without ONE. Multiplicity, with no Unit. This is against all philosophical reasoning, and is contrary to the intuitions of the higher nature. It is also illogical and contrary to mathematical law. Where there are many organized activities there must be an intelligent head, i. e., *one* who knows and understands all the powers and modes of action involved in the *entire system*, and can direct every operative power. Manifestly, no one physical part, organ, or faculty that we can find, conceive, or imagine, can perform so high a functional act; therefore, we must look further for an adequate hypothesis for Intelligence capable of officiating everywhere, in all matter, and in the Understanding of the mind, as well.

As there cannot be an efficient body without a head, or a numerical body of anything without its structural ONE, and, as we find there are intelligences, groups of apparently intelligent organs, functions, parts, or centres of force, each understanding its part, or being intelligently directed in its performance, we are logically forced to the conclusion that there must necessarily be a Centre of comprehension; an intelligent Director of the whole; a Head to the body of understanding; a One to the numbers of functional activity, and a Unit to the multiplicity of intelligent operators. This ONE,

when found, must *represent* the Whole Understanding and *be* the Whole Intelligence.

But what is THE WHOLE OF INTELLIGENCE? Is it the aggregate of matter? We have not yet discovered that Matter and Intelligence are one and the same; and if not, no aggregate of either can be or produce the other. In fact, they occupy antipodal positions in the Universe, and, in their natures, are exclusive of each other. What either one *is*, the other *is not.* What one does, naturally, the other never even attempts. Matter never moves, unless acted upon by some force that is not itself, and it is entirely obedient to every such impulse. Matter obeys blindly, but not understandingly. These features of the action, character and nature of Matter are exactly the reverse of those of Intelligence; consequently, intelligence cannot be predicted of matter and it must be found elsewhere than in the material elements or their physical action.

What, then, is Intelligence, — described as the power to know, to understand, to comprehend? It is evident that such an active power exists, but it is equally certain that no attribute of matter can account for any of the facts of its operative power, and no function of matter can perform even the simplest of its offices in life. Intelligent understanding is the result of conscious thought and its kindred activities. No creature or thing *that cannot think*, ever shows it in operation. The hypothesis that matter can think has never been proved or well sustained. Comprehensive thought disposes of the empty theory in short order.

The next effort of the materialistic mind is to attribute the power of the activity to Sense, and to make the five senses the seat of the operations of Intelligence. But the senses cannot think, any more than can matter itself. They are closely associated with matter and its movements, and simply report what is done; they never originate anything. No combination of the senses can be made to produce thought; but each sense at once

produces, in evidence, whatever the mind establishes as a condition for it. This is proved in hypnotic experiment. Also, any one of the senses may be quiescent or even entirely destroyed, and still the man can think. The loss of any number of the senses does not lessen the power to think. In fact, the less active the senses are, the deeper the mind thinks, as a general rule; and we do not yet know but that if all the external senses become inoperative, the person can think to even a greater extent than while associated with them. The evidences of clear, unprejudiced thought, based upon a close study of the mind, all lie in that direction. The Senses, therefore, cannot be made responsible for Intelligence; it seems to be beyond them, and to exceed all of their functions and powers.

After analyzing matter and the senses as thoroughly as we may, the *activities* of intelligence are still unaccounted for; yet there is the most undisputed evidence of the presence of Intelligence and its activities, as fundamental reality in the universe. It is observable in every sense operation, and in every organic function of the body of everything, in the mineral, vegetable, animal and human realms of life and being. As it is not physical, as regards either the mineral or the sensuous phases of matter, and, on investigation, proves to be quite opposite in character from these external elements, we turn for explanation to the opposite element of being, and postulate Intelligence of spirit—the permanent activity of reality. Here we find an entirely different ground for investigation where research soon proves to be more productive of results.

When we fully consider the nature of Intelligence as an operative power, function, or element of being, and the many intricate processes by which we are made aware of its existence in the universe, including its relation to the activities of our lives, the question becomes not so much what is the Intelligence that rules the whole of these varied activities, as who is the intelligent head and leader, directing affairs un-

derstandingly, and exhibiting such extraordinary powers of intelligence as to be beyond the range of both matter and sense? The subject at once takes the form of "Being," and individual action becomes necessary in order that we may comprehend its operations. Intelligence is more than "Understanding" because it is a subject capable of being understood, itself; there must be *something* which can "understand" it, and Intelligence is the *power* to understand. This view of the subject makes it easy to bring our investigations from the material to the spiritual plane and examine the element of Intelligence as a spiritual activity—*the power to know*, which belongs to Being, itself.

When we begin to investigate spirit as an element, every step carries us further into the realm of activity, where metaphysical truths can be demonstrated and understood.

All of the *forces* of Reality are metaphysical in nature, because spiritual instead of material; and they can be understood only through metaphysical investigation of the *principles* which engender their activity. While there may be a physical reproduction, in atomic structure, of the *form and limitations* of man's conception of a metaphysical truth, the *reality* of it subsists in spiritual substance, and can only be known through exercise of such faculties and functions as are like it in nature, and operate through the same laws to produce Realty in the result. There can be no exception to this rule. The power "to know" is necessarily a spiritual power, for there is nothing about matter, itself, that can account for an activity so intricate. The processes of thought-action are mental; they include the picturing of ideas, which are spiritual in their activity, and the imaging of the conception of things that are understood. The "things" which are understood, are spiritual things, else they could not be *known;* for material objects are only *sensed* in relation to their presence; they can never be understood except through analysis of their inner qualities,

which are absolutely spiritual. They must be examined by spiritual faculties; otherwise only the shell of external appearance will be noticed and only matter recognized. The "understanding" of things, therefore, is a spiritual process of the activity of spiritual faculties, and is purely metaphysical in every possible feature of its nature, its character, its action, and its powers.

All "ideas" are necessarily spiritual. No amount of the aggregation of atoms, molecules, masses, or cells of matter itself, can be or become an idea; it can only crudely represent the separate form and structure of the personal man's limited comprehension of the idea. The idea is a permanent reality, while the expression is but a temporary and passing illusion. The activity known as a "Conception" is essentially spiritual in every particular, as it relates to spiritual ideas and indicates a knowing recognition of the truth of the idea conceived. There is no possible mode of the action of matter or of material form that can give any semblance of a Conception. You do not conceive a thing, an object, a form, an operation or an action — you simply sense its presence, in terms of material thought; but you do conceive an *idea*, and evolve uses and actions for the Conception, through appreciation of its real qualities. The *substance* of an idea is spirit; the *activity* of its being is spiritual activity; that which *conceives* its truths is *spiritual being* and the *conception* of it is the result of Spiritual Activity. Unless we admit this we have no *facts* to which we can point for evidence of our hypothesis, and no statement can be proved. In such event we can only dogmatize, and hope that others will be dull and unthinking enough to believe that what we state is true, without troubling themselves to investigate. Of course we do not desire such a result to our speculations, but unless we can establish permanent truth as our premise, this is where we shall eventually land. The material statement is invaria-

bly empty and its expectations hopeless. The "understanding" of Sense is void of Intelligence.

Every possible element and activity of Intelligence that we can investigate proves to be spiritual in nature, real in substance, pure in character and enduring in its activity. Thought, conception, knowledge, understanding, comprehension, perception, apprehension, judgment, wisdom,—all are features of Intelligence; and when exercised rightly (the only way in which they can be used so as to deal with reality) they are each and all pure spiritual faculties of the spiritual man, and are divine in their nature. Only the spiritual man can exercise them rightly. The mind can invert them and put them to uses relating to sense objects; but if this be done, their true power vanishes and failure in purpose is stamped upon the very beginning of the transgression. The operation immediately begins to show a deterioration of intelligence and its inverted progress is toward non-intelligence. The ultimate of this is nothingness. Investigate as you will and by whatever means, the hypothesis of Intelligence must be *spirit*, or emptyness of reasoning and nothingness of substance soon settles the fate of our philosophy.

Intelligence is spiritual, always, under all circumstances, in its nature, its character, and in every application to human life; and its offices are all for the beneficent guidance of man through the tangles and the shadows of external appearances, the wiles of sensuous life, the allurements of sense reasonings, the pitfalls of the emotional nature and the sophistries of false logic, into the open fields of the TRUTH AND REALITY OF BEING, where his soul will continually expand in the gaining of new understanding by every intelligent experience.

The defining of Intelligence as Understanding, alone, without carrying the conception far enough to include the nature of the being who understands, is the result of thinking in sense terms and attempting to account for activity, as nearly

as possible, by mathematical theories. The *word* Intelligence defines the *element*, only when considered in its full sense, as Comprehensive Conception; and this takes it at once to the spiritual plane of *recognition by the Spirit-Being*. The power to know carries us a step further, provided that we are familiar with the idea of knowledge as *a spiritual acquirement of the facts of reality*, in which the power to know becomes the ability to understand truth. But back of this there must be a faculty through which to know, and a Being of living reality which can understand. The nature of this Being must account for the ability to understand as well as for the power to know; and the principal element of its being, or consciousness, must be such as to clearly account for all of its activities. These activities, powers and abilities, are similar in character, a fact which points to *one element of living reality* as the source of all, and suggests that each such power of observation and interpretation may be a phase of the one element which is fundamental to every mode of comprehension. All the activities previously named, are modes and degrees of comprehensive understanding, and indicate a Being that can understand. They all demonstrate the same element of reality, for all their movements are intelligent, and they operate in a purposeful manner. This indicates that Intelligence is in some degree the foundation of all comprehensive ability and the element of reality underlying every feature of intelligent understanding in the living activity of Being. Certain it is that there is no exhibition of knowing, comprehending or understanding, without Intelligence for its base; and the same character is evident in the intelligence of each phase of action.

Intelligence, then, in the full and correct understanding of its nature, character and element, must be more than "Understanding" because it includes all the features of comprehensive ability through which Understanding operates. It must be more than the "power to know," because all variations of

that power are included in Intelligence, with all the powers of analysis, so necessary to the intricate examination which must precede knowledge, and in which Intelligence is exhibited in advance of demonstration of the power. These activities are all offshoots of the parent element, which is more than all of them combined. It is not alone the power to know or the ability to understand—it is the capability *to be*. Without Intelligence, in some degree, nothing could have being; and the real being of any creature is demonstrable, in its life, in direct ratio to the degree of Intelligence which it exhibits. Being, without intelligence, is inconceivable, and only a hasty unformed thought could postulate so great an absurdity; yet, the thought of Being can be entertained, without the thought of Understanding, and quite independent of the idea Knowledge, both of these being included as possible powers of the Intelligence of Being, itself. They are the natural outcome of Intelligence, considered as a fundamental element of spiritual being. In this sense Intelligence becomes more than a power—it is that which is powerful; more than ability—it is that which is able, or has capability for action; more than knowledge—it is that which knows; more than understanding—for it is the Being which understands.

Intelligence, then, is the *essence* of the pewer to know; the ability to understand; the capability to act with a purpose. It is the one *element* of Being which renders possible the act of knowing, comprehending, understanding, or doing an intelligent act. It is that which renders consciousness of reality a fact in man's life, and makes the individuality of the human being a possibility. On this plane of conscious life, Intelligence is Being itself. It is the spiritual substance of the activity of conscious life. Intelligence and Being are so nearly the same that in many ways the words are used synonymously, by philosophers. Both the word and the idea "Intelligence" have always been closely associated with life

and activity, especially when considered fundamentally. In fact, few can think of life in any form, without attaching some degree of intelligence to it and thinking of its movements in connection therewith. It is also worth noting that the more deeply one thinks, without yielding to bigoted opinion, the more importance he attaches to the relatedness of Life and Intelligence. It is the materialist that has the ideas dissociated in his mind. He it is who accepts opinions supported by sense evidence, but seldom thinks a problem through without prejudice and never allows his perceptive powers any conscious play of action amid his intellectual processes. To him, life may display intelligence or it may not; still he will consider it life and look for intelligence elsewhere. He never looks into the nature of either with an unselfish desire to know its being, therefore he never becomes acquainted with its principles of activity or the laws of its natural operation.

Life and Intelligence are both terms which fully and accurately describe the activity of Being—one in the sense of *doing*, or fulfilling the law through action; the other in the sense of *being*, and comprehensively understanding the active principle which generates the law of operation. In any event Intelligence comes first in the transaction, and without it none of the succeeding operations will be possible. Without Intelligence no life can be; therefore this element is fundamental to life and absolutely essential to its existence. This carries the conception of Intelligence back of that of life, but does not dissociate the two; in fact it binds them closer in our estimation, while relegating each to its proper position. The intelligence of life is its chief factor, and determines the relative value of the life of each individual. Its degrees are an indication of development, only, not of a proportional amount of inherited substance, or gift through special favor. All Intelligence is ONE WHOLE—the divine activity of Spiritual Consciousness. Of the essence of this whole, each individual

is a part and in its activity he always participates. Accordingly as he receives, it is measured to him, and his own comprehension is the measure to be filled. In degree as he understands, will the capacity of the measure be increased, and this again brings him around the circle to Intelligence, which gauges his comprehension, and the action and the reaction become equal in the activity of a progressive understanding of the reality of divine being.

Intelligence, in its all-inclusive wholeness, is the PRINCIPLE OF ACTIVITY IN ALL BEING; and every mode of activity, when comprehensively studied, traces to this one element. The Law which expresses this Principle on the human plane, is Understanding, which is the ultimate of the power to know. All other phases of comprehensive recognition are parts of this law, or modes of its expressive action. The conception of Intelligence as Principle, aids the intellectual faculties in dealing with the higher phases of the subject, and helps to develop the perceptive powers, until intelligence can be comprehended on its own ground. Intelligence is really THE PRINCIPLE OF LIFE; and this associates it with every phase and feature of activity, in the highest possible conception.

Life is the natural expression of Being, and Activity is the natural expression of Intelligence. Life and activity are one, and when both terms are fully understood, they become synonymous in our philosophy. It is only in the sense of spiritual reality, however, that this rule will hold good; because, when either element is considered materially, it amounts to little more than movement, or motion of parts and bodies. This is not activity; at best, it is only action. Activity, when deeply considered, shows modes, qualities and powers actually bewildering to the intellect; and unless the perceptive powers of the soul be called upon, it is certain to be underestimated. It is the operative life of the soul and is essentially spiritual in nature. Its nearest expression,

capable of being recognized on both the material and the spiritual planes, is Light; and, in the highest sense, Light has always been a synonym for Intelligence, with all systems of philosophical thought. Light and Intelligence are conceptions of living being, that cannot be separated; each finds both its being and its expression in the activities of the other. The illumination of Intelligence is a familiar phrase, and with spiritual philosophers the intelligence apparent in Spiritual Illumination is an equally familiar idea. It is entirely impossible to separate the ideas or their conceptions, because, without the other, either one is lifeless, in our comprehension.

The light of intelligence illumines the path of the serious minded student of spiritual affairs; and the illumination of the countenance is an immediate physical demonstration of the development of intelligent comprehension on any subject. This feature of intelligent activity is always prominent with the spiritually minded, and it is most marked where the greatest degree of fundamental truth inheres in the knowledge displayed by the thinker. This is the origin of the idea of a "halo" associated with the brow (the seat of thought) of the truly inspired. These are the ones who have the greatest light on spiritual subjects and, with the intuitions fully developed and understood, they are in conscious contact with the principles of being, together with life and its activities. To these the Universe is an open book from which they read with illumination, and intelligently expound the truth. The amount of Intelligence exercised in such conscious dealing with actual truth of reality, produces the highest degrees of spiritual activity conceivable by man, and results in actual illumination of the soul—the light of truth shining forth the love of God in the spirit of man. The face of one in this state of consciousness, is transfixed in the absorption of his faculties, and wears the true halo of

the light of truth, which is the direct and natural result of the activity of Spiritual Intelligence within his comprehension. It is the natural result of a full development of the forces of Intelligence, which include all possible powers of knowing truth or reality, and all the conscious activities of Being. The Light of truth displays the Activities of reality through the Intelligence of being, and consciousness of fundamental principle is the natural result. This consciousness expresses itself in Life, which is necessarily spiritual, true and pure. Its activity is the eternal light of Intelligence, which is its principle and the source of its energy and its power. Life is the *action* of Being; Intelligence is the *activity* of Consciousness; and Conscious Intelligence is Being, itself—the infinite whole of Reality, which includes the Universe in both its substance and its activity. Divine Intelligence is the conscious activity of all Reality.

THE EVOLUTION OF ETHICS.

BY F. W. FITZPATRICK.

While wrestling some time ago with a more or less philosophical problem I found it necessary, and at the same time a pleasure, to make frequent reference to Kant, Spinoza, Maudsley, Spencer, Fouillée, Mills, and to that sublime pessimist, Schopenhauer. The last made most appropriate reading for that particular time, the one hundred and twelfth anniversary of his birth, and exactly fifty years since he said: ". . . when I note the profound impression my philosophy has made upon even the laymen of to-day I hardly dare to think of the role it will play in 1900 . . ."

Now, 1900 has come and gone, and we are, perhaps, as profoundly impressed with the various systems of philosophy as their authors could well have desired or hoped for, yet all things appear to us much as they did to the men of 1800, to those of 100, and to those of 10,000 before our era, in different aspects, under varying colorings, sometimes brilliant and pleasing, and oft'times dull and gloom-inspiring, depending upon the age, the hour, whether a healthy activity forces one out into Nature, or that we allow ourselves to lapse into sombre introspection, within ourselves. The universe changes not, we are the changeful element.

Reading these masters, one feels, with Beaussire, that it is difficult indeed to establish anything like a direct connection between *any* system of philosophy and the actual state of our ideas of to-day. Skepticism regarding all such systems and even all questions of principle has become general. They are superannuated, and we fight shy of all that lies beyond positive, actual, palpable fact. They are considered dangerous and some of us believe actually compromising to that con-

fidence that is or ought to be the principal directing force in our notions of morality. They are set aside in the name of positive science and in the interest of moral order itself.

Even the idealists, those sensitive souls whose very idealism is but a sort of sauce or savory that they dare not subject to a too analytical examination, look not with favor upon those systems, those questions. Renan, himself, an idealist among idealists, refined and delicate of touch, claimed that the origin of virtue was in each one of us, not a system, and that "of the twenty or more philosophical theories upon the 'foundation of duty' not one of them could stand the light of even a most superficial examination. The transcendental significance of a virtuous act is, and justly, that in doing it we do not exactly know *why* we do it. A hero, if he begins to reflect upon his heroic actions, soon feels that he has acted unreasoningly, perhaps idiotically, and it is exactly for that reason that he *is* a hero. He obeys an order from the highest authority, an infallible oracle, a voice that orders most clearly within each one of us, and that never prefaces its orders with reasons and explanations. . . ."

This joining of a skepticism, so satisfied with itself, to sentiments so near akin to mysticism is perhaps refreshing to one accustomed to the grosser "positivism" of our day that seems to dominate all things. But it is only a momentary pleasure, for we have to face such general peculiarities, not to say degeneracy, of conduct, of mind, and of heart among men that the mirage of an "infallible oracle" soon vanishes in their mist, and the important questions of principles and of morals cannot be set aside as easily as the skeptical positivist and the skeptical idealist would have us believe.

Vices and errors are of all times, but when there were firm beliefs they were universally known without being universally common. Consciences were troubled though the flesh was weak; the best established maxims were susceptible of

captious interpretations; but, at least, there were common rules of conduct, a moral code that was a law to all; there was basic certainty.

To-day all this is changed.

Religious faith has lost control over many, and its control over others is of most doubtful tenure, no philosophical beliefs have replaced it, no civil or lay authority receives the respect that faith used to call its own, there is a preponderance of democratic governments—dependent upon all men, they no longer create opinions, but are subject to them. All is in doubt, not only these principles and systems of philosophy but even those individual inspirations of conscience to which some would have us subject all questions of ethics, of morals.

But in all this the progress of skepticism is far from producing absolute indifference, never have those questions of ethics and of morals been debated so hotly and excited such general and keen interest. They are the absorbing ones in public debate, political caucus, the drama, our literature, and private conversation. If it be a matter of international comity or of rights, yes, of peace or of war, nations weigh other considerations in the scale than mere interests; they at least prate of justice, the most elevated notions of generosity, protection of the weakly, etc.; or, if it be party-strife, there each reproaches the other with all that can be found against it that is immoral or unjust, and it has effect with the people, who, however used they may be to corruption, or however unwilling to change the order of things political, still desire to have it believed that their party is pure and striving for the ideal; or in private life, that most of our acts are in harmony, whatever our beliefs or our doubts, with hereditary traditions that are strong in us.

Our crimes, our lesser sins are, as in times gone by, as attributable to momentary passion, thoughtlessness, as they are to a spirit of skeptical "don't care," and they are no

more numerous than in those times when men had far better defined codes.

Still, is it not astonishing to listen to the discussions anent these crimes or lesser sins, the paradoxical justifications advanced for their commission, their defence in the name of "advanced thought," that, in nine cases out of ten, is undertaken by men who would shudder at the thought of being guilty of them?

That same spirit obtains apologists, and able ones, for commercial crimes, extortion and fraud, in the name of "business methods," and impels us to laugh at what we term excesses of probity, scruples—a conscience, public or private!

Then, again, in all such casuistic discussions, why is it that we, in spite of our new definitions and upsetting of old maxims, are invariably carried on by some irresistible current to those old principles that the positivist and the critic would have us believe are condemned to an eternal oblivion? Is it *merely* an hereditary taint not yet outgrown?

Modern skepticism, forsooth; absolute indifference! Why, there is hardly an assembly, a meeting of a few friends, a banquet, the most frivolous "five o'clock tea," at which, at some time or another, you will not hear the weightiest questions of ethics, of morals discussed, perhaps flippantly but discussed, nevertheless, aye, even as abstruse questions as that of the existence of a God.

These old principles that crop out with such assiduity, contradicted, or approved, show us how indelibly they are imprinted upon the consciences of some persons, and at the same time how little influence they have upon their *acts*, and it is surprising indeed to note how unconsciously we of to-day ignore the old necessity of having one's conduct harmonize somewhat with one's principles—even modern principles. We are proud of our good thoughts, our elevating ideals, our principles on paper, and do not blush to live by a diametrically different

code or the absence of all codes. We naïvely and sincerely wish to be troubled neither in our beliefs nor in our pleasures. In real life, as in the play or in our reading, we despise the traitor and applaud the hero; not merely for art's sake, but because we are in accord with and feel attracted to the good.

But what shall we deduce from all these strange contrasts in contemporaneous conscience? We certainly cannot depend upon any *professed* principles to reach any conclusion. Yet we must not imagine that those self-same principles count as nought. If many set aside, disdainfully, sometimes with asperity, the traditional basic ethics and religious dogmas there are also many who preserve them most sacredly, even though their acts do not always bear witness to their beliefs. Then there are those "of the great majority" who are neither completely absorbed into skepticism nor yet entirely ruled by principles. These principles, therefore, continue, between the believers, the skeptics and the middle-of-the-road philosophers, to be the principal points of contention and at the same time agreement. We may say they form a most unstable foundation, but it will take much digging and blasting yet to prove it such to those who have resolutely built thereupon, or who fear to extend their structures of thought much beyond its lines.

Some have sought to establish another code, outside of previous ones, more substantial, upon a better foundation of facts, that all men can be in accord upon—common ground. Facts, human nature studied as is a positive, an applied and known science, by psychology, by physiology, by anthropology, and by history. These cannot be principles in the metaphysical sense, but rather, as Spencer calls them, "the data of ethics." Two insurmountable obstacles confront them all, however: First, there is no common accord in what is understood by "human-nature." According to spiritualistic, ideal psychologists, morals, consciences are inherent in the

nature of man; it is what distinguishes him from the lower animals. The difference, again, is but of degree, "a chimerical distinction" claim the materialists, the positivists. There is between man and the lower animal, say they, but the difference in degree in animal evolution, as between the highest development and the lowest faculties of the mind, or "soul," and only in the successive periods of the double evolution working through all creation since all time and in each individual during the brief period of his life. And these differences will always exist so long as there are psychologists to contend as to "free-agency" against the distinction as between reason and the instincts, the soul and the body of man and of the animal.

But let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that that difficulty should be disposed of; are we very far advanced in the solution of the question of morals?

It is not merely a case of what *is* man and what are the laws of his nature, but is far more what he *should do* in deference to a law of individual character that is not always obeyed necessarily, but that commands in no uncertain terms nevertheless. There is no common accord upon the moral qualifications of an act. One condemns it, the other condones, if he does not approve it. But Nature, in its general laws, is the same with the one as with the other; one acts one way, while the other without any violent metamorphosis does the contrary and each is assured that he is right. Would you suggest personal interests merged into the greater good? And do you make any distinction between pleasures, for instance, and claim, with John Stuart Mill, that there *are* degrees, that a hog cannot be as happy as a refined, intelligent, sensitive human being? You cannot distinguish between pleasures any more than you can between moral acts except in the former case by their degree of intensity, and in the latter by the way they impress your moral sense.

Whatever may be the destiny of naturalistic ethics, it is certain that a great majority of us continue their claims, and will continue to make them for a long time to come; that these questions are of a higher order than mere material interests; that this solution is unnecessary, they are established; we can but obey the laws and live up to the code laid down by the Fathers, believe in the existence of a God and the immortality of the soul, and all is well!

And it is most legitimate that all the efforts of the churches should be to prop our consciences, our moral sense, as it were, against their dogmas, their creeds.

You may say these are but fragile supports, and that their weakness is most manifest in these times when lukewarmness is so common, even amongst the "true believers," the faithful, and that it is a confounding of universal moral rectitude with the individual interests of each church, that it authorizes that monstrous conclusion that there is no bond or tie betwixt the believer and the heretic, and that all those separated from the church are as exempt from all moral as they are from ecclesiastical control.

It is right here that the so-called liberal churches have done much good, by throwing a mantle of more ample folds around those who fretted in the rather close-fitting garments of orthodoxy, and at the same time exerting a liberalizing influence even upon those older churches, resulting in the establishing of closer bonds between all men and a more common code of public morals—a step in the direction of the "brotherhood of man."

But even the old theology may answer that it is in matters of faith that men differ the least; that all the unbelievers together agree upon exceedingly few doubts; that it penetrates regions and souls, for their good, where positivists and materialists never dream of going, and that to-day, in these very irreligious times, conversions to its dogmas are frequent,

oft' times among the most enlightened, the greatest thinkers, and that in times when its downfall seemed most assured whole nations awoke to great and unexpected religious revivals.

A strange world, indeed!

Theological ethics do not necessarily exclude natural, rational, philosophical ones. Faith in all great religious bodies goes hand in hand with Conscience—sometimes with Reason.

There is danger here, not in theology, however, but in its application; the tendency—and a natural enough one—of those in authority is to be more solicitous for the interests of the Faith than those of mere morality; they are ever ready to excuse lapses for fear of scaring away souls by a too exacting application of the code. Yet we are prone to exaggerate the scandalous contrasts these conditions do create, and to wrongly attribute them to hypocrisy rather than to what may be in part, at least, good policy.

The search after and discussion of moral principles belong as legitimately to all churches as to all philosophies and schools; but a code of morals purely theological hardly seems sufficient or desirable for either church or society. New elements of morality must develop with the progress of ideas. We had to open our minds to tolerance before tolerance became a factor in our customs.

Progressive ethics are necessarily mobile, and their authority, always open to discussion, is as necessarily unstable as their evolution is progressive. A weakness, if you wish, yet, paradoxical as it may seem, a very element of strength. Was it not Kant who, while he recognized in the existence of a God and of a future life two conditions necessary to morality, was yet well pleased that neither proposition could withstand a too searching analysis? He wanted his God and his Eternity to be wonderful, awful, and thought it dangerous to dispel any of the mysticism and clouds that surrounded both.

One of the greatest dangers to morals is to wrap their

ethics about with too binding formulas, accepted in all confidence, as oracles of divine wisdom. The most exact formulas fail to cover specific cases. Acts become *legal* without being *moral*. A moral act must conform to the spirit as well as to the mere letter of a formula and one can enter into the real spirit of a thing only by going back to its very principle, its source.

Morality can but begin when we have risen above the merely literal observance of its decrees. Nothing can so clearly show the insufficiency of formulas as the philosophical doubts and the serious discussions of which they are the subjects.

No precept or principle is vast enough to take in or to regulate *all* our actions. Consciences require personal acts, initiative and independent, to test these principles.

It is by such efforts that nobly liberal spirits have in all times created the reactions against abuses and false maxims generally admitted and sustained by all about them, even by their *own* doctrines and tendencies.

Philosophical doubts should extend even *into* one's self. Thought and Analysis should be the jury before which we try our "reasonable doubts," our "impulses of the heart," as well as the accepted maxims, creeds, formulas and all else about us.

But, then, philosophical thought and the weighing of ethics, of morals, of maxims, are confined to so few that it becomes a very duty, and to-day particularly, for all who do think to call attention to the meritorious in philosophical systems, to the evolution of ethics. The thinking man may hope, and that without any unappreciation of the limitations of *thought*, to ever enlarge its sphere, its scope, by its very force to carry further and further the subordination of Nature even to their ideals, moral and social, and, in consequence thereof, to carry onward the evolution, the progress we should all strive for from the *lower* to the *higher*. With Fouillée we

may exclaim, when we see Science confronted with the enigma of the origin of the world, "*Ignorabimus!*" but when Morals confront the enigma of the destiny of the world we may with equal justice exclaim "*Sperabimus!*" F. W. FITZPATRICK.

DANGER, AS WELL AS POWER, IN REPOSE.

Probably no quality easily attainable has so great a value as repose. It is the first essential of concentration, because the mind moves in inverse ratio to the body. A man running swiftly cannot think at the same time, except of his running. To meditate, his body must be at rest. He may occasionally walk, too and fro in a room, for instance, but analysis of this action shows that it is taken as a temporary rest for the mind. Some students have written that the mind is never more active than when the body is asleep; but this, like all the extreme conclusions, is difficult of demonstration.

Finding the instant added power from the cultivation of repose, many have pursued it. It has become with them first a quality, then a habit. As a quality it is invaluable; as a habit, dangerous. For habit soon becomes second nature, and imperceptibly a master.

Repose carried to an extreme leads to physical anæmia, not in the strictly medical sense, but in effect. Not only this, but too rigid repose of body means, especially to persons of an active temperament, too little mental rest. "Walking off nervous energy," as the expression goes, may have its value in this truth. Violent exercise breaks the bodily repose and at the same time the mental activity.

Repose must be under control, like all other qualities. It is not good to hurry to catch cars, but it is good to run a hundred yards occasionally, or take a swift walk. An ever active mind at the cost of an anæmic body is an ill-adjustment. In this, as in all other things, the extreme must be counterbalanced, and the man of greatest repose may need occasionally the fastest run. HAROLD J. LEAROYD.

THE WISE MAN AND THE SEA URCHINS.

(X.)

Ten minutes later the curtains had been drawn close, and the little audience was sitting in happy expectancy—and darkness—before the great muslin square stretched across one side of the roomy cave.

Gradually. not suddenly, a tiny dot began to show itself in the centre of the white expanse—a dot no bigger than a pin's head, and the youthful gazers could not have told when it first appeared to them. All felt that it had "begun to be," as Blooy afterwards expressed it, for quite awhile before it made itself manifest to them.

Slowly and by some mysterious process the small dot grew, the wall of its circumference moving ever outwardly, until at last it came to a stop, the circle having by this time reached the size of the largest wheel of an old-fashioned, "ordinary" bicycle.

"What's that?" softly breathed Snowdrop.

"We are going to imagine it a cell, Snowdrop, the tiniest cell imaginable, magnified to this prodigious size; and we will call it the cell that begins to form man's earthly habitation. Now, watch, my youngsters, and see what is contained in it."

Darkness again, the turning of the stereopticon's wheel, and then—

"It is filled with threads or veins like net-work!" cried Brownie, his eager eyes fixed upon the slowly filling circle of light.

"The *reticulum*, Brownie, from the words meaning 'little' and 'net'?"

A second turn of the wheel.

"Now, I see another circle inside the big one. It is all filled with net-work, too," cries Goldie. "What is that?"

"That, Goldie, is the *nucleus*, from words meaning 'little' and 'nut'—that is the kernel in which is the seed of the tree." Again the wheel is turned.

"Oh, there's a little dark circle inside the *nucleus!*"

The *nucleolus*, Ruddy. Here we have the first three principal divisions of the cell. The big bit of *protoplasm*, the *nucleus* contained within it, and the *nucleolus* within the *nucleus*. We shall need to go no deeper than this. What comes from the innermost recesses of life mortals may never know. Let us be content to look upon this mystery we can see by aid of powerful lenses."

The teacher turned the wheel again.

"Now, what do you discover?" he asked.

"A little dot with rays branching out like the spokes of a wheel, only closer together. See, it is all tangled up in that net-work at the top!"

"That little starry dot is called the *centrosome*, and the name comes from two words, 'centro,' centre, and 'soma,' body. It is a sort of master of ceremonies over the inhabitants of the cell—for the cell has more of a population than we can at present become acquainted with in its first phases of manifestation. There are two of these important personages, and they dictate like true autocrats, saying 'come here' or 'go there,' and are obeyed. Now, what do you see?"

"A white egg hung in the net—what is it?"

"That is called a *vacuole*, and means an empty space; but we know there is no such thing as empty space, and so we may easily suppose this,—that the *vacuole* is filled with air or water and food to feed the hungry and thirsty little cell fairy as it goes on its wonderful way."

"Is it hungry and thirsty then?"

"Every thing alive is always that; it is one form of

activity that Mother Nature makes use of to force her children to bestir themselves. These growing things must have nutriment to help them grow—material to help build the multiplying cell-walls, and so Man begins his desire for food and drink rather early in the day of his earthly existence, don't you think so? No wonder a baby is a naturally ravenous little animal—he is made up of hungry cells."

Another turn of the wheel followed by an exclamation from the Urchins.

"Now the net-work before you is becoming more defined, and is approaching the state of activity that makes the threads require a name. Let us allow the scientific scholars to name them. They call them *chromosomes*, or 'color bodies,' from 'chrome,' color, and 'soma,' body. These threads no longer lie still in the shape of strands of a net, but move about like little water snakes, ordered this way and that way by the two *centrosomes*, each of whom lays claim to half the number of wriggling little entities which now perform the wonderful feat of splitting themselves apart as the pod of pease splits (that is, lengthwise), working their ways toward the particular *centrosome* to which they, by some mysterious intelligence of their own, seem to know they belong. And as they do this they double themselves up into the shape of the letter V the point we see at the bottom of the letter pointing close in toward the *centrosome* at the top, the free ends reaching down toward the other *chromosomes*, and forming a sort of spindle.

"But this does not last long, for the active little *chromosomes* have too much work to do to stay in one position long, and as we look they crowd up or down to their respective *centrosomes* and, (what do you think?) form into the same sort of net-work as filled the first cell I showed you.

"These, in turn, go through the same process of multiplication, the new cells going on with the great work with never a moment's idling or cessation of work.

"The one cell has now created two cells just like itself; the two will at once create four; the four, eight; the eight, sixteen; the sixteen, thirty-two, and so on until there are enough of these tiny cells to build the magnificent animal 'man.'"

"Just cells—nothing but these?"

"Just cells, Blooy, one after another. But think of this marvelous thing. Although to all appearances the little fellows look all exactly alike, they are not alike in character at all. By this I mean that their abilities to accomplish different sorts of duties (that must be done to make the fine tenement man lives in habitable) *are all different.* If they didn't, my Urchins, man would be just a great mass of material without such differing parts as bones, muscles, blood, tissues, fat, etc."

"How do they know which ought to build bone and which make muscle?"

"Ah, how *do* they know? Perhaps Man, the real, deathless, immortal man knows, and controls his elements. Perhaps he is the architect, Blackie, and builds by thought, or ideation, let us call it, his own tenement. Some intelligence is certainly manifested in this mysterious Building of the Temple; and we cannot think it is the work of mere chance that such and such materials are brought together to combine themselves haphazard into marvelous forms. Design, ideation—thought governs all things, and it must be this thought that is the great Overseer.

"Does it not fill you with awe when you think that all these little, little cells, whose *work never ceases*—for when full fruition comes then follows dissolution just as industriously undertaken—have their own particular line of business to attend to?

"One colony of them boasts the finest sculptors in the world; another lot claims the most expert chemists who

handle to a nicety unknown to human alchemists the uncounted acids, starches, sugars, spices and salts needed in man's physical economy. Another set of workers are artists of exquisite taste, coloring the parts of the body so richly, so daintily, so harmoniously, so artistically — manufacturing pigments for Blooy's sapphire eyes; for Ruddy's rich tresses; for Snowdrop's flaxen braids; for Goldie's sunny locks; for Pinkie's apple-blossom cheeks; for Blackie's midnight eyes and Violet's rose-leaf lips—is it not wonderful?

"Then there is a colony that attends to the odors, dealing alike in grateful perfumes and obnoxious stenches—one attracting, the other warning. Then what marvelous mathematicians other cells prove themselves to be, figuring with inconceivable accuracy as to the necessary weight, distance, height, strength, aye, and even as to *time* required!

"We stand amazed at all this vast and perfect understanding of some divine principle of which the human mind knows, can know, nothing—absolutely nothing.

"Who builds the muscles I use with such ease? Who keeps the veins and arteries supplied with their 'life currents,' white and red? Who builds the walls of the same ducts and keeps the blood within its proper channels? Who forms globule after globule, the very blood itself? Who heals the slash my knife-blade cuts across my hand, building an added bulwark against future hurt in the strong, tough scar? Who keeps up the nails' supply, and furnishes the hair bulbs with their peculiar substance?

"And yet none of these little workers can be seen with the mortal eye. It takes colonies of them to form the finest tissue, and these are only visible through powerful glasses. I hope before long to be able to show you some of the lowest, simplest forms of life, for the microscope has arrived, and I am in possession of some interesting specimens from the ocean, and fresh-water ponds back in the country."

"Are the cells in these very different from those in man?"

"No, Brownie, they are the very same. Man is made out of the same material, built of the same stuff by the same processes. Even the cells of plants are the same as animal cells, and between some plants and animals it is a difficult matter to perceive *any* difference. Indeed, for a long time the most learned scientists have held some plants to be animals and some animals plants—life manifests itself with so little difference in its lowest forms.

"It is the real entity back of the cell-built house that gives the great differences in character—and it is this difference that demands of Nature higher or lower, baser, or more noble tenements for its uses. Man is the highest of all living things, and as one of our wisest scientists says: 'There is nothing great in the world but man; nothing great in man but mind; nothing great in mind but character.'"

"And does character come with life?"

"It *is* life—spiritual life—in manifestation. As the little living cells which seem to all appearance so much alike, differ so materially in their manifestation, so does character differ. Necessity and our surroundings help largely in the molding of the characters of both our souls and bodies—and this is their *use* in the scheme of man's body and soul growth. But there is something greater within the soul of souls that comes to occupy the earthly tenements for a little day, than the merely human animals we see with our mortal eyes—a something godlike, divine, that dominates all surroundings and overcomes the grind of necessity. Men rise superior and triumphant as they gain power through mastery of self.

"All that exists to-day is for the use of man in helping him to build character; indeed, the greatest obstacles to his ease are his greatest helpers. Each one overcome adds to his strength; each anguish undergone awakens his spiritual vision to the fact that he is not the only sufferer in exist-

ence, and with this realization the thought of self diminishes within him, and his heart grows big with its increasing sympathy for his suffering fellow-men, and a tender consideration for others takes the place of inhuman indifference. In fact, he evolves from savagery into something approaching civilization."

"Were men once all savages, sir?" asks Violet, as the Wise Man pulls apart the heavy curtains and lets the warm summer glow into the cold, dark cave.

"Naturally, Violet—and there are yet too many specimens remaining, I fear, among our civilized peoples. The first man was purely animal. His instincts were all animal. His children were, no doubt, as able as other young animals to take care of themselves at an early age. All he did was to look out for himself—to take heed of the present and the necessities of the hour. He knew no yesterday and no to-morrow. I doubt if he had sufficient intelligence to give a thought to the companion of his wild life; I am rather inclined to believe that he simply allowed her to provide for herself and his children as few veritable beasts of the fields do; and this is a trait of savagery still extant among some so-called civilized peoples."

"What made him change? How did he come to be civilized?"

"Violet, he is n't civilized yet—quite. And how did he make even so great a change as he has?" I have my own pet theory, lassie, and it is only a theory; would you like to hear it?"

"*I* would, sir," breaks in Pinkie, "if you 'll just tell us first what 'theory' means." With this, the little girl slides a coaxing arm about the neck of her beloved friend who has found a seat upon a rock-ledge opposite a grassy knoll whither the children have scrambled after they left the cave.

"That 's right, Pinkie, haul me up standing when I go beyond your depth—and that 's a mixed metaphor for you! By the way, I fear I have led you pretty far out from shore

at times to-day — anybody swamped? Any words besides 'theory' needing an explanation? No? For that I am glad; for I wish you to understand every syllable I say to you.

"As to the word 'theory' allow me to say that it has its origin in an old Sanskrit word *dhyâ*, meaning to meditate — to think. The word theatre is also derived from this word *dhyâ*, and it really means, in this sense, to stand off and view—see—any spectacle or pageant or display going on before one's eyes. Now, he who has a 'theory,' who 'theorizes,' in imagination views that of which he thinks as a passing show; sees the whole subject before his mind's eye, and from the picture of all the parts thus presented he forms his 'theory,' or what seems to him the right idea of anything not as yet proved by being put into practice. Do I make myself understood? One can have a theory of medicine, and one can practice medicine. They, theory and practice, differ one from the other, and either or both may be right or wrong."

"I understand," this from Ruddy, who finds an echo even in Pinkie, the youngest.

"Now, my theory as to man's change from savage to civilian is briefly this;—but let me say, in parenthesis, that man as man, the masculine entity, had little to do with it."

"Why, sir!" this from Violet in genuine but gentle astonishment.

"It was the woman made the first change."

"'The *woman?*' How?"

"Perhaps—and possibly aud probably, the early human woman-animal was at the very first as much positively animal as man; cared as little for her children, who were also little animals needing little attention, until — who shall say what might have chanced to call more than her usual attention to some child among them—some baby among the others needing her especial care? A little one crippled by some accident, let us suppose, who could not get about as did the

others, and to whom, because of its unusual helplessness, her savage thought was, of necessity, more constantly turned. Let us imagine that, because of this little one, she gave heed, now and then, to something other than herself; turned her dim, vague, unrealizing thought so often toward that ailing baby, that she in time, by force of pure and simple habit grew, in a measure, considerate of its helplessness.

"Thus, in all probability, was sown the first seed of an unselfishness—a thinking for others, that was, after long ages to grow and ripen and bear fruit in her descendants; for the germ cells after long lives of race after race transmit tendencies to the generations that follow, the brain-building cells forming lobes that will house and accommodate a very different character of brain from that of the early savage human animal; for we must call him 'human' to distinguish him from his brothers the beasts of the fields, some of whom deserve less the term 'beast' than he.

"After centuries of slow progress the children's children of this more thoughtful mother grow up, and use the little spark of intelligence she has blessed them with. They begin to notice their surroundings; begin to comprehend that these savage women and children are their own wives and children, though with no such word to apply to them, for as yet their tongues are used simply to help their teeth in masticating food, or for snarling or giving forth such uncouth sounds as some of the savages of African forests utter to-day.

"Then the family was recognized. Here progression made a gigantic stride. Groups of families forming into tribes followed. Sympathy with their tribal kind began to awaken. The tribes clustered together for protection against other tribes, their enemies."

"Why did they think other tribes were their enemies?"

"Why, Blooy? It was a matter of life and death to them to secure their food from that part of the earth which they

inhabited. They knew nothing whatever about tilling the soil, and such edibles as grew—fruits, nuts, roots, and so on, with what game they could kill with the rude stone implements they had begun, with their dawning intellects, to fashion, were all they might hope to secure. If other tribes came to their section of the earth, and took their food supply from them they must starve. So they fought their neighbors savagely enough at first; and only after many ages, when man began dimly to comprehend a truth or two about the productiveness of the soil, how a seed (having been observed to fall and sprout) might be *made* to fall and sprout instead of being left to chance, and so food might be grown and harvested, and those who had begun to become comparatively dear to the heads of families might be kept from starving, did the savage right of might give way to a more peaceful and friendly attitude.

"With more intelligence, more comfort, more luxury, man had attained such civilization that to-day, instead of being at daggers drawn with his fellow man, he helps him to the same rare privileges he has acquired by wisdom for himself, and the rights of his brothers are held sacred."

EVA BEST.

(To be continued.)

THE ICICLE.

She was a beautiful thing, clear as crystal, pure and transparent as glass, graceful and fantastic in form, delicately and wonderfully fair in her glittering loveliness and icy beauty.

She hung suspended from the dark bough of a giant oak in the midst of a sparkling feathery frost world, and she far surpassed her fair sisters who clustered in graceful groups and fantastic assortment from every branch and spray around.

So at least thought the sunbeam, as he wound his way through the overhanging boughs, and gradually crept closer to the fair object of his admiration.

They saw him coming, those ice maidens; watched him drawing nearer and nearer into their midst; and each did her best to outshine her sisters and appear most beautiful to his radiant eyes.

She saw him; and as the light of his presence fell athwart her, she flashed with a thousand prisms in his sight.

"O, crystal maiden, how fair, how beautiful is your glittering resplendancy!"

The proud heart of the ice maiden swelled with exultation as the words of the sunbeam fell upon her ear. Cold she was, and cold she had been to the many wooers who had sought her favor. The frost, her cousin, she had scorned in high disdain, though he had pressed her hard in the strength of his attachment. The wintry fog had encompassed her around, but she had remained proof against his encircling charms. The north wind had assailed her and wooed her with his chilly breath. The spirits of the hail and sleet had striven to impress her with their worth; but all to no purpose—she had remained impregnable and indifferent to them all.

But now there comes another, not only equally persistent in his wooing, but more passionate in his ardor, more flat-

tering in his speech, and more dangerous in the heat of his desire. She trembles at his approach, and quails her hard and glittering breast. His voice, soft and seductive as the Summer wind, moves her strangely with its warm impassioned tones; his admiration stirs her soul and breaks down the once firm barrier of indifference and reserve.

"Sweet maid, the delicacy of your fantastic shape, the splendor of your lustrous beauty delight me! How bluey white the edges of your jagged form, the drooping fringe of your icy drapery! How you glisten in my eyes! I saw you from my parent home; your matchless beauty fired my soul; I craved to see you near, to look upon your loveliness and bathe you in my love. Ice maiden, hear me! Fair daughter of the Winter, let me but touch your snowy lips!"

"Beware! fair cousin," cried the frost. "A kiss from him is death. Beware! the false deceiver would rob you of your life and beauty."

But, quivering with triumph and delight, the foolish ice maiden listened to the assiduous flatterer, and, heedless of her cousin's words, scorning the warning cry of Nature, yielded to the bright tempter, who, creeping nearer and nearer, at last enveloped her in his encircling rays, and pressed his burning kisses on her fair, white, chilly lips.

Ah me! his touch was fatal. She felt it sink down deep into her being, draining her strength, and weakening her vitality. His arms enshrouded her, his influence sucked her very soul. Weak and faint she lapsed in his embrace—each burning caress melting body and spirit together. Her sisters groaned and trembled on their boughs; the frost, defeated and powerless against the fatal passion of his rival, fled away, as the once beauteous queen of the ice world, dissolving into liquid, sank undone and uncreated again into the watery element whence she sprang.

MAUD DUNKLEY.

SNAP SHOTS ON THE JERICO ROAD.

Twilight and moonlight are conducive to moralizing, and most men are best after sunset. Have you ever noticed at "revivals" that the "mourner's bench" is more crowded at the evening meetings?

A man will take chances with a leaky roof as long as the sun shines—it's human nature—but one stormy night will so fill his mind with the ghosts of neglected duties that he can hardly wait for sunrise to procure a carpenter and shingles.

The sub-currents of God's purpose are fashioning and shaping our lives, even while we are drifting about on the dancing surf of indifference without so much as a thought of the undertow.

Gratitude is a plant which thrives best in the darkness of adversity. A few hours of prosperity's sunshine will suffice to kill it.

Many new preachers commit the same error as parents who name their children after celebrities. By setting a standard for themselves in their opening sermons which they are unable to live up to, they fall into disrepute; and the judges will not permit them to enter a second-class contest after recording a higher rate of mental speed.

As it takes a diamond to cut a diamond, so at times one truth seems to confound another.

It's strange that we can never be quite honest with ourselves, particularly in estimating our faults. We'll even bring in a claim for contrition or humility to off-set the Devil's account.

The mind's eye sees best in the dark. We look then for the inner light, just as Saul of Tarsus did when he was smitten with blindness for a season.

It's a mistake to say that all griefs grow lighter with

years. We become accustomed to their weight by degrees and learn to carry them without complaint or moan; thus is the world deceived.

If a man happens to keep himself plumb with the moral line of the scripture, the chances are ten to one that society calls him crazy.

What we need is a system of living that will stand the steady pull of every-day trials and duties. Spurts, strain and overheating are not things to be depended upon in emergencies.

Poverty and tragedy must be viewed from the shining heights of exemption, if one would escape the heart-ache of this world.

MARIA WEED.

SELF-HELP.

It has often been said that true Freedom is to be found only in conformity to law—conformity to the law of our own Being. Every true teacher continually refers the student back to himself, emphasizing self-reliance as a cardinal virtue. Only it must be reliance upon that self whose nature is Being, Light, Freedom—the hidden centre from which life springs, the one Sun which illumines the world of men.

The problem which confronts every earnest desirer of the Light is: how to realize day by day some deeper measure of this consciousness. And as no two human souls are alike, the path is different for each one.

At any rate, it is plain to all alike that the law demands harmony, solidarity, love. It is plain from the fundamental fact of the Unity of Being, the identity of Soul; for at the deep centre humanity is one.

Through diverse and wandering ways all men seek ultimately the same goal.

A long step, therefore, towards attaining a right relation

to our fellows consists in a boundless toleration, which overlooks differences and seizes with quick sympathy points of resemblance visible only to the eye of love.

Looking widely over humanity, it will be seen that the best are not found in any one enclosure, cannot be embraced under any one label; indeed, refuse all classification whatever.

A sympathetic appreciation of the good in *every* heart will help greatly to a calm frame of mind, that indispensable condition to the deeper life.

In the stress of modern life one feels sometimes almost as if calmness were life's crown. It may be interesting, therefore, to note one method which some have found helpful:

Before seeking rest at the close of the day consider carefully what state of mind is to be maintained on the following day. This forethought may be summed up in a deliberate resolve. For instance: "I *will*, deeply and earnestly, that all day to-morrow I shall be in a calm and peaceful state of mind; I *will* that if any irritating or annoying thought or image or memory be in any way awakened it shall immediately be forgotten and fade away."

Having in this way bidden the will to carry out your resolve, sleep ensues with this thought last in the mind.

It is an invocation of the higher Ego, and if done with earnest concentration, it will take effect during the mystery of sleep, for the night-time of the body is the day-time of the soul.

Persistence is the key to success; and this simple method will be found to be one gateway to powers which the unaided waking mind rarely grasps.

It will inspire confidence in the vast resources of selfhood and open new vistas of experience, limited only by the earnest persistence with which it is carried out.

Another path that leads to Freedom is through knowledge. "The Truth shall make you Free." But it must be

known, and knowledge must be progressive unto the endless end.

In the visible world it is true that knowledge is power. In the unseen world it is not less true, for each is the counterpart of the other.

Conformity to law is indeed Freedom; but to know the law is a necessary precedent.

Regarding Nature as a symbol of the Soul we recognize the limitless extent of the field of knowledge, the necessity for employing higher instruments.

We see that the slow processes of the brain-mind must one day be supplanted by the flashing light of intuition.

The advance into new fields of consciousness, if it is to be sustained and continuous, must be supported by harmonious development.

Not by knowledge alone or by devotion alone, or by works can the riddle of life be read. Action, faith, intellect, imagination, and love are necessary, and all exist in countless degrees. United, they will lead to that inner sea whose gateway is the Heart of man where no bounds are and which, if a man do not reach it, freedom is for him but a name.

Nevertheless, many ways lead thither.

Who would deny that some have attained through philosophy, art, music, meditation. Mystics like Maeterlinck, Whitman, Emerson, Wagner, Fichte, have trod different paths to the same goal.

The Good, the Beautiful, the True, penetrate us like space, and at the deepest of us we pay homage at their shrine; but terrestrial man, lost in illusion, knows not himself, and bears the bondage of matter.

H. W. Graves.

A man is as he believes; the thoughts in which he believes create his body and his external conditions also.

DE IMMORTALITATE.

Each thing of beauty in God's lovely earth
Teaches mankind that He did erst intend
This world to be our home: a happy home,
For man to love, enjoy and keep for e'er
With jealous care; nor once t' inquire if there
May be some better realm where He doth dwell,
The which thro'out this life to seek;—as if
Indeed, though such there be, the soul of man
Had aught whereon to predicate his right—
The hope in sphere to equal God! O man!
Hadst thou in all these ages past but thought
This world to be thine only home—thine earth,
Also thy Heaven—now and ever more,
And that there was naught more to seek—naught
Expect—why, sure thou wert content with it.

And now where forest, deep and dark,
Its fastness holds, or fuming morass reeks
With venom'd vapors, harvests rich, broad fields
Would yield, with grateful shade; the myrtle, rose
And kindred bloom, their fragrant breath exhale,
And all conspire to make of earth an Eden.
For oft doth Earth, like modest maiden fair,
Await from man the first embrace, nor tell
Her love for him, till he his love for her
Hath first made known; nor then had man
E'er stained fair earth with blood of brother man,
In wars o'er theologic creeds fierce waged,
Nor on the block, the guillotine, nor at
The stake, for schism's sake, with savage zeal
Caused man to die. But loving man and all
Things else, the creatures of his God, no sword

Had drawn, no lethal blow had struck, nor arm
Had raised, to cast o'er earth death's darkening pall,
With devastation far and wide the while—
Then lovely all; the hills and maintains high,
The valleys wide and green; resounding all
With songs of birds and sounds of lowing herds,
With din of men and childhood's music sweet,
Earth were to soul while yet in body pent,
A Paradise.

And if immortal be
That soul, when life were o'er, it need not soar
Far on beyond, thro' ether blue, to realms
Unknown. But here, e'en here, where first
It conscious grew, where first itself and God
It knew; retaining still its earthly love—
No earthly tie by death forever rent—
Now freed itself from earthly tenement,
With clearer vision for e'er keeping watch
O'er dearest friends in flesh immured, who wait
Till they, by dissolution's law, may cast
The burd'ning clay, and like itself, become
Ethereal;—yes, here, e'en here, find Heaven!

LEON MEAD.

UNIVERSALISM.

Thomas Starr King once humorously remarked that the difference between Unitarians and Universalists was that "Universalists believe that God is too good to damn men, and Unitarians believe that men are too good to be damned." But Mr. George Willis Cooke affirms that this distinction is no longer valid. "It is not a theological but a psychological difference," he declares, "that keeps these duplicated sects from

close affiliation." He explains that the Unitarian looks upon religion more from the intellectual side, while the Universalist views it more from the intuitional and evangelic standpoint.

It would seem from this that the trend of the other denominations must be toward Universalism. Such, in fact, appears to be the case. The doctrine of the Trinity is rather a matter for casuistic speculation, which has little interest for the laity. But the notion of an eternity of endless misery for finite beings exhibits the Deity in too hateful a character for voluntary acceptance. Hence, deep-thinking men of the churches called orthodox, like Lyman Abbott and Dean Farrar, are becoming courageous to repudiate it, and the common sense of the clergy is leading them, even on revival occasions, to direct the attention of the unconverted to other motives than the fear of endless punishment. Even in the Roman Catholic body a large body of communicants quietly disbelieve the dogma. They may not, like St. George Mivart, frankly avow it, lest they encounter the anathema and ecclesiastical boycott, but they are none the less determined in their conviction. The world moves. Even the tendency of Protestant Christendom to return to the lap of its mother, is allied to this sentiment of moderation in dogma. To be good is to be a citizen of heaven; and to be bad is to be in hell. But even then, as the philosopher of the eighteenth century declared, every individual will be in the condition fixed by the ruling law, and so will live the life in which he most delights.

ALEXANDER WILDER, M.D.

Heaven exists within us in the faculties latent in the human brain, the superabundance of which no man has ever dreamed. The weakest man living has the powers of a God folded within his organization; and they will remain folded until he learns to believe in their existence and then tries to develop them.

The World of Thought

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

ASHES AND FRUIT.

With the beginning of the New Year, which also begins the twentieth century of Christendom, The Metaphysical Magazine begins its fourteenth volume of literary usefulness.

In spite of the attempts that have been earnestly made to give the periodical another name, for the purpose of popularizing the work, the original name has clung to it all the time, while its regular patrons persist in calling it "The Metaphysical," almost invariably preferring the name under which it had its inception.

Without question this is the right name, when only the character of the work is considered. It was our choice in the beginning and has always been our preference. The name is distinctive, definite and characteristic. It is not popular because not generally understood. Every day, however, sees a gain in such understanding; and as the work of our loved periodical is to remain both metaphysical and philosophical we are convinced, after carefully watching the public pulse and the trend of thought among its friends, that the original name is the only right one for the perpetuation of the work thus undertaken.

With this number, therefore, "The Metaphysical Magazine" (lately "The Ideal Review") comes to you in its own characteristic form, dress, and appearance, as becomes its real name, under which it will continue to give the best of the teachings of those principles which being eternal always present the truth about life and its problems. Some department

changes have been effected for the same purpose, and hereafter the material will appear either in the Essay Department or The World of Thought, because the dignity of the magazine and the strength of its teachings can be more clearly maintained in this way. The material presented will not necessarily be different because of these changes, and we shall continue to search the literary world for the very best that can be procured while the teachings inculcated will always be of the purest character.

The Metaphysical Magazine was originated for a definite purpose in philosophical literature and to that purpose it has always adhered. It will continue to hold its place at the head of the line of the advance-thought publications of the world. We confidently believe that the New Year and the new Century will mark an era of increased usefulness for this periodical which has always at heart the true advancement of knowledge about the realities of life, being, and the universe.

The Metaphysical Magazine is now printed and manufactured entirely on its own premises, under circumstances and with facilities which enable its publishers to guarantee the highest order of typographical excellence and a periodical that will grace any library. Its bound volumes already comprise fifty-five hundred pages of the choicest reading and the deepest instruction, and in themselves constitute a library of occult literature that cannot be equalled by any single collection of similar subject-matter. They point the way, however, to greater achievements in the future, and to this work we apply ourselves with fresh courage, in the belief that all our past friends in the work will heartily concur in the present steps, which are taken in the full confidence of increased usefulness for permanent work.

An intense desire for any laudable acquisition is the prophecy of its sure fulfilment.

"1901."

The New Year begins. It opens with a significance greater than other years, for with it a New Century is likewise begun. The year 1900 and its departure bore also away the Nineteenth Century, and relegated it forever to the past. With it were remembrances of achievements in every department of human skill and industry, the increase and general diffusion of scientific knowledge, the broader conceptions attained of human rights and duty, the profounder vision of human possibilities in the field of mind and higher intelligence. For the moment we would veil and look away from the strifes and bickerings, the virulent controversies, the oppressions and cruelties, which till the last moment of its existence blotched the pages of its history. A new century begins with the new year, and we now offer our welcome to both the newborn children of the ages. We expect much from them; that they will unfold new events, new perceptions of right, new zeal for freedom of thought and opportunity, new attainment which had been approached but not realized. The accelerated progress which has already characterized the several departments of skill, the broader conception of individual rights, the deeper knowledge that has been gained in science and philosophy are preludes to what will be accomplished in this Twentieth Century.

With such confidence and expectations THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE, under its true standard, continues its labors in the field of advancing thought. It will do what its name implies; pursue the study of Nature on its nobler side into the region of that which really is. Cognizant of a knowledge which books do not impart nor teachers communicate, it will modestly endeavor to point the way that each may take to gain the prize.

To our readers we tender the compliments of the season, and wish them most heartily a Happy New Year. With its advent we wish for them the real prosperity, the attaining of their highest aspirations, the reward of strenuous effort toward the True and the Good. We earnestly desire that they will meet in the New Century all the attainment, development, and fruition for which the old had led them to long and hope.

We now go on with our work, anticipating the hearty coöperation of all who appreciate the importance of advancing thought in the new age.

Anybody can command the mysteries of the whole span of life; can do anything on earth that he wants to; can learn anything he wants to learn; can command the power that created worlds, if he will only think.

Mental wealth, which is the recognition of innate ability, is the only true sort of external wealth. External wealth that has not this sort is but a floating air-plant. There is no dependence to be placed upon it.

That remarkable phrase, "the pursuit of happiness," classifying it as an unalienable right, is one of the truest ever penned by man. It was the evangel of the Revolution, and the American ideal will never be realized till it becomes realized in legislation and acknowledged in daily life. The province of philosophy is to set forth what happiness really is, the way of its attainment, and how it is made permanent.

On the road to progress it often happens that a warm personal friendship may become a tyranny that must be broken.

THE POWER OF FAITH.

A faith cure is recorded which utterly baffles the acumen of medical materialists to account for. It appears, however, to be well authenticated. A woman in New Orleans had been paralyzed forty-five years. One day last year she was at church and became impressed with the thought that she ought to pray for recovery. She spoke to the clergyman, who concurred. So several persons for more than a year spent a season every day in the intercession. Finally in May last she felt an irresistible impulse to walk. Stepping from her wheeled chair she walked rapidly across the room. From that time her strength to walk steadily increased. Infant children, it may be remarked, acquire the power to walk after a very similar manner. The true philosophy of miracles is the philosophy of mind itself. A. W.

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF YEARS.

Iamblichos, in his famous treatise on Egyptian Theurgy, describes the knowledge of the stars as a wisdom imparted by Divinity, and confirmed by observations made for hundreds of thousands of years. Proklos, who followed him as a teacher, affirmed that the Chaldean sages had records of astral revolutions which embraced entire cycles of time. Cicero, in his treatise on Divination, stated that their accounts were for over 370,000 years, while Diodoros increased the number to 470,000. Verily, past time is an eternity.

The ancient Egyptian priests, we are told, designated all their compositions, Books of Thoth or Hermes. Iamblichos enumerates eleven hundred, and Selenkos, the Alexandrian literateur, speaks of 20,000. Manethe enumerates 36,525 scrolls; but this is an occult reference to the twenty-five Gothic cycles of 1461 years each, which, it was considered, covered Egyptian history. Its analogy to the number of days in a year seems to indicate another solution.

PHILOSOPHY ESSENTIAL TO PRACTICAL RESULTS.

The office of Philosophy is to unfold the perfect truth for our contemplation and willing obedience. It embraces the great world of causes within its scope, reaching clear to the absolute and permanent principles underlying them, to the end that the lessons derived from them may be applied in individual experience. Transcending the limitations of common science and opinion, its domain is rather the nobler illimitable sphere of intelligence which the higher natures occupy. All great action is such by reason of the enthusiasm by which it is inspired. It has a firm basis of Faith, an intuition of the more excellent, and firm assurance of truth beyond all seeming or expediency. The sentiment of worship in every human soul radiates into the thought, and more or less directs the conduct. Philosophic aspiration after the good and beautiful in life, is the outbirth of this motive, and the endeavor to give it proper expression. Hence the speculative faculties of the mind must be developed in order that the practical achievement may be genuine and enduring.

A. W.

AN EVOLVING NOT A MOLDING.

The true disciple never becomes nor seeks to be the mere image of his teacher; and the philosopher of our own age, schooled as he may be and ought to be in the discipline of Plato and other sages of that Foretime, may not therefore sink his own distinctive character in becoming their imitator. They one and all point us to the higher knowledge which books do not impart, ideal and subjective; and whoever attains it is thereby developed in his own genuine, nobler selfhood, and not transformed into the mirrored likeness of another.

A. W.

Genius is energy intensified, and energy is thought intensified and expressed in action.

A NEW YEAR.

We have crept one step higher on the little ladder of our earthly lives. Behind us the shadow-lands of memory, before us the radiant paths of life's sweetest possibilities.

No life is wronged that may not be righted; no ruin, unless wilfully persisted in, is irretrievable; for upon the ashes of contrition have arisen the greatest structures.

This, our little earthly day, is not all there is of life; and though this short passage be beset by briar and bramble; be darkened by mortal anguish and rough to our stumbling feet, the petty woes are infinitesimal and its duration nothing compared to the time we have existed before we opened our eyes upon this little way-station of our lives, and the time we shall continue to be—more in sentiment, more alive, more keen to feel and to enjoy in fairer, happier existences in worlds to come.

But whilst we tarry here it is meet and fitting that we should take heed of our precious moments; should seek to live unselfish lives, with arms and hands outstretched to all the world; should live clean lives and think pure thoughts, and harbor not enmity nor malice, nor jealousy, nor revenge; for enmity sours the heart, malice warps it, jealousy devours it, and revenge burns it as in a ravaging fire. Rather within the mysterious, growing cells of our being, store hope and faith and charity and love. If one have faith one must have also hope; if we have love, charity abideth also.

So all aboard, everybody! The good ship "Nineteen-Hundred-and-One" sets sail on Tuesday, January first, with all the world as crew. Step along the gang plank, good friends and brothers, step across and start afresh upon the restless waters of the sea of eternity! Aye, eternity—which is the eternal Now!

How bright the great sea looks! How staunch and fair

the splendid ship laden with our golden promises, and onto which we have taken care to load no dark prophecy of evil! With Hope on the lookout, Faith at the helm, Love and Charity as seamen brave, how near to heaven itself may we not sail during this small fragment of an epoch we call our own!

Do we sail rapidly? Then are our lives full of many things that shall enrich the world. Do we sail slowly? Then have we failed in the finding of that life-work that lies somewhere near at hand, else we had not been born into this work-a-day world. May the briny spray of the ocean we cross so clear our dim, unseeing eyes, that to-day and to-morrow may find the sails of the hours wide spread to the eager winds of endeavor!

If shipwreck threaten, be brave. Trim the flapping sheets of circumstance, and batten down all hatchways leading to an unreal state of apprehension. With Faith at the helm no danger can assail. We are in the hollow of the hand of Him who commands the wave; when the Father is nigh how can his children fear? Our God is Love; and beyond the black clouds that seem to tower upon our mental horizon, shines the sun of a perpetual glory.

Then let us be brave-hearted. Let us stand firm in the conviction that we are thoughts of God, else we would not be; that ours is a divine heritage wherein need be naught of harm or evil or darkness; naught of mortal fear, injustice, adversity, unhappiness or wrong; but only that which is good and pure and holy—that which is charitable, unselfish, wholesome and right.

Let us will to help one another to make the coming voyage prosperous, using the chart of Experience that we may avoid hidden dangers, and striving to bring this good ship in which we set sail a little nearer to the haven of Love which lies ready to receive its precious cargo. EVA BEST.

METAPHYSICS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

BAKERSFIELD, CAL., Oct. 13th, 1900.

GENTLEMEN:

Inclosed please find one dollar for six months' subscription to "The Metaphysical Magazine." I think I would like to read it. While conducting a prospecting party into the interior, one hundred miles from civilization, I found by a deserted camp, near the summit of the Sierra Mountains, an old copy quite weather beaten, bearing the date of "——, ——, '99." Some poor devil sought a secluded spot to study metaphysics. Most respectfully,

R. H. STEVENS.

MEDICAL FADS.

The microbe and bacterial itch that sadly afflicts many of the medical fraternity is getting so severe as to drive its subjects to the verge of insanity. Fads have multiplied on fads till common sense is crowded out. Years ago we were told to take baths in blue light; then to eat only meat; to eat only vegetables; to use Graham bread; to eschew Graham; to eat no cereals, but only nuts and fruit; to boil the water for drinking; to sterilize the milk; to wear only wool next the body; to wear only linen or cotton. We were cautioned not to breathe, except after having filtered the air through cotton batting to catch the vibrios. What would Sancho Panza have thought if he had had a court physician impregnated by all these fads? A Chicago genius has described the matter:

"We have boiled the clear lake water
And we 've sterilized the milk;
We have strained the squirming microbes
Through the very finest silk;
We have bought or we have borrowed
Each new-fangled health device;
And now the doctors tell us
We have got to boil the ice."

VACCINATION IN BRITISH STATIONS.

Great Britain, as well as the United States, has recently passed through a general election. The results have been analogous. The party in power had the advantage from the outset, and won accordingly. In several Parliamentary constituencies the vaccination propagationists had worked assiduously to win the voters to the support of compulsory legislation. They were met, however, with equal energy, and successfully. Leicester, of course, stood firmly on its former ground; Gloucester had been hotly contested, and vaccination was made the paramount issne. As the constituency had been Conservative, the candidate on that side was selected with a view to carry the district, and exultant boasts were made of the certainty of his election. Mr. Russel Rea, the Liberal, declared himself in favor of a total repeal of the Vaccination law, and was supported accordingly. A Tory majority of 473 in 1895 was changed to a majority of 223 for the anti-vaccination candidate. There were but six days to work up that plurality, or it would have been greater. Mr. Holhouse was returned from East Bristol by a majority of 1,131. Mr. Grenfell, of Berks, also received an overwhelming majority. Mr. Carlile, of North Berks, who introduced the bill enacted in 1898, was re-elected. In Derby the two anti-vaccination candidates swept the sitting members out of the field. Mr. Bagley, of Chesterfield, in Derbyshire, was prominent in effecting the passage of the Conscience Clause of 1898, and his majority was raised from 347 in 1895 to 689. In Mid-Durham, Mr. J. Wilson, who was pledged to support the repeal of compulsory clauses, was also re-elected by his former majority. Sir J. Stirling Maxwell, of Glasgow, who declared himself in favor of extending the Conscience Clause to Scotland, was re-elected. Mr. Freeman Thomas, of Hastings, a friend of the anti-vaccination movement, was also chosen. Sir J. T. Woodhouse, of Huddersfield, declaring himself ready to vote every time against compulsory vaccination,

carried the election by a strong vote. Mr. Robert Duncan, of Govan, in Lanakshire, denied that "individuals have the right to set up their judgment against the combined opinion of the medical profession," and was defeated. Mr. T. C. Taylor, of Radcliffe, declared his opposition to compulsion, and won a seat from the Tories.

In such a town as Gloucester the event was most gratifying. The recent small-pox epidemic had convinced the more intelligent population of the utter uselessness of vaccination as a preventive. But the propagationists put forth a special effort to recover the lost prestige, and boasted that they had succeeded. The constituency had been Conservative, and the candidate of that party declared his adherence to compulsion. Mr. Russell Rea, his Liberal contestant, was in favor of the total repeal of the Vaccination laws. Dr. Hadwen and his friends had but six days to work up a vote, or they would have done better. As it was, a Tory majority of 473 in 1895 became a Liberal plurality of 223 in a poll of 3,311. Well done!

At Eastbourne, in Sussex, both the candidates fought hard for the anti-vaccinist vote. Admiral Brand declared himself in favor of a total repeal of the compulsory enactments. His competitor, Mr. Hogg, was elected, however, by a subterfuge. A placard was exhibited, purporting to come from the Anti-Vaccination League, endorsing the latter.

With such results, and many more that can be cited, the prospects are very favorable. We hardly expect that any obnoxious legislation will be attempted, but cherish warm hopes instead that purity from official blood-poisoning will be made the law of the kingdom. Then America will be sure to follow. Speed the day. A. W.

We are driven by instinct to live innumerable experiences, which are of no visible value, and to which we may revolve through many lives before we shall assimilate or exhaust them.
—*Emerson.*

MEDICAL SCIENCE.

What does modern medical science know of the constitution of man, whose life and safety is made to depend on that knowledge? It knows the form of the body, the arrangement of muscles, and bones, and organs, and it calls these constituent parts by names which it invented for the purpose of distinction. Having no supersensual perceptions it does not know the soul of man, but believes that his body is the essential man. If its eyes were open it would see that this visible body is only the material kernel of the "immaterial," but nevertheless substantial real man, whose soul-essence radiates far into space, and whose spirit is without limits. They would know that in the life-principle, in whose existence they do not believe, resides sensation, perception, consciousness, and all the causes that produce the growth of the form. Laboring under their fatal mistake they attempt to cure that which is not sick, while the real patient is unknown to them. Under such circumstances it is not surprising that the most enlightened physicians of our time have expressed the opinion that our present system of medicine is rather a curse than a blessing to mankind, and that our drugs and medicines do vastly more harm than good, because they are continually misapplied.

The ideal physician of the future is he who knows the true constitution of man, and who is not led by illusive external appearances, but has developed his interior powers of perception to enable him to examine into the hidden causes of all external effects. To him the acquisitions of material science are not the guides but only the assistants, his guide will be his knowledge and not his "belief," and his knowledge will endow him with *faith*, which is a power acting upon that part of man that cannot be reached by the administration of drugs.

FRANZ HARTMANN, M. D.

THE SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.

Regular meetings of The School were held at 465 Fifth Avenue, on the evenings of November 19th and December 17th. Doctor Wilder addressed the School on the first of these dates, his subject being the continuation of a previous paper on "Serpent Symbolism." The paper was exceedingly interesting and was received with satisfaction. Doctor Wilder clearly showed that the nature of the serpent has been much misunderstood, and that the peoples of antiquity looked deeper into this and similar matters than the hurrying races of the present age are wont to do. The paper will appear in an early number of THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE.

On December 17th Mr. Whipple presented a paper on "The Scientific Aspects of Metaphysics." The subject proved interesting, and in the general debate that followed the reading both members and visitors took part. About seventy were present and much interest was shown in the work of the School. The real work of the season has scarcely begun yet, but with the holiday "cares and burdens" out of the way it is expected that some interesting and valuable work will be presented. Members and others are urged to contribute papers or arrange to speak on certain dates in order that each meeting may have its program arranged in advance. The next meeting will be held on the third Monday in January.

Per order, COMMITTEE.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"*Suggestion in the Cure of Diseases and the Correction of Vices*" is the title of a little treatise by George C. Pitzer, M. D,, of Los Angeles. Dr. Pitzer was formerly editor of the *American Medical Journal*, and Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine, in the American Medical College of St. Louis. He has been for some years past, the Principal of St. Louis School of Suggestive Therapeutics and Medical Electricity, and is an accomplished practitioner in that depart-

ment of the Art of Healing. The purpose of this treatise is well set forth in its title, and is further declared to be, "to place this subject before our readers in a manner that may be readily comprehended by everybody." The basis of the theory is contained in the work of Thomas Jay Hudson on "The Law of Psychic Phenomena." The reasoning is cogent and convincing.

"There is no use in saying that there is nothing in these 'innovations,' the author remarks, "the people have learned better than this. And they have learned that others besides professed doctors of medicine can cure diseases; and when the resident regular physicians fail to give them the relief they want, they frequently find it by going to laymen who are well-informed doctors of suggestive therapeutics. These are the facts, and they can be established any day; and it is not simply the ignorant, dependent classes that seek relief outside of regular medicine. Thousands of the most intelligent and affluent people of the country are to-day the patrons of some form of Mental Therapentics, and these 'innovations' are supported by the most refined and talented people in the world."

ED.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

HERESIES. Vol. III. By H. Croft Hiller. Cloth, 545 pp. Price, 10*s*. Published by Grant Richards, 9 Henrietta Street, Convent Garden, W. C., London, England.

SELECTIONS FROM GEORGE MACDONALD, or Helps for Weary Souls. Compiled by J. Dewey. Cloth, 93 pp. Purdy Publishiug Co., Chicago, Ill.

WEE WISDOM LIBRARY, Vol. I. Paper, 64 pp. Unity Tract Society, 1315 McGee Street, Kansas City, Mo.

WHERE DWELLS THE SOUL SERENE. By Stanton Kirkham Davis. Cloth, 220 pp. Alliance Pub. Co., New York.

HERMAPHRO-DEITY: The Mystery of Divine Genius. By Eliza Barton Lyman. Paper, 275 pp. Saginaw Printing and Publishing Co., Saginaw, Mich.

HOW TO LIVE FOREVER. By Harry Gaze. Paper, 52 pp., $1.00. Published by the Author, Oakland, California.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION FOR THE YEAR ENDING JUNE 30, 1898. Washington, D. C.

LIST OF ADVANCE THOUGHT PUBLICATIONS.

We receive subscriptions for all the periodicals in this list, and will give club rates upon request for any combination of these with THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE.

ABIDING TRUTH. Monthly. 50c. a year. Peabody, Mass.
ADEPT. Monthly. 50c. a year. Minneapolis, Minn.
AMERICAN ANTHROPOLOGIST. Monthly. $3.00 a year. Washington, D. C.
AMERICAN JOURNAL OF PSYCHOLOGY. Monthly. $5.00 a year. Worcester, Mass.
ARYA BALA BODHINI. Monthly. 50c. a year. Adyar, Madras, India.
BANNER OF LIGHT. Weekly. $2.00 a year. Boston, Mass.
BRAHMAVÂDIN. Monthly. Rs. 4 a year. Madras, India.
CHRISTIAN. Monthly. 50c. a year. Little Rock, Ark.
CHRISTIAN LIFE. Quarterly. 50c. a year. Morton Park, Ill.
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE JOURNAL. Monthly. $2.00 a year. Boston, Mass.
COMING AGE. Monthly. $2.00 a year. Boston, Mass.
COMING EVENTS (Astrological). Monthly. 5s. a year. London, England.
COMMON SENSE. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Chicago, Ill.
DAS WORT. Monthly. $1.00 a year. St. Louis, Mo.
DAWN. Calcutta, India.
DAWNING LIGHT. Weekly. $1.00 a year. San Antonio, Tex.
DOMINION REVIEW. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Toronto, Canada.
ECCE HOMO. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Richmond, Va.
ELEANOR KIRK'S IDEA. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Brooklyn, N. Y.
ESOTERIC. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Applegate, Cal.
EXPRESSION. Monthly. 6s. 6d. a year. London, England.
FAITH AND HOPE MESSENGER. Monthly. 50c. a year. Atlantic City, N. J.
FLAMING SWORD. Weekly. $1.00 a year. Chicago, Ill.
FOOD, HOME AND GARDEN. Monthly. 50c. a year. Philadelphia, Pa.
FRED BURRY'S JOURNAL. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Toronto, Canada.
FREEDOM. Weekly. $1.00 a year. Sea Breeze, Fla.
FREE LIFE. Monthly. 50c. a year. Ringwood, England.
FREE MAN. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Bangor, Me.
FREETHINKER. Weekly. 2 pence a copy. London, England.
HANDS AND STARS. Monthly. 50c. a year. Atlantic City, N. J.
HARBINGER OF LIGHT. Melbourne, Australia.
HARMONY. Monthly. $1.00 a year. San Francisco, Cal.
HEALER. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Brooklyn, N. Y.
HERALD OF PEACE. Monthly. 50c. a year. London, England.
HERALD OF THE GOLDEN AGE. Monthly. 50c. a year. Ilfracomb, England.
HERMETIST. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Chicago, Ill.
HIGHER LAW. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Boston, Mass.
HUMAN FACULTY. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Chicago, Ill.
HUMANITARIAN. Monthly. 6s. a year. London, England.
HUMAN NATURE. Monthly. 50c. a year. San Francisco, Cal.
IDEAL LIFE. Monthly. 50c. a year. Columbus, Tex.
IMMORTALITY. Quarterly. $1.00 a year. Syracuse, N. Y.
INDEPENDENT THINKER. Hy. Frank, Editor. Monthly. $1.00 a year. New York, N. Y.
JOURNAL OF HYGEIO-THERAPY. Monthly. 75c. a year. Kokomo, Ind.
JOURNAL OF SPECULATIVE PHILOSOPHY. Quarterly. $3.00 a year. New York, N. Y.
KOSMOS. Quarterly. $1.00 a year. Vineland, N. J.
LICHTSTRAHLEN (German). Monthly. $1.00 a year. West Point, Neb.
LIFE. Weekly. $1.00 a year. Kansas City, Mo.
LIGHT. Weekly. $2.70 a year. London, England.
LIGHT OF THE EAST. Calcutta, India.
LIGHT OF TRUTH. Weekly. $1.00 a year. Columbus, O.

LIST OF ADVANCE THOUGHT PUBLICATIONS—*Continued.*

LUCIFER. Weekly. $1.00 a year. Chicago, Ill.
LYCEUM. Weekly. 50c. a year. Cleveland, O.
MEDICO-LEGAL JOURNAL. Quarterly. $3.00 a year. New York, N. Y.
MEDIUM. Weekly. $1.00 a year. Los Angeles, Cal.
MERCURY. Monthly. $1.00 a year. San Francisco, Cal.
METAPHYSICAL KNOWLEDGE. Monthly. 50c. a year. Baltimore, Md.
MIND. Quarterly. 12s. a year; 3s. a copy. Williams & Norgate, London, England.
MODERN ASTROLOGY. Monthly. $2.00 a year. London, England..
MONIST. Quarterly. $2.00 a year. Chicago, Ill.
MORNING STAR. Monthly. 50c. a year. Loudsville, Ga.
NATURARZT. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Chicago, Ill.
NAUTILUS. Monthly. 50c. a year. Portland, Ore.
NEW CRUSADE. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Ann Arbor, Mich.
NEW MAN. Monthly. $1.00 a year. St. Louis, Mo.
NYA TIDEN (Scandinavian). Monthly. 50c. a year. Minneapolis, Minn.
OCCULT SCIENCE LIBRARY. Monthly. $1.50 a year. Chicago, Ill.
OCCULT TRUTHS. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Washington, D. C.
OMEGA. Monthly. $1.00 a year. New York, N. Y.
OPEN COURT. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Chicago, Ill.
PALMIST'S REVIEW. Quarterly. 5s. a year. London, England.
PHILISTINE. Monthly. $1.00 a year. East Aurora, N. Y.
PHILOSOPHICAL MAGAZINE. $3.00 a year. London, England.
PHILOSOPHICAL REVIEW. Monthly. $3.00 a year. Boston, Mass.
PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Monthly. $1.00 a year. New York, N. Y.
PHRENOLOGICAL MAGAZINE. $2.25 a year. London, England.
PRABUDDHA BHARATA. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Kumaon, India.
PRICE'S MAGAZINE OF PSYCHOLOGY. Monthly. $2.00 a year. Atlanta, Ga.
PROGNOSTIC STAR GAZER. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Boston, Mass.
PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Weekly. $1.00 a year. Chicago, Ill.
PROPHET. Monthly. 75c. a year. Oakiyn, N. J.
PROPHETIC MESSENGER. Monthly. 50c. a year. Minneapolis, Minn.
PSYCHE. Monthly. $2.00 a year. Cambridge, Mass.
RADIX. 10c. a number. Boston, Mass.
REALM. Monthly. 50c. a year. Toronto, Canada.
RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. Weekly. $1.00 a year. San Francisco, Cal.
REVUE DE L'HYPNOTISME. Monthly. $3.00 a year. Paris, France.
SECULAR SCIENCE. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Chicago, Ill.
SECULAR THOUGHT. Weekly. $2.00 a year. Toronto, Canada.
SUGGESTER AND THINKER. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Cleveland, O.
SUGGESTION. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Chicago, Ill.
SUGGESTIVE THERAPEUTICS. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Chicago, Ill.
SUNFLOWER. Monthly. 75c. a year. Lily Dale, N. Y.
TEMPLE OF HEALTH. Monthly. 25c. a year. Battle Creek, Mich.
THEOSOPHICAL FORUM. Monthly. $1.00 a year. New York, N. Y.
THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW. Monthly. $2.75 a year. London, England.
THEOSOPHIST. Monthly. $5.00 a year. Madras, India.
THE SPHINX (Astrology). Monthly. $3.00 a year. Boston, Mass.
THE LAMP. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Toronto, Canada.
THE VEGETARIAN. Weekly. 6s. 6d. a year. London, England.
THRESHOLD LAMP. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Chicago, Ill.
TORCH. Monthly Nottingham, England.
TRUE WORD. Monthly. Seattle, Wash.
TRUMPET. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Oakland, Cal.
TWO WORLDS. Weekly. $1.60 a year. Manchester, England.
UNITY. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Kansas City, Mo.
UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH Monthly. $3.00 a year. New York, N. Y.
UNIVERSAL TRUTH. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Chicago, Ill.

THE

METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIV. FEBRUARY, 1901. No. 2.

ENTHEASM.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D., F. A. S.

The concept of actual communication with Divinity underlies all philosophic thinking. It is the basis of religious faith. It has been in all ages the goal toward which the steps of every believer in the life eternal have been directed. The world has always had its mystics, fondly cherishing that ideal, sometimes even confident that they had attained it. We may perhaps deem them visionary and mistaken, but we cannot impugn the grandness of their desire and purpose. It is meritorious to do good, to be good, and to entertain good-will toward others; and certainly the highest meed belongs to whomsoever aspires to achieve the Supreme Excellence.

Such an attainment requires conditions the most imperative. It is as essential to know as to believe. Indeed, faith is of little advantage where it is not the outcome of actual truth, and fixed in it so that it shall possess all the stability of certain knowing. It requires all the moral energy of a strong nature to believe. The weak and vacillating character has doubt for its index; and in important undertakings where all the strength is needed to achieve the desired result, it is

often necessary to thrust such individuals aside. The vision of the Right is darkened in the atmosphere where they dwell, and any transcendent knowledge is rendered imperceptible. They not only shut out the light from themselves, but dim the sky into which others desire to peer. In this way, whether wittingly or purposely, they do to others the greatest mischief of which they are capable.

The highest attainment is knowledge. There is really nothing which any one can afford not to know. It is a coming short of the human ideal to be ignorant in any particular. To love knowledge is to desire perfection; to despise it is equivalent to being content with a bestial life. In all times the wise have won respect, as being the abler and better among humankind; and even when they had been passed by and unhonored while living, they have been praised, revered and obeyed in subsequent time. They are the luminaries that have from age to age preserved light to the world, and thereby rendered it capable of renovation.

It has always been the aim of every right-thinking person to extend the circuit of mental vision, and to exalt as well as to intensify his perception. The field of the sciences has been explored and mastered with profit as well as pleasure. This is an achievement worthy of human endeavor. The mind is thereby expanded in its scope and faculty, and the power to accomplish results is vastly enhanced. The inventor of a mechanical implement, whether it be a stone hatchet or a telephone, the discoverer of a new star or mineral, is a benefactor. He has given us more room for our thinking, and, with it, the opportunity.

Our earlier childhood's lesson of Origins instructed us that Man was formed from the spore-dust or protoplasmic material of the ground—the Adam from the *adama*—and chemistry ratified this declaration. We have since been taught that our corporeal substance was compacted from the same material

as the stars, and animated by forces akin and identical with those which operate all-potent in the farthest-off world. But what matters it, if the postulate of the scientists is true, that we took our physical beginning from molecules not unlike to those of the jelly-fish and fungus? We are not bound to such conditions, but have a universe to occupy. The Delphic maxim, "*γνώθι σεαὐτον*," *know thyself*, is our commission of conquest. To know the *ego* is to know the All; and that which is known is possessed.

Charters and franchises are limited. The right of man to liberty, which we are told by high authority that no one can divest himself of, the ignorant cannot enjoy or exercise. They only are free whom knowing of the truth makes so. The very word "liberty" seems to imply a boon from the *book*.*

The liberal are the learned, the intelligent; and these alone are the really free. Codes and constitutions, whatever their provisions, can establish no more; so necessary is it to eat of the tree of knowledge. But we may begin with our own interior selves. The germ is in us; it may not be transplanted from without. Not books and literature, but living, observing, thinking, and doing constitute the principal education of the individual who becomes really wise or learned. I do not suppose that such excellence in wisdom and learning can be imparted from teachers, or that it is actually partible, and to be divided and doled out in lessons. It is a divine matter, the kingdom that cometh not with observation. Our real education is the drawing forth from our interior being into external cognizance the principles existing there dormant, that they may henceforth constitute the leading principles of character as well as of life. We cannot create

*Latin, *liber*, free; also a book. A *liberal* education denotes general instruction in literature and science.

that which is not inborn; we may only evolve and enrich the natural endowment.

Pause right here, whoever cares for aught rather than for the highest. To such these ideas are only visionary, and they have neither time nor ears for them. Where illusion is the breath of one's life, to know is to die. As for Wisdom—

> "To some she is the goddess great;
> To some the milch cow of the field—
> Their care is but to calculate
> What butter she will yield."
>
> —*Schiller.*

The attempt has been made to set aside the whole department of the Superior Knowledge as being only imaginary, or at least as not attainable by scientific methods, and therefore out of the purview of common thought and investigation. Some of the representatives of what has been characterized as Modern Science, and others their imitators, actually endeavor to repudiate whatever is not catalogued as "exact." Unable to cast a measuring-line over the Infinite, they are very diligent in the effort to eliminate God out of their methods. The personality, or perhaps more correctly, the suprapersonality of Deity as implying a supreme, intelligent principle in and over the universe, is vigilantly overlooked, and even sometimes denied. In such case, whatever we do, or think, or wish, would be without any conception of a higher Being or potency in the mind. An actual communion with him is nowhere recognized or even conceded in this modern scientific organon.

A medical journal in the city of Philadelphia, many years ago, contained an editorial article upon this subject, which set forth the view taken by many of this class of reasoners. "Numa, Zoroaster, Mohammed, Swedenborg, claimed communion with higher spirits," the writer remarks; "they were what the Greeks called ENTHEAST — 'immersed in God' — a

striking word which Byron introduced into our tongue." W. B. Carpenter described the condition as an *automatic action of the Brain.* The inspired ideas, he says, arise in the mind suddenly, spontaneously, but very vividly, at some time when thinking of some other topic. Francis Galton defines genius to be "the automatic activity of the mind as distinguished from the effort of the will—the ideas coming by inspiration." This action, the editor declared to be largely favored by a condition approaching mental disorder—at least, by one remote from the ordinary working-day habits of thought.

This is about the altitude which the many have reached in their understanding of man when inspired, or in the state regarded as communion with Deity. It is doubtful whether from their point of view they can see the matter more clearly. By this logic God the Creator would seem to be but a figment of the imagination, or at most, the cause of disorder in the minds of men. We can not wisely seek for truth at such oracles. We must go up higher.

It is by no means a reasonable proposition that because inspired ideas which come into the mind as if spontaneously seem to be remote from ordinary habits of thinking, they therefore indicate a condition approaching mental disorder. In every-day life many faculties are atrophied because of not having been duly exercised. On the other hand, any habitual employment becomes more or less automatic, and even, if it is proper so to express it, involuntary. What we habitually do, and often the thing which we purpose to do, fixes itself upon us insomuch that we perform it almost unconsciously. We awake from sleep at an hour assigned; we become suddenly conscious of a fact or idea from specific association; and we do things that we are not aware of or even think about. The individual who has the habit of speaking the truth may do so automatically. Honest and upright dealing may be practiced in the same way. Goodness becomes a part

of the being and is fixed in the very ganglia and fibres of the brain and body. Faith, likewise, grounds itself in the constitution, and love in the corpuscles of the flowing blood. All this is normal. It is legitimate to carry the conclusions further, and to consider whether entheasm, even though supposedly automatic, is not a wholesome condition of the human mind, and the true means of gaining actual knowledge.

By no means do I regard the faculty of receiving impressions throngh the bodily senses and elaborating them into thought as the only means by which we acquire intelligence. This would be equivalent to a closing of our eyes to exclude light and the vision of fact. We are something more than the outcome and product of nature. We possess an organism and faculty beyond her highest sphere. We know something which no brute ever learned, that there is a right and wrong in thought and action, and that supreme devotion to selfishness is moral death. We exist each for the other, and our thorough consecration to benevolence and usefulness is the highest ideal and attainment of humanity. Nor is this aim for temporary ends alone, or even for great public or simply human advantage; but because it relates to the life beyond, in which reality supersedes illusion, and love is the sole and perpetual law. The brute has no conception of this, and may not be taught it; but man, who is truly man, possesses the faculty to apprehend it, and the capacity to attain the excellence which this divine knowledge exhibits to his view.

The operation of this faculty has oftentimes compelled its recognition. The reasoning powers will fail to deduce a principle or a solution to an inquiry, and in utter weariness and inability, will drop the matter out of consideration. The inner mind is more tenacious, and never faints or is weary. It derives its energies from a never-failing source, and with them an acumen superior to the circumscribed purview of every-

day life. When the exterior faculties are at rest or quiescent, as in sleep or revery, or in visions of the night, then it becomes perceived, and its answers are given sometimes as oracular utterances, and sometimes as the solution of a question or some obscure theme. The physical organism seems to have little to do with the matter, and even to be generally uninfluenced, till the idea or response has come forth and diffused like an electric flash all through the consciousness. There is then little occasion for conjecture or hypothesis about cerebration; for the higher spirit, the noëtic man, is the embeinged god within us, an incoming principle rather than a development from our own nature, and shows to us truth, leading and impelling toward the true life.

How, then, is the next inquiry, how may we know God, or define him? A king of Sicily once asked the poet Simonides to give him such a definition. He craved a day to consider; then two, four, and eight. The king became impatient, and asked him why he asked so much time. He answered that the more he thought upon the question the more difficult he had found the solution. The finite human understanding is not equal to the endeavor to comprehend the Infinite.

In a world of wilful or unreasoning disbelief God is regarded as a thing. Even now it is common in several schools of opinion to affirm that he is not a person.* I do not care to dispute about the precise import of terms, but this seems to me equivalent to declaring him to be in no sense whatever a thinking, intelligent being, but only an illusion of the fancy, or, in stronger words, a nonentity, and simply a vagary or whimsy of the imagination. It is doubtless a notion evolved by the rebound from that unreasoning

*Locke explains *person* to denote "a thinking, intelligent being, that has reason and reflection, and can consider itself as itself, the same thinking thing in diffierent times and places."

faith which required an irrational thing to be worshiped as God. Between these two extremes there is the golden wedge of truth, and it is the vocation of the true student to find it. But let a diffident modesty go hand in hand with faith. A person once talked confidently to a Spartan concerning the felicity of the future life. "Why," demanded the latter, "why do you not hasten to die in order to enjoy it?" It was a pert question, and pertinent, conveying a taunt that might profitably be accepted as a wholesome reproof.

We may not, often we cannot, speak profoundly to those who are irreverent, or who disbelieve. The impure ear will tarnish the purest speech. One may profane the truth by speaking it. In uttering to another something which is real to ourselves, it may become veiled in a mantle of illusion which transforms it in his comprehension into some idea essentially different. Indeed, it is well to believe in God, but ill to speak much about him.

We need not reject utterly the methods which they employ who stubbornly, and perhaps obtrusively, demand the reasons upon which our faith is based. We hope to be truly spiritual only by being wholly reasonable. The true man supersedes no methods because he transcends them. His concepts are characterized by the superior illumination which they possess. They may not be a product of the schools, being rather the outcome of the supraconscious remembering; yet his wisdom is often capable of deriving additional lustre by a setting in their frame-work. The plurality of faculties in the human mind exists for a purpose. They are to be trained and employed, but none of them may be eradicated.

Simple individuals long ago inferred that fire and air, or spirit, in some arcane manner, constituted the entity of man. They had noticed that the dying departed with the breath, and that the warmth peculiar to the living body also then disappeared. This led to the adoration of the flame as the

symbol, and also to the contemplating of the breath or spirit as the source of life. Analogy pointed out the fact that as living beings derived existence from parents, man was descended from the First Father.

We are all of us conscious that the individual, as we see him with our eyes and perceive with our other bodily senses, is not the actual personality. If he should fall dead in our presence, there would still be a body to look upon as distinctly as before. But the something has gone forth which had imparted sensibility to the nerves and impulse to the muscles. That something was the real individual. It accompanied the body, but has departed, leaving it behind. The "HE" or "SHE" has thus given place to "IT." We witness *phenomena*, and may now ask to learn the *noumena*. Here exterior, positive, "exact" science fails us. Its probe can detect no real personality, nor its microscope disclose any source or entity of being. The higher faculties must afford the solution of this problem on which everything depends.

The witty but somewhat irreverent Robert G. Ingersoll prefixed one of his lectures with a travesty of Pope's immortal verse: "An honest God is the noblest work of man." Many have been astonished, and even shocked, at the audacious utterance. Nevertheless, it has a purport which we will do well to contemplate. If we are actual spiritual entities transcending the constituents of the corporeal frame, we exist from a vital principle extending from the Divine Source. A genuine, earnest faith is essential to our mental integrity. Do we regard him as having "made man in his own image" and "after his likeness?" Are we sure that our ideal of him is not some extraneous personification, the product of our own character and disposition—created in our image! Have we caught a view of our own reflection in the mirror of infinity and set that up as God?

Certainly we have no medium for the divine ray except in our own mental organism. It is refracted or even hideously distorted; this must be because that medium is clouded and pervaded with evil thoughts, motives, and propensities. The image which will be formed in such a case may be the individual's highest ideal of God, but it will appear to enlightened eyes more like an adversary of the good. Fear alone could induce us to offer it worship. To speak the truth unqualifiedly, we all hate those reflected images that are so often obtruded as the highest concept of the Divine Being. Many of us would say as much if we had the courage.

Let us bear in mind, then, that what we consider to be God is the index to what we conceive of his qualities and character. Yet because his actual Being is beyond our power to comprehend him, we need not hesitate to contemplate him. The ability to form an idea implies that it is possible to realize it. The idea is itself the actual entity, the prophecy of its accomplishment in the world of phenomena. Such conceptions as the being of God, spiritual existence, eternity, the interior union of God with man, the eventual triumph of the Right, could never be found in the mind as dreams, if they had not somehow been infixed from the region of Causes where real Being has its abode. We must, however, go up higher, where external knowing reaches into the domain of Faith.

The ether which contains the light is more tenuous and spirit-like than the air that transmits sound, but it is none the less real because of the greater difficulty to explore the secret of its existence. All that we suppose to be known concerning it is chiefly assumed, a matter of faith rather than the "exact knowledge" of the scientist. The next lessons pertain to the higher mathematics—how, from what we know of ourselves to find out God. We must see, if at all, with a faculty of sight which we do not possess in common with the animals: beyond that which *appears* clear to that which really is.

Our searching awakens in us the perception of the Divine One. Our wants indicate to us his character. We need wisdom that transcends our highest learning, or providence that includes all things in its purview, a power supreme above our faculty to adapt means to ends, a love ineffably pure to inspire all things for the completest good of all. Knowing that whatever we see about us is transitory, we are cognizant that we must have other than mortal vision to behold the Permanent. It is enough that we acknowledge him as the fact of which we are the image, and that we devote our attention accordingly to the clarifying of the medium which receives his effluence. Let the scope and purpose of life be dedicated to becoming what we contemplate as the inherent character of the Divinity whom we idealize and revere. In due time we shall be no longer an imitation or "counterfeit presentment," but shall become the very image and similitude of what we admire. We shall embody in our own disposition and character the very ideal which the witty agnostic so humorously depicted. A true soul is in the image and likeness of its God, and thus reflects God in the similitude. This is the meaning of the problem.

It has been the universal belief in all periods of history that human beings may receive superior illumination, and that a higher and more interior faculty was thereby developed. There were seers, sages and prophets to instruct and bring sublime knowledge to their fellows. Among the individuals notably regarded as entheast were Sokrates, also styled *theomantis*, or God-inspired, Ammonios Sakkas the God-taught, and we may add Baruch Spinosa the God-intoxicated. Plato, Gautama-Siddarta, Apollonios of Tyana and Iamblichos were also named DIVINE. It was taught by the philosophers that the life which is lived on the earth is the real death, and that dying from the earth is a passing from this condition of death to that of genuine living. Sokrates

insisted at the last hour that the cup of poison would not terminate his real life. The phenomena of the every-day world were regarded as the delusive cheat of the corporeal senses; and they contemplated the existence beyond of a region ætherial and not aërial, with no limitations of time and space, in which all is real and permanent. Thitherward they aspired in the hope and confidence that they might unite somewhat of the potencies of that world with the scenes of this temporal life. Was it a bootless aspiration, a beating of the air, a vagary of irrational frenzy?

It need not embarrass our inquiry that peculiar disorders of the body are sometimes attended by extraordinary spiritual phenomena, nor that great and unusual commotions of the mind may occasion them. It is no more out of the way than the fact that shocks and excitement often restore paralyzed limbs and functions. As for fasting and prolonged intense mental action, these are methods in every earnest endeavor to develop a more acute perception. They are legitimate aids to enable the mind to get beyond impediments to clear thinking and intuition into a higher spiritual domain. There is no morbidness or abnormity in this, but a closer approaching to the source of real knowledge. Even Science owes more to such methods than professed scientists are often aware of or willing to admit.

The entheastic condition indicates a life that is lived beyond and above the physical senses. It is a state of illumination rather than a receiving of messages from superior sources. Indeed it is safe to affirm that there are no new revelations. The same word that ordained light to exist never ceases so to ordain; the same spirit or mighty mind that moved and operated upon the waters of the *genesis* is potent and active to-day. The world may vary in form and aspect, but that which gives it life is always the same. Whoever will ascend above the changing scenes will know

and mirror in himself the unchanging. This is what is meant by being involved and included in the divine aura and light.

> "They
> Who extasie divine enjoy, agnize
> The universal impulse, but so act
> As though they ordered all things of themselves,
> And heaven were but the register of Earth." *

The old Mystics used to teach that the individual must be passive, and not active. This passiveness by no means signified a physical or moral inertia, but simply receptiveness. Just as a mirror receives and infixes an image, so every divine irradiation and inflowing should be retained and embeinged. The light is not given or received for the sake of having the borrowed splendor to shine with, but that it may be assimilated and incorporated into the life, as an element of the very selfhood. The WORD is not mere speech, but the mind taking that form. The true speaking of an individual is itself the individual. Every revelation of God is God himself coming to man. Every such one setting forth God in his life and act is the word of God become flesh.

Thus entheasm is the participating of the divine nature, spirit and power. It is the end for which mankind exist on the earth, the culmination of the Divine Purpose.

ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

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* PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

WILL.

BY LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE.

The subject of Will, when carefully considered, includes the ideas of justice and law; and questions about the relation of these important, subjects to each other and the bearing of Will upon law and justice, are important because almost all the features of human intercourse are interlaced with their activities, and the many ways in which they support each other cause a general association of their respective ideas in the mind which deals with any of them.

"Am I to give up my own will?" asks one who is approached with the ideas that Law is simple justice, and that Justice is the natural sequence of right, both operating independently of desire, which fact seems to dispense with Will or any of its purposes. "Do you expect me to have no stamina of my own, but to allow myself to be the puppet of others, or of spontaneous action, without self-defense?"

These questions arise from the consideration of Will on the self plane, where we do not apprehend the true element. The comprehension of justice, law, and truth, does not include the giving up of anything that is real or the subjugating of any true faculty, but only the adaptation of each faculty to the nature of the truth demonstrated.

The seeming conflict between Will and Law, is the result of misunderstanding both subject and element, and failing to comprehend our own relation to the whole. In fact, it usually indicates a lack of comprehension of wholeness, and a tendency to look upon all things with the eye of separateness. So long as we look upon the Will as the instrument of self-determination, and consider it in the light of a power for self-preservation, chiefly to be used in operation against others, we shall be in a state of confusion with regard to

very many subjects of life. The most of these difficulties would yield to comprehensive thought on the subject, if a mutual interchange of all the real faculties and functions of being, on the basis of inseparable wholeness, were maintained. The clear light of wholeness banishes all the gruesome shadows of separateness, and subjects that before were sources of contention become so clear as to be the interpreters of still deeper truth, in yet other subjects. All this is equally true of the subject of Will and its relation to life, both human and divine.

What, then, is Will? What is its origin, what its purpose, and how shall we adjust it to both the requirements of the spiritual nature and the seeming necessities of the material man? What is the office of Will?

The most comprehensive definition given in the books is "The power of choice; the faculty of the soul by which it is capable of choosing, or selecting by preference." In the ordinary worldly reasoning, the word Will is so closely associated with volition, that the difference between the two should be clearly marked at the outset of our research. These two words are frequently used synonymously, but their philosophical meanings are different; and much of the difficulty in understanding the use of the word "will" comes from a confusion of the two meanings in the use of the one word.

Volition is "The *act* of willing or choosing; the *act* of forming a purpose; the *exercise* of the will." Its synonyms are choice; preference; determination; purpose. "Choice" is Anglo-Saxon, and is the common term, while "Volition" is Latin and is the scientific term for that state of Will known as "elective preference." This relates to personal volition, or determination to act according to a self-purpose. It is Volition but not Will.

Will is the *power* to choose, through knowledge; understanding; intelligent comprehension; Volition is the *act* of determination to do or to execute a self-purpose. Will is the

mind's power to know; Volition, the will's act of doing something already chosen. Volition, though usually debased to the exercise of self-purpose, can be elevated to the highest plane of intelligence and caused to execute the deepest conceptions of truth. It must become subservient to the Will, however, which, in turn, must operate through the highest conception of principle and be, itself, entirely subject to the mandates of Intelligence, else the wrong choice will be made and its volitionary act lowered, again, to the personal plane.

Will is the POWER of the mind. To the conceit of the personal self this fact suggests an opportunity to indulge selfish propensities by enforcing upon others the acts of its self-purposes. This is a debasing of will to the lowest plane of volition. It is not the right use of power and does not illustrate its true meaning. The "power" of will is "the mind's power to know, to understand;" not alone or chiefly to perform an act, especially if it be an act of self-will, maintained regardless of truth and justice. Moreover, it is "a faculty of the soul; hence it is a spiritual faculty, and adjusted to deal with spiritual activities, such as knowing, understanding, and performing acts of intelligent purpose on the spiritual plane of truth and right. The most of our mistakes in estimating the just offices of the Will, have come through misjudging it, as a power to do or to perform a self-purpose, rather than as the real power to know. Its particular definition as "the power to choose" is qualified by knowing; the power to choose *through knowledge*. The spirituality of the faculty, considered as belonging to the soul, insures this interpretation. Also, the faculty being spiritual, its knowledge must be the result of spiritual activity and associated with truth, which will necessitate a just choice of that which is real, and an equable act based upon truth. In this light the "volition" of Will would be of a high order, based upon knowledge of the real and tempered with the justice of right.

This interpretation brings Will — the power to choose through knowledge, the faculty of deciding according to truth— very near to the plane of Intelligence, which is the power of the spirit to know and understand principles. In fact, Will and Intelligence are much nearer to each other, as faculties, than is commonly supposed. Will is the soul's faculty of knowing, and the mind's power of decision according to the facts under observation; while Intelligence is the spirit's faculty of superconscious recognition of fundamentals. The spirit spontaneously recognizes; the soul intuitively knows; the mind estimates, chooses, decides upon a purpose, and then with determination sets about executing its purpose. These, in turn, are the operations of Intelligence, Will and Volition. All are intimately related and should be interactive, in every being. To operate rightly, therefore effectively in one's life, each should contain the elements of the others and express the true qualities of all. Purpose without knowledge would be worse than useless. In fact, this blind attempt at action on the part of the sense-mind, is what causes the most of the wrong volition, based upon a supposed power and personal right to exercise a willful determination according to the desires of self. In all this, Knowledge is ignored and Intelligence abandoned, while sense rules reason, and the mind personally determines to carry into effect its own selfish wishes. This is the common interpretation of Will, and, as it is supposed to be necessary to self-existence, it is usually justified on that ground. While many thinking people who look deeper, deplore this phase of the element and argue for a higher interpretation and a more pure application of Will to everyday life, few seem to comprehend the real nature of the faculty, or to appreciate the reasons for its erroneous use.

Knowledge exercised without Intelligence, also, is another cause for error, and for failure in undertaking. In the ultimate, of course, this is impossible; but to a considerable extent it is

indulged by the external mind, especially in its attempts at volitional willfulness, and even in some of the stronger applications of what is considered to be Will exercised for the good of others, and based upon conceptions of the general good. Until we recognize the spiritual nature of all the faculties of the human being, and comprehend the necessity for action according to spiritual principles, Intelligence, itself, will occupy but little of our attention, Knowledge in the ultimate or to any practical degree of usefulness will be underestimated, and Will must necessarily deteriorate to the plane of mere volition.

The higher considerations of Will, bring it before us more as a faculty than as a mere power; and it is in this sense that its cultivation is most likely to result in a just exercise of its powers. The Will, properly understood, is the operative faculty of the Intelligence. It is spiritual in nature, pure in character, and correspondingly powerful in action, according to the degree of recognition of these facts. The Will that unites with Intelligence, to develop knowledge of all the facts of the subject under consideration, will be certain to choose wisely between different elements of action; and, having established a right purpose, intelligently understood, all its force will be turned in the direction of justly executing the intelligent purpose of an unselfish mind.

This is the way in which Truth always works in the fulfillment of the laws of reality; and it is the only legitimate operation of the Will. This would purify its purpose of selfish desire (which knowledge of the spiritual facts shows to be unreal) and mold its judgment to a right choice, thus bringing the divine nature of Intelligence forward in the Will to the human plane, and establishing the divine purpose in human life. This is God operating through the instrumentality of Man, to demonstrate the Truth of Being.

There is never any strife or contention between Knowledge and Intelligence, or between either of these and the Will;

therefore, when the Will is adjusted to the proper execution of the intelligent purpose of the Divine mind, God's Will is done upon earth, and man's "Will" is found and rightly appreciated in the true adjustment of every human purpose to the equable laws of Being. Such action of the Will never calls forth opposition or arouses antagonism in any mind, because no such element exists on the spiritual plane of life; consequently, the cultivation of the Will, on the plane of divine intelligence, must result in the banishment of disagreement, opposition, contention, struggle, quarrel, and warfare of every description. Antagonism and opposition find no ground on which to stand in the Universe of Intelligence. Disagreement and contention meet with no support in Knowledge. Struggle, quarrel and warfare have no foundation in the Will of him who chooses wisely, and seeks to execute the divine purpose of Infinite Truth. All these false elements of separation and selfish intention, appear to have existence in human life and are usually attributed to the operations of the Will, but it is only in the external, limited, sense-phase of the subject that they have even an appearance; at best they are only seeming elements of the external mind, and false views of limited thought. They have no foundation in reality, no substance, no being. God knows them not and man has no use for them. The wholeness of reality annihilates their very appearance. Their exercise by any one, therefore, is not a demonstration of strength, force, power or ability in any form, but quite the opposite in every conceivable way. In the inevitable weakness of self-will we lose all the power of the divine purpose, which is the TRUE WILL OF THE SOUL MAN.

The self-will is animal in its nature and in all of its tendencies. It seeks only to maintain its own false self at the expense and to the extent of the sacrifice of all else that comes in its selfish way. In its demeanor it is boisterous, noisy, oppressive, and burdensome in all ways. It extols itself and

denounces others at every turn. It sees no power, no reality, no good, in anything but itself; and when it meets with another demonstration of the same element it usually finds some ground on which to begin a quarrel, in short order. This false and unnatural element of the separated sense-man, has its fair representative on the brute plane, in the bulldog; with the exception, that the real animal usually needs the inciting influence of a man to induce him to pick a quarrel with an unoffending party.

This, of course, is an extreme presentation of the case, but in the separate self-life, there are plenty of illustrations of even this degree of the false view of Will. The only sense in which the word can be used on this plane, is in the sense of willfulness; animal-will; brute-force; and it places and keeps the mind of the deluded personality in its own self-made hell of evil thoughts and desires. But, in this seeming phase of existence man only sleeps, and these illusions are the nightmare visions of the distorted reproductions of his thoughts of life in separateness of being. They are the results of the action of the minds of the race for countless ages, in viewing material things and then judging spiritual matters in the same way, as separate entities.

Here, again, the balm that heals the self-inflicted wound, is the intelligent recognition of wholeness, unity, united being, and co-operative intelligence, in comprehension of the changeless reality of Truth. To know and feel this, even though it cannot be seen in operation as plainly as can the reverse errors, is to adjust the actions of life,—physical, mental, moral, willful and intelligent,—to the higher model. In this adjustment, all the former hallucinations with regard to separateness of being, opposition of other wills, and the consequent necessity of a well-cultivated and aggressive Will, for animal defense, will vanish in their native nothingness. With this, the pure spirit nature of man will shine forth in the splendor of its

own native purity, while the love-element of his soul will blossom into that perfect appreciation of the good in each, which is native with all; and man, pure man, will find himself a living soul, where before he viewed himself as a material creature of sense-powers and requirements, with, possibly, a soul held in abeyance for a future existence. Then the animal will of man will be lost in the *spiritual purpose* of the Deity, and the Divine Will of God will be found reproduced in the intelligent comprehensive purpose of man to do the will of his Maker; and brute force will need neither fear nor favor, for it will not exist. When this occurs with all mankind, brute force will not exist in the animal kingdom, either; for the mind of the animal nature is molded by man's mentality and reproduces just what he persistently and continuously thinks. Knowledge of this puts a still higher duty upon man, and in the just performance of that duty he will find a new joy, through seeing how readily all life, in phases beneath his plane of intelligence, responds to those thoughts which he sends out tinged with love and tempered with justice; pure in perception of truth, and strong in the divine purpose of right.

These are the qualities of the soul, which constitute the "power of the mind to choose through knowledge," and to execute the divine purpose of Intelligence on the plane of human life. God's PURPOSE is Man's WILL; both are divine in nature and pure in action. Man has no other will.

Now let us see if we can better understand some of the infinite variety of bearings which such a conception of Will must have on active life, with the view to learn how to conduct our thoughts and our actions, with as thorough an understanding and as high a purpose as possible. Will, of the order described, must have an active bearing upon all the energies of life,—physical, mental, moral and spiritual, and be represented, under some head, in nearly every purposeful undertaking; other heads may give us different varieties of the action, for more extended examination.

Will is not the only sense in which we may understand the application of the mental faculties to purposeful performance of duty. The power to know, to comprehend, to understand, and to perform an act, or to a duty, has many features of application, and is known under various heads, each bearing a different shade of meaning and conveying a somewhat different idea. Every such word also bears external meanings, which relate to the sense interpretations of the subjects, and which usually are quite the opposite of those which describe the essences, the qualities, and the spiritual characteristics.

Next after intelligence and knowledge, which represent the higher phases of the Will, so much higher, indeed, that it is usually difficult for the mind to associate them with Will, the element of Energy comes in for consideration. Energy is a quality of the mind easily associated with Will on its higher ground, and frequently operating as the motive impulse to an act of Will.

The meaning of Energy, as given by the books, is, principally, internal or inherent power; capacity of acting, operating, or producing an effect, whether actual or potential. Its synonyms are: force; power; strength; spirit; life, etc. All these are materialized by the world and turned to baser uses, through definitions not necessary to name here, as they do not relate at all to Will, nor yet to volition, in the purity of its meaning, but to the most external phases of volition in personal actions.

The direct bearing of Energy upon Will is in its inherent power for acting internally and producing a result, while the will, itself, is the intelligent and knowing power to choose and decide between actions and results so produced. The power for action, without being known, decided upon, or chosen for a purpose, would be mere potential engery without operation or usefulness. Energy without Will, would be abortive, and, in fact, unknown as a moral power; in this event the idea

would descend to the sense-plane to be applied to mechanics and material operations.

Back of every knowing act of the Will is an *energetic* purpose. Energy, the power to do, generates activity, and calls forth Will, the power to decide upon a course of action suitable to the accomplishment of the purpose, in which both elements are equally interested. Both of these are *faculties* of the soul, as well as *elements* of the mind, and they are entirely interdependent as operative forces and active powers of the spiritual individual. Will, devoid of energy, would be powerless to act, no matter how much it knew, or what it wished to do; and Energy, with no will, would waste its force in beating the empty air, having no purpose for operation. In the activities of Intelligence, these are inconceivable inconsistencies, and in Being they never occur, although on the personal plane of separateness, something near these conditions may, at times, seem to exist. Energy, therefore, seems to be one of the natural factors of Will; in fact, it is an integral part of the prime element, there being no Will without its innate Energy.

The power to *know* must come before any other operation; and this, in its highest sense, is Intelligence. Next comes the power to *choose, or decide*, and that is Will, in its simplest and most straightforward meaning. Then comes the power to *act*, which is Energy. The ability to know, to choose, and to act, constitutes the power to be, and A BEING is the result.

The next conception that requires our attention in the treatment of Will, as an element in human nature, is Force. The English word Force comes from the Latin *fortis*, strong. It is defined principally as, strength, or energy, of body or of mind; active power; capacity for exercising an influence, or producing an effect. Power to persuade or convince. Its principal synonyms, in the highest sense, are: strength, vigor, might, energy. It also has all the worldly meanings, based

upon separateness and selfish action, to a greater extent than either power or energy. Power, in its definitions, is referred more directly to inward capability or energy, while force is used more in the outward sense, as applied to things, circumstances, and habits.

Force, more than any other feature of the will, is misunderstood and its powers misinterpreted. Such expressions as force of will, moral force, etc., are occasionally heard, and they indicate higher meanings; but too often the word is held down to material uses. "Spiritual forces" are frequently referred to by advanced thinkers and philosophers, but even these seem prone to give physical descriptions and it appears to be a difficulty for the mind to dissociate force from matter in some form, and postulate it as a spiritual power, element, or faculty. Yet Force is spiritual in its nature, and it is a factor in both Will and Energy, essential to both, and non-existent apart from them. Its definitions, when closely studied, show almost the same meanings as those given to Energy, save that it has many more physical applications than energy, and its spiritual meanings are somewhat clouded, showing that the dictionary makers were not clear in their own sense of understanding of the word, in advance of its uses on the physical plane.

Force relates more directly to strength, or capacity for doing. It is the power of accomplishing a result and the energy to produce an effect, combined in one. It is best defined as ACTIVE POWER. It has its moral influence, its mental capacity, its spiritual vigor and might; and these all belong to the Will. Force, therefore, is an element of the Will and one of the faculties of the soul. In one sense it is power, in another energy, and in others strength. In all of these it is an operative necessity of the Will; but only in the highest sense in which it can be used. Energy, without force, is as inconceivable as power, without strength; and Will, without

all of these, in the fulness of their spiritual meaning, is simply a misnomer.

This brings us to another word most important in a clear definition of Will. That word is Power. The word Power is derived from the Latin *posse, potesse*, to be able; from *potis*, able, and *esse*, to be. Its principal definitions, according to Webster, are: "Ability to act; regarded as latent or inherent. The faculty of doing or performing something; capacity for action; capability of producing an effect, whether physical or moral. Strength; force; energy; as, a strong movement; the force of an argument, which is the power of truth in producing conviction."

The metaphysical meaning of power is: "Mental or moral ability to act; a faculty possessed by the mind or soul; as, the *power* of thinking, reasoning, judging, willing."

The relation of Power to Will, lies in its feature of ability for action; for doing; its capacity for performing; or producing an effect. This cannot result from capacity for action, alone, without power to know and to choose a line of action. That which *knows* a principle, and *chooses* a course, must have power to *perform*, or the choice and knowledge will be worthless; and conversely, ability to act, without its necessary accompaniment ability to choose, would result in a mind not only useless but dangerous, through its inevitable tendency to act wrongly. Power, therefore, without well regulated and intelligent discretion of judgment, through knowledge and choice, would be abortive, on the mental plane, and only a blind force on the physical plane of action.

When the subject is thoroughly understood, it is easy to see that power cannot exist independent of the mental and spiritual faculties, as there would be no motive impulse; no tendency to move; no capacity to act; no ability to do; no knowledge with which to choose, and no intelligence through which to know or understand. Power, therefore, is

a spiritual faculty, with mental ability to act; and the supposed recognitions of seeming physical power are limited sense observations, in which the subconscious mental force that is operating, is unobserved.

Power is, perhaps, more closely associated with Will than any of its other factors, because power is so clearly spiritual that it cannot be understood, except through interpretations of the force of intelligent will. Force, energy and strength are its necessary accompaniments in all operations, and all of these support the Will in every outward act.

But, although these words all belong in the vocabulary with the term Will, and their elements of action and degrees of power are all contained in the divine faculty, itself, we are not thereby justified in putting any definition we please upon the words, or any interpretation that careless usage may make of the elements: strength, power, force, energy, and then attaching those meanings to the fundamental element itself. Will, as an important *faculty* of the soul, is a spiritual *element* of being, and possesses a definite nature, which is changeless, though elastic, in its infinite action. It includes all the characteristics of every true phase of strength, force, power and energy. These are its allies; its trusted servants; its supporters in fulfilling the law of the intelligent purpose of being, through the operations of Spiritual Intelligence. As such, each possesses equal value and performs as important a part in the general activity of life as Will itself; yet it must follow rather than lead. In the harmoniously united operation of the whole, pure intelligence reigns supreme, and every action shows forth the divine reality of absolute truth.

Such will as this is divine in every possible conception. It is the *divine will* of being. The *pure purpose* of truth. In its highest sense, as expressing real action, it is the PURE PURPOSE OF INTELLIGENT DESIGN—the natural operation of Spiritual Intelligence. When we give our conception a color-

ing of personal thought, we speak of it as "the Divine Will; God's design and intention; the will of God," etc. And, unless we guard our wandering thoughts from sense-tendencies, the conception of Will in this form leads us away from the wholeness of the one divine purpose, and personal interpretations of the idea, Will, lead to separate views of all its contingent elements, until, finally, all these features of action in life become non-inclusive, separate, limited, opposing, obstructive, and selfish; and, carrying our own false views into succeeding theories, we attribute the same qualities to the Divine Mind, and make the divine purpose seem to be the equally selfish Will of an aggressive and revengeful God.

These are mistakes of the external intellect, and they can be rectified. We have the *power* of divine recognition, the *force* of intelligent conviction, the *strength* of just purpose, and the *energy* of intention to do what is right, firmly implanted within our spiritual intelligence; and there is no opposing power of truth to interfere with our full and just exercise of all these faculties.

It is entirely the result of these false and external conceptions of the element of Divine Purpose and Intention, in the intelligent operations of the spiritual activities of being, that has led to the establishing in our minds of the notion that the *will of divine purpose* is a self-centered and selfishly operating intention to control, rule, dominate, and oppress its subjects;—a trend of thought which brings into seeming existence the whole line of feelings of resentment and rebellion, yet, which breeds the same notions with regard to man's own life and action, and makes aggressive and oppressive actions of *animal will* seem necessary to human existence.

The belief that God acts willfully, in anger and revenge, seems to justify man in the same line of action on his plane, and even to make it a necessity, perhaps a duty, to repeat the operation. In this way the ideas of strength, force, power,

energy and will, become debased through false conception and consequent misuse, until, finally, in sense terms, *force* means destructive energy to be avoided, or a power to be used in the overthrow of others; and in everyday life, *strength* means ability to do as we please or the power to oppose and obstruct others; while *power* signifies freedom to oppress others without fear of personal harm and a license to carry out selfish propensities, perhaps with a feeling that the act is justified by God's example; and *energy* stands as innate active force sufficient to accomplish every self-purpose. Frequently it is supposed to be especially given by the Creator for that particular purpose. Finally, all of these extreme views, taken as they are through the darkened lens of selfhood, culminate in the inverted conception of Will as the all-sufficient power of willful determination to accomplish whatever we want to do, and to gratify our own self-desires regardless of either the wishes, feelings or rights of others, on the ground that each has the same rights of self-existence and should look out for himself.

These are the extreme views, and they are not particularly relished when brought before our notice; but they are the views which rule the lower classes and which are all too common in business and in social life in all communities where the selfish propensities are allowed to lead. They signify what is usually termed Will and this is why the element stands in disrepute among those of higher aims and purer desires. This is not Will, however, in any true sense; it is Volition, and seriously debased, at that. Call it by whatever name you may, the action, with all its notions, is entirely unmetaphysical and, as an action in life, must receive our utmost condemnation. To this must be added our every effort to lead others to see the spiritual qualities of the real elements, and to adjust their lives to the true conceptions of elements which are divine, because real, and necessarily good, as well as uni-

versal in application to all alike, in the justice and equity of the Divine Will.

Strength, force, power, energy and will, are sublime qualities and ideal faculties of the spiritual soul, representing, in variety of operative action, THE DIVINE INTELLIGENCE OF THE SPIRITUAL MAN—the true son of God; and they should be brought forward in all their purity, to the outward plane of intellect, and become operative there through the mental faculties, in the same purity and singleness of purpose as any of the spiritual conceptions of the truths of being. When this is accomplished, the brute phases of "Will" must disappear, and its true character, as strength of purpose and power of accomplishment, will surely become established in the mind, in association with the pure conception of the forceful energy of Divine Right.

LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE.

DE BALZAC'S "SERAPHITA."

A Study.

BY AXEL E. GIBSON.

Never, it seems, was a time more adapted to assimilate the abstruse truths of mysticism than the present. Humanity is awakening to the fact that men are souls, not mere bodies; and these souls make claims worthy of their divine birthright. Their hunger and thirst for truth is no longer to be appeased by the husk of sensuous literature. They have reached a stage of evolution when new aspects of life are uncovered, demanding a keener vision, a finer discernment and a stronger faith in human destiny.

It is only in the natural order that such a spiritual awakening of the popular mind should call forth a revival of interest in the study of mysticism. For what is mysticism but an insight, more or less accurate, into the soul of things. In quick succession authors in this field of inquiry have appeared: Nietzsche, Ibsen, Maeterlink, and, lastly, the revival of Balzac, whose numerous works are at present appearing in a new and attractive edition for English readers.

"La Comedie Humaine," the series of literary labors of which "Seraphita" forms a part, has been said to be as graphic a picture of the Nineteenth Century as the "Divina Comedia" of the Thirteenth. In this "Comedie Humaine" Balzac has succeeded in embracing all the varied expressions of human life, from the lowest forms of human degradation and despair, as portrayed in the hideous, grotesqueness of "Contes Drolatiques" up to the ideal heights of pure vision as unveiled for us in "Seraphita." In this latter masterpiece of literature, human intelligence seems to have reached the altitudes of the mastery of art, clearness of thought and

lucidity of intuition rarely attained by any writer within the annals of history.

There can be no doubt that Balzac for his conception of "Seraphita" is indebted to the renowned Swedish seer Swedenborg. But this fact does not in the least detract from the worth of his book. On the contrary, to have been able to understand and render lucid the subtlest thoughts of the Swedish mystic, is in itself a stroke of genius. In literature our indebtedness is universal. Ideas are uncreated and eternal —no author, be he ever so ingenious, ever created an idea. The strength and inventive genius of any writer lie in his receptivity to floating thought-currents and his ability to utilize these thoughts, as materials for the construction of systems in philosophy and art.

Therefore, the originality of "Seraphita" as a production of art suffers no detraction through this ideal debt to Swedenborg. Balzac has brought out the Swedenborgian ideas from the sphere of metaphysical abstractions to living, organized concepts, in harmony with the true philosophy of life.

In making Scandinavia the scene for his drama, Balzac evinced the same knowledge of the inner nature of this strange people, as Shakespeare in giving to "Hamlet" a Danish lineage. In the Scandinavian people are found all the elements for the dreamer and the mystic. The very typical and geographical position of the country, isolated by water and mountains and poised on mighty plateaus, is adapted to give to the minds of its inhabitants a bent towards the inward and contemplative sides of life. With this mental attitude is coupled a certain forcefulness and power of will, which once made that people arbiters of the destinies of nations and engineers of new Eras.

It is a fact generally conceded by historians that in the progression of their international influence, these Norse folks laid the foundation to modern civilization.

In his large, historical work, "*Esprit des Loix*," the French historian, Montesquieux, commenting on the general character of this people makes the following remarks:

"The great prerogative of Scandinavia is that it afforded the great resource to the liberty of Europe; that is, to almost all of liberty there is among men. The Goth, Jornandes, calls the Norse of Europe the 'Forge of mankind.' I would rather call it the forge of those instruments which broke the fetters manufactured in the South."

That this view is also held by Balzac is evident from the words he places on Wilfrid's lips the moment the latter unfolds to Seraphita his gigantic scheme of conquering the world: "I have gone from end to end of the North—the great smithy from whose anvils new races have spread over the earth, like human tides appointed to refresh the worn-out civilizations."

In this country, with a nature grand and sublime in every aspect and peopled with descendants of physical and intellectual conquerors, Balzac selects a theater for the marvelous display of spiritual and moral energy unfolded in his story. The first chapter of the book introduces to us its heroine—the mystical Seraphitus and Seraphita—the man-woman—a being which, as the name implies, combines the culminating moral and mental qualities and virtues of the man and woman, symbolizing the imaginary type of an ideal humanity in which is brought into a luminous focus the highest refinements of each sex.

Seraphita was the child of an ideal parenthood. Never was a child taught nobler sentiments, or brought up under the influence of a purer and keener understanding of a parent's duty to the child. Her father—a Swedish baron—was an ardent believer in Swedenborg, with whom he was personally acquainted. Having made the Swedenborgian teachings the sole gauge and tenor of his life, he conferred upon Sweden-

borg the office of selecting him a wife. In a trance or super-sensuous vision the Seer found the woman who was to be the Baron's life-long and true companion. Though she had her home in far-off England, the faith which the Swedish noble had vested in Swedenborg, conquered all hesitations, and the future wife was actually found on the place, and under the circumstances presaged by the great Swedish mystic.

After the marriage the worthy couple settled down in Norway to devote themselves to the cultivation of domestic virtues. An unbroken harmony diffused its sweetness and serenity over every incident in their home-life, filling their entire existence with transports of conjugal happiness. In this atmosphere of love, trust, and sacredness of purpose, Seraphita found her earthly home.

The reader is first made acquainted with the man-aspect —Seraphitus. To bring out the masculine qualities of this character it required a feminine associate, which is found in Pastor Becker's daughter Minna. In this girl, Balzac pictures the type of perfect womanhood. The sweetness of her disposition, the self-sacrificing devotion to her love, the refinement of her instincts and the intuitive insight with which she discerns the truth, are all qualities to be found in the morally and spiritually advanced *woman*. Thus Minna stands for the woman *as such* void of all masculine elements.

Seraphita is *more* than a woman. Her mind embraces also the qualities and characteristics of the man, though the latter be brought to what may be called the vanishing point of sex, in which refinement the two opposites have merged ideally into one. As *man* Seraphita possessed a dominating mental strain, keenness of intellect and fearlessness to all dangers; which qualities, so miraculously displayed during the dangerous ascension of the Falberg, had lighted fires of admiration and love in Minna's heart, to the extent that she entirely lost herself in the contemplation and adoration of

this marvelous being. Yet in Seraphitus, the poor girl found no response to her affections. While on the Falberg, Minna, evercome by her feelings, unfolded the mystery of her heart to Seraphitus who answers:

"Minna, a constant desire is that which shapes our future. Hope on! But if you would be pure in heart, mingle the idea of the All-Powerful with your affections here below; then you will love all creatures, and your heart will rise to heights indeed. . . . Perhaps, Minna, we may one day be together in a world where love never dies."

"Why," Minna interrupts; "why not here and now?"

"Because nothing is stable here. The passing joys of earthly life are gleams which reveal to certain souls the coming of joys more durable; just as the discovery of a single law of nature leads certain privileged beings to a conception of the universe. Our fleeting happiness here below is the forerunning of another and perfect happiness, just as the earth, a fragment of the world, attracts the universe."

In eloquent terms she unfolds the mighty object of life as announced in the processes of the universal evolution. Overwhelmed by the profound knowledge displayed by her love, Minna exclaims:

"How is it that in thy short life thou hast found the time to learn so many things?"

"*I remember.*"

Minna expressed no surprise over this probably unexpected answer. Seraphitus' words, understood or not, were to her unquestionable truths. To us, however, this answer reveals a belief in one of the oldest of the philosophic doctrines of the world—the doctrine of reincarnation. With his extraordinary knowledge Balzac must necessarily have come in touch with this ancient belief, accepted at present by more than 500,000,000 beings, and which holds that the soul of man lives on this earth as in a college, using the body as a means of

coming in touch with the various aspects of nature, thus to gain experience and wisdom. The logic, justice and guarantee for growth, held out by this doctrine, has captured the noblest minds of all ages from Krishna to Origen; from Plato to Emerson. Seraphitus' answer reminds us of the words Plato puts in Socrates' mouth in his argument for immortality: "Knowledge is memory."

Contemporaries to Balzac, who belonged to his circle of personal acquaintance, have affirmed that the great author expended more energy, inventiveness, and creative genius in writing Seraphita than in any other work of his pen. In this book he aimed at the consummation of his boldest aspiration: the rational and logical working out of a character in which should be found the union of the individual virtues and traits severally manifesting in the separated men and women of earth. His great object was to show by all the force of a philosophical demonstration, that such a being as Seraphita is an evolutionary necessity, the advanced type of one realizable humanity.

And so he proceeds philosophically, artistically, and poetically to unfold and make true in evolution, the wonderful qualities with which such a being had to be equipped. Thus he first arranges a scene in which the masculine qualities of Seraphita, through the personal affections of Minna Becker, should be called into action, and given opportunity to demonstrate themselves as the logical and normal outcome of an ethical and mental evolution. Every word in the conversation between the two girls testifies to an exhaustive study of the subject, showing the result of a most searching analysis of the evolutionary possibilities of human nature.

The next chapter introduces Wilfrid to the reader. Wilfrid is a young man, a globe-trotter, who had drifted to the North to study the characteristics of that secluded people. After having met Seraphita his life received a new meaning.

The feminine refinement, profound knowledge, and aristocracy of soul, which he found present in every word and act of her life, chained him fast to her with all the strength of the admiration, veneration, and love, of which his powerful nature was capable. As Minna represented the perfect womanhood, so Wilfrid represents the perfect manhood; and as the former served to bring out Seraphita's masculine nature so Wilfrid equally and successfully brings out her feminine side. Being equally poised to both of those natures, and possessing the same refinements of either sex, her influence over her two admirers was equally powerful. Each one finds in her, special and diametrically opposite qualities of attraction.

But Wilfrid does not find a happier response for his feelings than Minna. Every advancement is promptly warded off, and as his strong and impetuous nature forces him again and again to renew his glowing and passionate appeals, Seraphita displays all the sublimity and grandeur of a nature in which every emotion and feeling is under perfect control, though fired by a love not less strong and intense because of its universality. In her heart she tries to give to every creature an equal place.

The battle he wages for his love is terrific. He pictures before her all the glories he would place at her feet, would she but be his: "Like Genghis Kahm my feet shall thread a third of the globe, my hand shall grasp the throat of Asia, like Aurung-Zeb. Be my companion! Let me seat thee, beautiful and noble being, on a throne! I do not doubt success, but live within my heart, and I am sure of it."

And pausing, he waits for an answer to this powerful appeal to the two weakest points in a woman's character: vanity and pride.

The answer came, quiet but firm and passionless as if carried by a breeze of eternal snow and ice.

"*I have already reigned.*"

Before such a problem Wilfrid stood disarmed and powerless. Unable to understand the meaning of Seraphita's strange words, he satisfied himself with regarding her as a nature in which genius was blended with a reckless play of imagination and phantasy. He knew that Seraphita was born in the same village in which she lived, and had never been outside its borders, and therefore could not possibly have reigned in the sense that he understood it. But Seraphita, in this answer, shows her conscious knowledge of having existed on this earth before and brought the memories of that existence along with her.

The existence of such unconquerable coldness in the presence of so much womanly tenderness and compassion was a cause of bewilderment to Wilfrid, for he only recognized the one half of her soul—the woman; that which stood between him and his love like an unconquerable rival was the equally exalted and self-conscious other part of her nature—the man.

The reader of Seraphita will naturally raise the question: Is such a being possible? Does anything in nature give support to a union in *one* creature of both the feminine and the masculine; the perfected man and the perfected woman?

In the processes of natural evolution we find an answer to these questions. The earliest life-forms in nature are equipped with hermaphroditic functions. The whole vegetable kingdom, almost without exception, is hermaphroditic and the same conditions of life rule in the rudimentary stages of animal existence. Still more telling are the cases of human hermaphrodism which by physical science under the term *atavism* are recognized as authentic facts. By *atavism* is understood the occasional reappearance of organic conditions once belonging to the domain of *rule*, not of *exception*.

Nature works in cycles, and at the termination of a cycle returns to her point of issue. But as a cycle has more the character of a spiral than of a circle, a return towards the

beginning does not negative evolutionary progress. For the circuit of experience, having the character of the spiral, brings the entity not only onwards, but also upwards as the returning arc of the curve always passes over and above the point from which the movement set out.

This cyclic law in evolution manifests itself in every process of organized growth. The seed evolves the plant, and the latter, through its fruition becomes again the seed. The fruition of the animal-being takes effect in the generating of the spermatic cell, of the same structure and essence as the one from which the animal itself evolved. On a larger scale we find this principle inherent as a regulating factor in the movements of the solar system, which according to astronomy takes place in spiral orbits, thus pointing to a time of final return to the point of origin, while on a smaller scale every change in the modes and fashion of dress and general custom can invariably be traced to some preceding era of corresponding culture. The improvement and refinement noticable in this recurring custom point to a spiral movement, as through it the pathway of evolution is constantly carried to higher stages.

The evolution of the human race forms no exception to this universal rule. Humanity, having sprung from a hermaphroditic origin, as shown by evolutionary records, will under the pressure of this cyclic law also return to hermaphrodism though the spiral gauge insures a rise to ever higher stages of evolution so that the close of a life-cycle will find the hermaphrodite evolved to planes and conditions vastly transcending those from which they started. The hermaphrodism of the future will be a reunion on the plane of mind of the two sexes. Impelled by this cycle of necessity, the man and the woman in their appropriate spheres of life, will then have accumulated all the experience obtainable by the soul through earthly existence.

This separation of organized existences into sexes reveals a marvelous philosophy. The unit-essence, the mover and soul of universal evolution, could not as such—as homogeneous substance — evolve self-knowledge, which constitutes the aim and object of all manifestation. In order that the Ego should be able to obtain knowledge of self, the self must first be discovered—an achievement possible only through a sundering of this universal Ego or world-soul into separate entities. Hence these endless series of pairs of opposites, ranging in character from the tiniest speck of dust to the human being; throughout all existence is manifested this endless display of exchanges of negative and positive polarity, forever seeking a union, and forever losing it. Each atom is a life, subjected to the law of a universal polarity, and carries its evolusion onwards through a series of magnetic discharges. In each discharge the polarity of the atom changes. If positive it changes into negative and *vice versa*, and upon each exchange it flashes out in the surrounding nature to enter into union with everything that comes within its sphere of attraction, i.e., everything of a polarity opposite its own. But again, the very union of the two poles brings about separation, as every equilibrium is immediately followed by a mutual repulsion—old affinities through neutralization constantly giving way to new ones.

The attraction between two atoms or entities lasts just so long as there remains anything in the one not yet experienced by the other. A union without discontinuity should inhibit all further experience, as the ceaseless forming and dissolving of unions and the subsequent exchanges of affinities is a necessary condition for the bringing into evolution fresh elements of experience.

This principle also holds good in the kingdom of man, though here the process is raised to the plane of motive and self-consciousness. Man and woman represent the two poles

of positive and negative, active and passive energy. While on the physical plane and under the pressure of special conditions, the negative and passive pole may be applied to the woman, though on the moral and mental plane the poles are reversed and woman stands for the positive and active. Hence the expression of Swedenborg, that "the soul is the woman, the body the man."

The separation into sexes permits of an evolution of specialties. Applied to human kind, the evolution of the man means the bringing into development and active energy the qualities peculiar to man, viz.: intellectuality, analytic power, inductive reasoning, thought and concrete understanding in general; while the evolution of woman brings into action the qualities peculiar to her, viz.: Will, Intuition, Love, Feeling. From this it follows that woman on the mental plane is positive as the qualities ascribed to her are in their very nature positive, while man on the same plane must be negative, as his entire mental equipment places him in the field of *inquiry*—a purely negative quality. This, however, does not prevent man, now and then, from passing out of the limitations of his sex, to bring into action the intuitive faculty and other spiritual qualities, original with woman. But to the extent that he succeeds in this he is really become a woman, or partaking of her nature. Calling into play through spiritual efforts, the feminine powers in his soul, he is symbollically awakening the consciousness of woman within him.

Similarly woman is often found to take up and cultivate some faculty original to man, and by so doing she on her side brings into consciousness the man slumbering within her.

The specialties of the two sexes embrace in their entirety the whole sphere of conscious existence. He evolves strength, she beauty; he understanding, she will; he desire, she love; he energy, she patience; he virtue, she innocence; he logic and reason, she faith and intuition; he selfishness, she self-sacrifice; he

the realities of physical existence, she the hope; he the Earth, she the Heaven.

Proceeding side by side along the path-way of life, they apply their special qualifications to the vicissitudes of daily life. Learning by each other's examples, and trying to enter understandingly into each other's sphere of life, the man and woman gradually draw nearer, as, step by step, they exchange ideas and hopes.

This method of evolution will lead to a mutual understanding of the true relationship existing between the two sexes. The man, having learned to understand the woman, will follow her into the regions of love and intuition; and the woman, by a clearer perception of man's intellectual and more materialistic nature, will, without relinquishing her hold on her own attainments, make efforts to follow him in the more practical issues of his time.

Having fully grasped this inner relationship, and the motive underlying the separation of the human being into sexes, the distinguishing qualities of the latter will disappear, and the man and the woman again become one being, full-orbed, complete, and harmonious, both in substance and essence, in soul and body—a conquerer of selfishness and sin, and ready to enter upon new and higher spheres of being.

In Seraphita, the master-mind of Balzac unfolds the scheme of evolution of sex with a force and lucidity that captivate even the unintuitive reader. Sublime and heroic, equipped with a moral and mental armament, wholly unassailable, Seraphita, this flower, or rather fruit on the tree of humanity, conquers the lower forces, both in man and in woman, at every point of contact. In her delicate, seraphic, beautifully modelled form, she carries batteries of unconquerable energy, which discharge flashes of living life, dazzling knowledge, and withal inundations of love and compassion. In the mighty scene enacted in the "Swedish Castle," the home of Ser-

aphita, where Pastor Becker, his daughter Minna, and Wilfrid, had been invited to take tea with the strange hostess, the complex nature of the latter is brought out strongly and admirably. In this scene Balzac has prepared an opportunity for a final down-sweep of arguments, intended to prove to everyone capable of following the thread of the daring and unconventional argument, the invincible logic of his sublime conception: the ideal man-woman.

Pastor Becker, who represents the very opposite of this ideal, is a man in whom none of the specific feminine powers have awakened. Entirely unenlightened by intuition, he finds himself gauged and governed by instinct and sense perception. He does not recognize any proposition the truth of which cannot be analyzed and proved by reason. Intuition, faith, and trust have not yet shed their illuminating light on his consciousness. Though a clergyman and a firm believer in the theological dogmas of his time, Pastor Becker is, nevertheless, a thorough materialist, investing the elements and principles of his creed with a materialistic sense and character. Religion must yield its truths to the analysis and judgment of reason, or cease to exist. God, Heaven, Eternity, he conceived as things of sense and form.

Religion, however, being an art and a gift of inner vision is not to be treated as a science. "Science," Swedenborg is quoted as saying, "is the language of the temporal world; Love is that of the spiritual world. Science depresses man; Love exalts him. Science is still seeking; Love has found; Man, the exponent of science, judges nature according to his own relations to her; the angelic spirit (in woman) judges it in relation to Heaven."

Pastor Becker, representing the masculine aspect of natur the typical man, is made the target for Seraphita's argument Her discourse, which covers thirty-three pages, employs t inductive method of reasoning, as Seraphita, in order to m

the Pastor on his own ground, must assume the attitude of the man—the intellectual reasoner. With an array of indisputable facts at her disposal and a power to wield them, defeating every sophistry, this wonderful being pours a current of irrefutable truths into the mind of the Pastor, who dazzled and overwhelmed, feels for a moment the ground tremble beneath his feet, and all his settled convictions, or rather doubts, broken up and scattered. With a clearness amounting to lucidity Seraphita proves that he, whose belief is based on the mandates of reason alone must necessarily deny God. Reason is the mental weighing and sifting of evidence arrived at through sense perception, and as the senses only relate us to the world of matter, while God ever recedes within the sphere of spirit, it follows that the former can never. by itself, comprehend the latter.

"We might," exclaims Seraphita, "end the argument here by denying you the faculty of comprehending God, just as you deny to the pebbles of the seashore the faculty of seeing each other. How do you know that the stones themselves do not deny the existence of man, though man makes use of them to build his houses? There is one fact that appeals to you—the Infinite; if you feel it within you, will you not admit its consequences? If you cannot perceive those relations, which, according to your admission, are infinite, how can you grasp a sense of the far-off end to which they are converging. . . . Shall we rely on the materializing, intellectual, civilized man for a judgment as to the eternal verities of things—this man who derives his chief enjoyment through lies; who arraigns nature and all her recourses to put a musket on his shoulder; who employs his intellect to hasten the hour of his death, and to create diseases out of pleasures?"

She proves in words that dart like shafts of fire through the minds of her listeners, the impossibility of a God, equipped with the attributes accredited him by reason. Embracing all

forms, as the sunbeam embraces all colors, God in himself must be formless, as the sunbeam is colorless. God is not *strong*, nor *good*, nor *beautiful*, nor *wise*; but he is *strength*, *goodness*, *beauty* and *wisdom;* and as that which is void of all attributes and forms, cannot be personal, so God can never be thought of as a personal God. "In bringing God face to face with the great Whole, we see that only two states are possible between them, either God and matter are contemporaneous, or God existed before matter. . . . Let us for a moment take up the first proposition and suppose God contemporaneous with matter. Is subjection to the action or the co-existence of an alien substance consistent with being God at all? In such a system would not God become a secondary agent, compelled to organize matter? If so, who compelled Him? Between his material, gross companion and himself, who was the arbiter. Who paid the wages of the six days' labor imputed to the great Designer? Has any determining force been found which was neither God nor Matter? God regarded as the manufacturer of the machinery of the worlds,—is it not as ridiculous to call him God as to call the slave who turned a grindstone a Roman citizen?"

Gradually she draws her long series of argument to a close. She has demonstrated to the satisfaction of her three listeners, the utter absurdity of reason trying to analyze a God. Then she shifts bases, and from the deductive method goes over to the inductive. From proving *negatively* through reason and analysis, she proves *positively* through induction, intuition and synthesis. She leaves the sphere of man to enter the sphere of woman; from a reasoner she turns into a believer.

"To believe is a gift. To believe is to feel. To believe in God we must feel God. This feeling is a possession slowly acquired by a human being. . . . Thought (the outcome of reason), that budget of the relations which you perceive

among created things, is an intellectual language which can be learned, is it not? Belief, (the outcome of faith) the budget of celestial truths, is also a language, but as superior to thought as thought is to instinct. The believer answers with a single cry—a single gesture; faith puts within his hand a flaming sword with which he pierces and illumines all."

Belief can also be learned, but only through the heart in virtuous living. It is through such a course of inner training—purity in living—that the Seer is evolved. Belief or faith is not an opinion of the true, but the dazzling certainty of being one with the truth, while doubt is "the transition through which men return upon their steps in the Darkness." To doubt is to deny the soul the right of opening its nature to the Light of the Infinite. All doubt is negative and destructive, while belief is positive and constructive. To doubt is to turn one's attention to the shadowy realm of life, the night-side of nature—a study of the pathology of existence, while to believe is to focus one's interest and energy on the light of spiritual vision. Thus doubt can never give rise to knowledge, as the latter is an act of discovery —a belief in finding the object of the search—is the basis for every discovery. The tendency in man to doubt prevents him from turning his mind towards the light, and thus to the attainment of true, supersensuous knowledge; while the tendency in woman to believe, lifts her into a sphere of wisdom and certainty which fills her with trust, inspiration, and hope.

Belief, however, is never in opposition to reason and logic, it merely transcends them. "In you," Seraphita continues, still addressing Pastor Becker, "matter has ended in intelligence; can you therefore think that human intelligence will return on its path and end in darkness, doubt, and nothingness?"

Her later attitude, that of a woman and believer, is by far the stronger. Here she mounts to regions of light and lucidity that even if failing to convince, yet dazzle and awe the reason. In spite of the length of her discourse, its force and interest does not slacken for a moment. Her words, though charged with the weightiest and even occult statements, are never obscure, but aglow with light and intelligence, and flow with harmonic sequence, artistic in form and measure. In breathless career, arguments, illustrations and analogies flow in scintillating cascades from an apparently exhaustless fountain of knowledge. With the safety of conscious superiority she hurls upon the arena constantly new elements of human intelligence, leading her listeners through vistas of undreamed-of verities until towards the end of the discourse she gradually plunges them into the bewildering labyrinth of numbers to open their eyes to the inadequacy of man's reason to cope with the Infinite, or even to give reasons for the prevalence in our minds of fixed beliefs. "The infinitude of numbers is a fact proved to your soul, but of which no material proofs can be given. . . . You have built yourself a hut in the infinitude of numbers, you have adorned it with hieroglyphics scientifically arranged and painted, and you cry out: 'All is here'."

And then Seraphita proceeds to reveal something about the mystery of numbers. In the old religious systems or "mysteries" of all nations, numbers played a fundamental role. The old Chaldeans, the Egyptians, the Hindoos, the Greeks, regarded numbers and the science about them, with reverence and awe. Among these ancient nations every name, as well as every letter in the alphabet, was governed by numbers. The Bible, and especially the *Apocalypse*, gives broad hints about the numerical value of words and names, and the *Kabala* for its proper understanding, depends entirely upon the knowledge the reader possesses of the science of numbers.

Plato is accredited with having made the statement: "God geometrizes." Evidently the great Greek, by this somewhat abstruse expression would indicate that the basis for all life and existence is to be found in numbers. Plato, as well as most of the other philosophers of Greece embraced the Pythagorean doctrine of numbers, and the latter taught that the unit number, the *one*, symbolizes the Infinite. Thus, as in mathematics, the whole series of numbers are contained and have their root in the first number, the *unit*, so in the universe all the teeming myriads of forms and lives have originated and issued forth from the Absolute One, the All-embracing unit of Cosmos. Furthermore, this Absolute unit stands in the same relation to Its creatures—fractions of this infinite Unit-Essence—as the series of numerical specifications stand to the unit-number—*the one*—from which they all have issued, and of which they all form a part. Through its form and character every organism expresses a certain number—the latter being thus an index to the position in which the creature stands to the Creator. Consequently, to know these numbers constitutes knowledge about the innermost nature of the thing, or the entity to which a certain number refers, and the science of numbers would verily be a science about the Absolute itself.

"Motion and number," Seraphita continues, "are engendered by the Word, namely, the Supreme Reason of Seers and Prophets, who, in the olden time, heard the breath of God, beneath which Saul fell to the earth. . . . The Universe is naught else than Number and Motion."

The Logos—the "Word" of St. John—is the instrumentality or potency through which the Infinite Being manifests in time and space. As on the finite plane the number 3, or the triangle, constitutes the formula for geometrical measures—the *Pi* in the circle—so on the plane of the infinite, the Word or Logos—the Cosmic triangle—stands as the formula through

which all creation is measured. Thus Logos is the *Pi* of the circle of the infinite—"Whose center is everywhere, and circumference nowhere."

"That Word you scoff at, you men, although you all know that all visible worlds, societies, monuments, deeds, passions, proceed from the breath of your own feeble word, and that without that feeble word you would resemble the African gorilla, the nearest approach to man—the negro."

As the word of man expresses the mandates of his mind, so the Word of God expresses the mandates of His mind, i. e., the Breath of Brahm, incarnating or taking form through the Logos. Hence the latter is the type, or primal model giving character and form to manifestation, and, the source of all numbers and measures is in the Logos. "Motion," says Seraphita, "organizes numbers," which means that motion—thought of as the Breath of the Infinite—through an act of Logos, becomes organized into types or numbers, and, consequently, every form and object as well as every living entity represents a number—a symbol for the invisible number which relates the thing or entity to the infinite unit of which it is a part.

From her analysis of unmingled numbers Seraphita passes over to corporate numbers. With the dexterity of a trained logician, she places the scientist of the materialistic school in an inextricable dilemma. "Your geometry establishes that a straight line is the shortest way from one point to another, but your astronomy proves that God proceeds by curves. Here, then, we find two truths equally proved by the same science—one by testimony, by your senses, reinforced by the telescope, the other by the testimony of your mind, and yet the one contradicts the other."

The problem involved in this question of rectilinear and curvilinear geometry is a strange one, and so far as the present writer's knowledge extends, has never been made the

subject of philisophic inquiry. Balzac seems to raise this question here, not so much in order to shed light on the subject, as to indicate to the materialist the inadequacy of reason alone to solve the problem of the universe. Yet the statement Seraphita makes in passing, that "the curve is the law of the material world and the straight line that of the spiritual world" is pregnant with powerful suggestions. Though Balzac does not specify whether by curve is to be understood circle—or spiral movement, we are inclined to take for granted that he meant the latter, as a movement, in order to be progressive, and not return into itself, must be spiral, not circular. Now, if we understand the universe under the symbol of the spiral, and the Infinite Being as its central point, the distance between a point on the spiral curve and its central point can only be measured through the straight line. Furthermore, the curvilinear, or spiral movement, proceeds from the center outwardly in constantly widening curves, thus furnishing the means and method for the action of the evolutionary impulse. In its sweep, embracing and controlling every entity, this spiral movement may be called the movement of necessity, while the straight line, through which the spiritually self-conscious entity at any point of the curve instantaneously can transcend all intervening space and unite itself with the Center, is the expression of self-determining, voluntary action. Consequently the general advance of life under the compelling pressure of evolution takes expression in curvilinear action, and the individual efforts towards a return to the source of all growth, at once the Cause and Destiny of evolution, follows rectilinear lines of action. In a word, the former is the symbol of law and necessity, the latter of love and free-will.

Brought face to face with problems utterly unsolvable by mere reasoning, Pastor Becker again and again is forced to surrender one after another of his materialistic strongholds. "Life," exclaims the inspired girl, "is the thought of sub-

stances; bodies are only the means of fixing life and holding it to its way. If bodies were beings living by themselves, they would be cause itself and could not die. . . . There is, in all things, an appearance which strikes your senses; under that appearance stirs a soul; a body is there, and a faculty is there; where do you teach the study of the relations which bind things to each other? Nowhere. Consequently you have nothing positive. Your strongest certainties rest upon the analysis of physical forms, whose essence you persistently ignore."

In torrents of lofty eloquence and logical force she continues mercilessly to expose the weaknesses and incongruities of materialistic science. Passing along the pathway of evolution as outlined by science she touches upon the philosophy and labors of Sir Isaac Newton, who, having spent a lifetime in search of the stable-point, which, like Archimedes, he would use as fulcrum for his world-moving lever—"he gave up the problem in despair." "By supposing that the centrifugal and centrifical forces, which he had invented to explain the universe to himself, were equal, he stopped the universe; yet he admitted motion in an indeterminate sense; but supposing those forces unequal then utter confusion of the planetary system ensued. His laws were, therefore, not absolute; some higher problems existed than the principle on which his glory rested." When at last the great philosopher realized the insufficiency of his hypothesis, he found in that great depository of archaic lore—the Book of Revelations—a field of greater promise. But here the scientists refused to follow him. "He searched the Apocalypse for the traces of the Word. You thought him mad. Understand him better! He was seeking pardon for the work of his genius."

Balzac—as the reader will understand—attacks the materialistic science not as a *means* of gaining knowledge, but only to show that it cannot be the *end* and consummation

of knowledge. Seraphita exposes its shortcomings only to stimulate her listeners to a deeper and more sincere inquiry. Again and again she points to the soul-side of nature and man, making stirring appeals to the faculties of intuition and faith. She implores Pastor Becker to study nature under the illuminating light of the Spirit. Searching in that light the dark mysteries of existence become clear and dissolve into dazzling truths. In man himself is the key that unlocks the problems of life and death. He is at once both the devouring Sphinx and the redeeming Œdipus. "Believe me," says Seraphita, "miracles are within us, not without us."

She invites the scientists to explore Nature, not from the standpoint of matter, but of spirit. "There are sciences of matter, and sciences of spirit." Were sense-perception and reason the supreme and final output of evolution why then did not their work survive and triumph over historical collapses? Why, then, the downfall and disappearances of sciences and inventions that once were employed in the service of man? "Your great geniuses, your poets, your kings, your learned men are engulfed with their cities; while the names of these good pastors of humanity (the Prophets, Seers and Messengers from God) ever-blessed have survived all cataclysms."

While denying the materialistic reasoner his right to define and construe God to fit the procrustean-bed of a one-sided logic, Seraphita does not discourage the true seekers after God. But He must be found through prayers and faith. To her mind prayer is the only vehicle that can ever bring the human soul before the throne of the Infinite, and she closes her long, soul-stirring discourse with these deep words, so full of thought, so rich in love, and so illuminated by faith: "If human reason finds the ladder of its own strength too weak to bring God down to it, is it not evident that you must discover some other path to find Him? That path

is in ourselves. The Seer and the believer have eyes within their soul far more piercing than those which probe the things of earth—they see the Dawn. Hear this truth: Your science, let it be ever so exact, your noblest lights, are clouds; above, above is the Sanctuary whence the true light flows."

Pastor Becker, weighed down by the burden of a life-long skepticism belonged to that kind of men to whom Alexander Pope referred in his striking distich:

> "A man convinced against his will
> Is of the same opinion still."

His first impression was that of astonishment, which for a time almost seemed to mount to conviction, but having no substratum of faith to rest on, was soon sliding down again into the old sea of doubt. Partly to satisfy his conscience, and partly to fortify himself against possibilities of returning conviction, he took recourse to the study of an old volume, "The Treatise on Incantations," written by Jean Wier, a learned physician of Cleves, who lived in the early part of the Sixteenth century. Having in this treatise found an account of an Italian woman "who at the age of twelve spoke forty-two languages, ancient and modern; also the history of that monk who could guess thought by smell"; the good pastor succeeded in satisfying himself that Seraphita belonged to the same category of disordered minds and rejoiced in thus having saved the skepticism so dear to his old heart.

In the character of Pastor Becker, Balzac's master-hand has traced with incomparable accuracy the picture of that shallow thinker who considers a phenomenon, however marvelous in itself, as an insignificant occurrence, if it can be shown that something similar to it happened before. It is the familiarity with the human anatomy which makes the physician look upon the marvels of organic life with indiffer-

ence and disdain. Were the stars to appear upon the heavens only once in fifty years the whole force of materialists would lose themselves in religious adoration and turn into fervent sun and star worshipers. It is only the keener mind which is capable of feeling admiration and wonder for a thing, or a manifestation, *through its own quality* independent of any familiarity with it. Most men are impelled to investigation and study by a sense of mere curiosity without being touched by that inner admiration which in every object of nature finds a source of joy and wisdom.

As Pastor Becker had not developed the woman in his soul, he was without her noble attributes: trust, faith and intuition. On Wilfrid the scene had produced quite a different impression, for he represented the true man, with the soul of woman awakening within him. Unmoved both by Pastor Becker and Jean Wier, Wilfrid felt the majestic spirit of belief enter his heart and take uncontested possession of it. His intuition affirmed the truth of Seraphita's statement, and his logic and reason verified it. Minna, the true woman, saw in Seraphita the perfect man, and surrendering her whole nature to the being whom her intuition told her was vested with divine powers, said in her heart: "Why will he (Seraphitus) not let me love him?"

In the sixth chapter called "The Path to Heaven," we find Seraphita reclined on a couch vitally exhausted and almost on the verge of dying. Wilfrid and Minna are present, attentively listening to her last discourse in which she outlines the truly divine scheme of the inner evolution of the soul. The great end is the Kingdom of Light and the means for its attainment consists in a series of intermediate stages, beginning with "the sphere of Instinct," then proceeding through "the sphere of Abstractions," into "The spiritual sphere"—the culmination of all human and divine virtues.

For the ordinary mind to reach the lofty heights, comprehended in the spiritual evolution of man, one life is not sufficient. "A lifetime may be needed merely to gain the virtues which annul the errors of man's preceding life. . . . Who can tell how many times the human being lives in the spheres of Instinct before he is prepared to enter the sphere of Abstraction." The spheres, however, represent mental condition. Before attainment to the power of self-conscious thinking, the man talks and acts guided mainly by promptings of self-preservation, circumscribed in his dealings with the world, by the narrow limits of personal motives and feelings. He lives *instinctively*, hence the term "The sphere of Instinct." Thus reason is regarded as the mere intermediate or preparatory stage for the entrance into the next sphere, the sphere of Abstraction.

To enter a new stage, the attractions of the last one must be wholly overcome. "When matter is exhausted, spirit enters." Having conquered the sphere of Instinct the entity proceeds to the Abstract, where the soul must be able to subsist on its own divine essence; i.e., to live a subjective life. Very few people indeed are able to live an inner life, and draw the material for their consciousness from entirely subjective realms. Deprive the average man of the use of his senses and he will soon turn into a mental corpse. The entire sphere of consciousness in such a man consists in the action of the senses on the mind and reaction of the latter upon the senses. But the man should be far more than his senses, as the latter merely serve as temporary instruments for his relation to the physical plane, to fall away when no longer needed. For there are higher planes of life waiting for man to mount, but to enter them he must first be able to live and think independently of his sense-consciousness; i.e., to have formed a thought-sphere in the Abstract. Abstract thinking—the action of the mind independent of sense-reports

—means the birth of a new set of senses, capable of relating the Ego to higher realms of being. The employment of these inner senses is what Seraphita calls "To enter the Sphere of Abstractions," in which the evolving being finds himself in the "Vestibule of Spiritual Worlds."

"Death is the post-house, not the end of the journey," and the first experience that meets the traveler is summed up in the term: *suffering.* Having resolved to grow, man must prepare himself for suffering. The world will misunderstand him; will regard his indifference to their ideals as insults, and hurl stones at him. He is the martyr of all ages, and his sufferings have brought higher and nobler aims of life before the minds of the people. "He may be the buried treasure, trodden under the feet of men thirsting for gold, yet all unknown that he is there beneath them."

Suffering is the fire that purifies life. Subjected to the purging flames of pain and sorrow, the soul realizes the uncertainties of earthly hopes, and falls back upon its own inner resources for strength and compensation. This heroic resolve of the soul to abandon all that which hitherto constituted its entire understanding of life, and to go in search of the unknown and unexperienced—this grand effort to fasten its efforts on the unseen, guided by faith and trust, is called by Seraphita the "act of *praying.*" But prayer, as understood by Seraphita, is something quite different from what the world means by that term. Seraphita's prayer is meditation, and untainted by any selfish consideration. Harrassed, bruised, battered by the trials and miseries of a sense-governed world, the soul, awakening from its slumbers, unfolds its pinions to soar into the realm of pure spirit, to yield upon the altar of prayer its obedience and faith in eternal truth. "Therefore, prayer, issuing from so many trials is the consummation of all truths, all powers, all feelings." It is the direct communion with God in solitude and silence; the

opening up of our nature to render it porous and receptive to the influx of imperishable life. It is the occult process described by all prophets and seers as the culmination of soul-growth and the key to unlock the secret chambers of earthly as well as divine nature. Moses' communion with God on the Mount of Sinai was a prayer, so was Confucius' finding his Tao; Buddha's Nirvana; Plato's Logos; Socrates' Daimon; Parphyros' Divine Self—each of these mystic acts has the key to its mystery, in prayer.

Through the exhilerating draft of spiritual rejuvination found in such prayers, the struggling soul gains new strength to surmount its impediments of growth. "The worst of all the struggles is the last; at the zenith of all virtue is *Resignation*—to be an exile and not lament, no longer to delight in earthly things, to smile, to belong to God, and yet to stay with men. . . . Resignation is the fruit that ripens at the Gate of Heaven."

All great teachers have taught resignation—the "non-attachment to the fruit of action," to use a phrase from the *Bhagavat Gita*. Resignation was taught by Jesus in his admonition to the disciples: "Take not heed for the morrow;" and the story of the rich man who was said to be equally powerless to enter Heaven as a camel to enter the eye of a needle refers to the same truth. Like a connecting thread this teaching runs through all the discourses of Epictetus; the thoughts of Marcus Aurelius; and the dialogues of Plato. Resignation, or renunciation was the last step Buddha took before entering Nirvana; and at the gate of every great consummation, be it Heaven, Valhalla, Olympus, Albordj or Meru is placed an angel with a sword. He who shall enter must first be divested of everything of earth. The delights of the flesh must forever be given up. Resignation is the unconditional surrender of the personal Self to the Divine Self; the unshakable faith in an all-governing providence

which knows our wants better than we do ourselves, and also how to administer to them. Resignation is the realization of the great truth underlying the mystic words of Jesus: "I and my Father are one."

As if to give a living illustration of the character of prayer and the divine gift of praying, Seraphita ends her last discourse in a prayer in which faith and resignation are rendered their final and crowning tribute. Then she bids farewell to Earth and its creatures.

The seventh and last chapter, called Assumption, describes the physical death of Seraphita. Minna and Wilfrid are present kneeling at the bedside. The earthly evolution of Seraphita is finished. She has completed her stupendous task: The purification and unification of the two poles of existence; man and woman have become one. A seraphic touch lingers over this chapter. Like the opening scene of the second part of Goethe's Faustus, it has its stage-setting beyond the sky. The reader finds himself suddenly transported to the light-spheres of angelic life. Rendered Seers by the magic touch of divine presences, Minna and Wilfrid behold the overwhelming panorama of a soul, liberated from the bonds of matter, ascending to luminous heights of pure, untainted Being. To attempt a description, however, of the closing scenes of this profound soul-drama would only mar its transfigured beauty and lessen its impressiveness. Here Balzac proves himself to be a Seer and a Mystic. The entire chapter is one grand, pure vision, at once a scientific discourse, a fairy-tale and a history. With the logic of a thinker, with the imagination of a poet, and the descriptive accuracy of an historian, Balzac transports the reader into regions not permitted to be traversed by mortals. To read this true masterpiece of art and knowledge is an inspiration and a help to every soul who has taken his salvation in earnest.

Finally, the eyes of the two spectators were no longer permitted to feast on the glories of these beatific visions. The curtain dropped, and Minna and Wilfrid found themselves kneeling at the bedside of a dead body. Full of holy determination and trust they looked into each other's eyes and read the thought nourished by them both. They were to form a union, and under the guiding star of love find their path of spiritual evolution in "truth, light and liberation." Taking each other's hands they left the house. On the treshhold they met the old Pastor.

"Where are you going?" asked Monsieur Becker.

"To God," they answered. "Come with us, Father."

AXEL E. GIBSON.

THE LORD CHRÊST.

JESUS, THE PERSONIFIED GOODNESS.

In one of the ancient tombs in the Catacombs of Rome there is a peculiar device which, to those who are able to comprehend its purport, is of much significance. It is the figure of an anchor, the upper part of which resembles the ansate cross,* with the figures of two fishes, one on each side.

It also bears the inscription in Greek characters ΙΗΣΟΥΣ ΧΡΕΣΤΟΣ—Iêsous Chrestos, Jesus the Good. Mr. Hargrave Jennings has given copies of the device in his treatise on the Rosicrucians, representing it in one place as a Gnostic amulet and in another as an early Christian symbol. Probably it belongs to the period when the Gnosis and the Church had not become formally separate from each other.

The inscription is significant as indicating the original designation of the acknowledged founder of the new faith. There are many evidences to corroborate this statement. The historian Suetonius, in his *Lives of the Twelve Cæsars*, makes mention of certain disturbances among the Jews at

*The ansate cross, or Tau, with the mystic circle was the Egyptian symbol of eternal life. The figures of the gods were represented holding it; and those officiating at Sacred Rites carried it as being consecrated. Hence the direction in the Gospels: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me."

Rome, and remarks that they were "led by one Chrestus." Syllurgios, another old writer, derives the title of the new sectaries from that name, and so calls them χρηστιανόι, Chrêstianoi. Justin Martyr, who lived at Sichem or Shechem in Samaria, in the Second Century, declares that he and his fellow-recusants were called χρηστιανόι, or Chrêstiani, and admits in so many words that the appellation was from the term χρηστός—Chrêstos. "From the name imputed to us as a crime," says he, "we are the χρηστοτατόι"—Chrêstotatoi, the very good.

Parallel to this, Julian, the Emperor, also styled John the Baptist, χρηστός Ιωάννης—Chrêstos Iôannês.

The famous acrostic verse of the Erythræan Sibyl, supposed to have been written originally in the Second Century, has the letters ει instead of either epsilon or eta. The words accordingly make the phrase: "Ἰησούς χρειστος Θεοῦ Ὑιος Σωτὴρ Σταυρός"—Iêsous Chreistos theou whios Sôtêr Stauros.

The Gnostics in Egypt at the same period employed the same orthography, χρειστὸς. The eta or long *e* seems not to have then become general.

There appears to be abundant reason for believing that χρηστός (chrêstos) was the term originally applied to Jesus by writers in the collection of writings known as the New Testament. In the first of the Epistles attributed to Peter, the expression occurs: "If so be that ye have tasted (or apperceived) that the Lord is χρηστός." Indeed, whenever in the three synoptic Gospels the designation "Christ" is found, there exists a strong probability amounting almost to conclusiveness that it has been interpolated, or else that the term Chrêstos has been arbitrarily changed. Such practices were common in the earlier centuries of the present era. A copyist often changed words and sentences for others more to his taste, and even omitted some and added others. In this way the Bible has many lacunæ and interpolations, as likewise have the works of the classic and ecclesiastical

writers. It was also common for authors to ascribe to persons of greater distinction the treatises which they had themselves compiled.

In the question of Pilate in regard to the disposition of Jesus we find the descriptive phrase, "who is called Christ." The accusation brought against him recited that he had declared himself to be "Christ, a king," or an anointed king. Yet the designation of "Christ" was omitted from the inscription which was said to have been placed on the cross. If there is any significance to be attached to this, it denotes that Jesus had not been recognized by that title in any sense of the term. He had not been anointed, and so was not a Christ.

There is no occasion to explain the Hebrew equivalent word MSIH, Messiah or Messias, as it appears in the Gospel according to John, till the genuineness and authenticity of that composition shall have been more conclusively established. This title, which is translated χριστός (Christos) in the Greek text of the Old Testament, is applied first to the Hebrew Chief Priest. Thus in the fourth chapter of the Book of Leviticus are the expressions: "And the priest the Christos shall take of the bullock's blood"—verses 5, 16. In a previous verse he is styled in the Greek version, "the high priest, the anointed and initiated." In the second chapter of the first book of Samuel is the declaration that a faithful priest or priestly line would be raised up to "walk before my Christos forever." The title is also applied to King Saul, and also to David in the Psalms, to Cyrus of Persia, and to certain other undefined personages elsewhere. In the Book of Daniel the calamity of the Jews under Antiochos is depicted, and the occurrence which is termed the setting up of the abomination of desolation is described as then taking place. "At that time," the description goes on to state, "the Messiah [Christos] shall be cut off." The evident meaning is that for the sea-

son as specified there would be no Christos, or anointed high priest. Such a vacancy is recorded as existing for three and a half years between the death of Alkimos, or Eliakim, and the installation of Jonathan, the brother of Judas Makkabæos. The high priest of Judæa was anointed, and in those days exercised the functions of a viceroy.

Nevertheless, the appellation of Chrêstos which it is here insisted was employed in the Gospels, was more honorable and certainly more significant and appropriate. Many years ago the writer saw it upon a statuette of Apollo that had been brought from an Eastern repository. Apollo, as every classic scholar knows, was the reputed son of Zeus, the Supreme Divinity of the Hellenic Pantheon. He was the god of oracles, and was supposed to impart the gifts of healing and divination. A reference to Greek lexicons will show that many of the words which were formed from the χρηστὸς (chrêstos) relate directly to the oracular art. A Chrêstês was a diviner or giver of oracles; a chrêsis or chrêsmos denoted the oracular utterance of a divinity; a chrêstêrion was the place of an oracle, or an offering presented there, or the staff of a God or divining priest, and a chrêstologos was an interpreter of oracles, like the *peter* or hierophant of oriental sanctuaries.

The radical meaning of the term χρηστός (chrestos) is useful; and from this it came to mean good, noble, illustrious. Thus the slave Onesimus is described in the Epistle as beforetime unprofitable or achrêston but now profitable or euchrêston. In ancient Sparta the chrêstoi were the higher citizens. But in the New Testament, when the term has been retained without alteration, it implies intrinsic goodness. In the Epistle to the Romans the sentence occurs: "The goodness [chrêston] of God leadeth thee to repentance," or a higher moral state of mind. "The Most High is good [chrêstos] to the ungracious and evil"—Luke, VI., 35. "Be ye good [chrêstoi] to one another."—Ephesians, IV., 32.

It was not the aim of the compilers of the Synoptic Gospels to exhibit Jesus as a superhuman personage, but as being preëminently human. In this sense he was an ideal man, illustrious and an exemplar, because he was χρηστὸς,—noble and good. The works which were ascribed to him were such as those who were like him might do also, and even excel. They were intrinsically works of love and beneficence, such as all should seek to perform, and as he assures his disciples, to faith nothing is impossible.

EPHOROS.

ARSAPH—THE GODS OF THE WORLD.

Sheer down from the heights of Antiquity old,
The portents of future Antiquity fall;
The Gods of the Worlds as the cycles unfold,
Refashion their laws at humanity's call;
Like the thread of a loom the epochs unwind
In color and tune to the needs of the spheres,
For Time's spinnets and spindles in hours to bind,
And his versatile shuttle to weave into years;
So, the Age-of-Creation has never an end,
The framing of laws like the motion of stars,
In orbits advance and in orbits ascend,
Like the chorusing notes upon musical bars,
Which mingle and merge in an order sublime—
As the Planets are governed by rythming codes—
Till the orbs tread the intricate mazes of Time
As women and men tread the maze of the modes.

The Universe spreads as the Ages move past—
Like a sea that encroaches in tides on its shores—
It billows afar in the lap of the Vast,
As upward and onward humanity pours;
It surges in waves on the Fathomless breast,
As the ebb and the flow of Creation declare,
And dashes its spray to the Firmament's crest,
As the sea casts its spray to the cosmical air;
Thus ever outreaching the Spaces extend,
And ever outflowing the ether expands,
As the Worlds tread their orbits in spiralling trend,
And the Gods tread in measure to human demands:
The Suns from their eyries their galaxies guide,
The Moons follow on in an orbiting course,
The Planets and Stars through their labyrinths glide—
All marshalled in line by Omnipotent Force.

The tramp of the hosts in the tracks of the Seers,
Is voluming deep in Futurity's soul;
The heart-beat of life in the bosom of years,
Is running the gauntlet of Planet-control;
And the heart-beat and tramp with their toil and their pain,
Are measured and gauged at Eternity's verge,
And in laws echo back to humanity plane,
Like an anthem that swells from the wail of a dirge:
Thus life runs a gamut the centuries through,
As the wail of the nations is felt in the Vast;
Self-gauged and self-governed each epoch anew,
As men by their purpose the future forecast;
Ambition and Fame are the beacons which shine
Athwart the dim disc of mortality's night,
And Science and Art through a vista divine,
Illumine its day with a magical light.

he Gods are the toilers, the builders who frame—
As the instincts and needs of mankind may suggest—
hose natural codes (in the Deity's name)
Which govern mankind by man's own high behest;
'is MAN who is mighty,—the thoughts of his mind
In the mills of the Gods are forged into laws,
'hich Fable—to reason and logic so blind—
Ascribes to supreme and eternal First Cause;
he cause, first and last, is as changing as Time,
And link upon link in a limitless chain,
'inds over the wheels of the Gods—so sublime—
And sets the proud pace of humanity's reign.
here are systems of Worlds in the sapphirine blue,
And systems of Gods to World-order aligned,
nd systems of men just as varied and true—
But the Worlds serve the Gods and the Gods serve mankind.

PAUL AVENEL.

Obviously if the mind turns away from one part of the ıvironment it will only do so under some temptation to ›rrespond with another. This temptation, at bottom, can nly come from one source—the love of self. The irreligious ıan's correspondences are concentrated upon himself. He ›orships himself. Self-gratification rather than self-denial; in-ependence rather than submission—these are the rules of fe. And this is at once the poorest and the commonest form f idolatry. —*Henry Drummond.*

Wouldst thou plant for Eternity, then plant into the deep ınfinite faculties of man, his Fantasy and Heart; wouldst thou plant for Year and Day, then plant into his shallow, ıperficial faculties, his Self-love and Arithmetical Understand-ng, what will grow there. —*Thomas Carlyle.*

THE WISE MAN AND THE SEA URCHINS.

(XI.)

"But what's the *use* of it all?"

"Ah, Goldie," said the Wise Man as his hand fell lightly on the shining head leaning lovingly against his knee, "has that question come to *you* to be asked so early in the day? It is that which those long past their youth are demanding of themselves and others; but it is a question few young people put into words."

"But what *is* the use of it all? Why not just *not* be, *ever?*"

"I wonder if you'll find anyone to answer you, Goldie, even a million, million years from now?"

"'A million, million years——will I—will anyone be able to ask questions then?"

"As surely as you are asking questions now. Not, perhaps, the same questions; for you may have solved a problem or two by that time—those, perhaps, which vex you now. But there will doubtless be far more difficult ones to answer by then."

"Is n't there any end, then, to the finding out of things?"

"Let us hope not, if we are to live forever," puts in Blooy. "It would be too tiresome for anything to know it all, and then just have to sit around and not have a thing to do nor think about!"

The master's laugh was infectious, and all joined in it with one accord.

"I can't imagine for any of us a time of pure idleness," said he. "There is too much force abroad, too much activity setting us examples of a necessary energy for me to ever dread a condition of dreary 'doing-nothing.' That which our lives

are here—lives passed fussily, too often, among trifling things, will, on an ever grander scale, be our busy lives always—I mean, of course, our lives in manifestation—not our rest periods—our times of 'dreaming we are in heaven.' We shall become wiser (for 'tis for that we are coming here to school to-day and to-morrow, children), and we shall have some of the world's work given us to do; then—who knows?—a share in that of the very universe itself."

"Jolly! That's worth being alive for! But, I say, it staggers a fellow!" cried Blackie.

"The idea *is* a little stupendous to burden young souls with," apologized the Wise Man.

"Oh, it's all too far ahead to worry *us!*" said Blooy. "We can just let to-morrow take care of itself."

"*Can* you, though? To-morrow is going to be exactly what you make it just now—at this very present moment. If you plant a garlic bulb to-day, do you think you are going to gather lilies-of-the-valley to-morrow, my Blackie boy?"

"Does *everything* we do count?"

"Not only everything you do, but almost everything you *don't* do. You have heard tell of the sins of omission?"

"And everything we *think?*"

"And everything you think."

"I say, that's pretty hard on a fellow ——"

"Only when that fellow, *knowing better*, is absurd enough to prefer the odor of the garlic to that of the lily. Blackie, if you were obliged to set out on a journey knowing that there was a pleasant location you *must* reach in time, would you deliberately turn your face the other way, and move forward in a directly opposite direction?"

"It would appear that even I ought n't to be idiotic enough to do a thing like that; yet,"—here a little half mischievous, half quizzical smile lighted up the boy's countenance, "does n't almost everybody do just that very thing?"

"You are pretty observant for a lad of your years," smiled back the Wise Man. "But you are dealing with what the world is pleased to call 'glittering generalities,' and I'm dealing—or trying to deal—with *you*."

"Very well, sir; if you're dealing with me, I'm going to confess it depends upon the attractiveness that lies in the opposite direction whether I make my pilgrimage that way or not. I'm bound to reach that 'pleasant location' you have promised me at my journey's end *some* time, you know, and if I take the longer way 'round' because it seems to me to offer a fellow a jolly lot of fun on the way, what real difference does it make?"

"That's for you to find out—along with the majority of the world's inhabitants. I presume we all, in past lives, took in preference the 'longest way 'round,' just as you threaten to do; and that, probably, is what is ailing this poor old world to-day. We are ages behind the times and conditions we ought to have made for ourselves, it seems to me."

"But now you travel toward your destination, sir?"

"As straight as my compass of experience will guide me. I weary of wandering so far afield, and this journey is yet a thing of moment."

"Will you have to come back here again and go to school another day?"

"'Another day,' dear? Life-times of days yet; but the lessons are growing very much pleasanter and easier to learn; besides, I think I'm becoming a better architect—experience is the one teacher whose lessons are incorporated into one's very being—and I shall enjoy building a tenement fit to inhabit next time. This one is—as you see," and he crossed long, lean arms over a lank chest.

"What makes some people so strong and well and others so—so—delicate?"

"All sorts of things, Violet. The little lives that build for us as the masons build for an architect do the very best they

can under the circumstances. They, naturally, have the best intentions; but the material they are obliged sometimes to use is not of their choosing, you see, and their good work is rendered almost worthless by the poor materials afforded them. If the bricks brought to the masons are brittle and porous and not well baked; if the mortar supplied them is made of worthless ingredients; if the wood of the framework is worm-eaten, and the glass in the sashes full of flaws, how can these workers build a fine tenement?"

"But why do the materials ever *have* to be bad?"

"They don't have to be, Pinkie, when one knows better—when one has learned a lesson or two. But in ignorance we make conditions for ourselves that will allow us no better stuff to use in our buildings. And though I plan all right, and though the workers follow my design, I can't expect to have a perfect habitation out of such imperfect material."

"Then, sir, why don't you get good stuff?"

"That is what I mean to learn to do. In my past lives I have, because of my ignorance, set up conditions that make it a thing impossible for me to procure better materials with which to supply the little builders. You see I don't *deserve* any better.

"Oh, sir, *you?*" this in chorus.

"Even I. And right here I want to warn you that the person who is soundingly called 'intellectual' is not the person who is necessarily really wise. He may know this, that, and the other with his mind, and appear a very brilliant personage, indeed; but unless he knows with his heart, as well, he will not be truly wise."

"What do you think it was, sir, that has made you—not—perfect?"

"I did things and thought things that were not right, and the law which some people call 'Karma' put certain

penalties upon me which I must pay—*just* ones, my Urchins, believe that, always."

"But when you know you did wrong, and are sorry, won't the penalties stop having to be paid?"

"It is reasonable to suppose so; but as yet I have not quite found that out, Violet. I believe I am as sorry as can be; but, I believe, also, that I must go on paying penalties for quite awhile yet. Perhaps the coming night will bring the gaoler with the keys to liberate me."

"And you'd advise me to take the shortest cut, sir, and not the 'longest way 'round'?"

"Old Age is always advising Youth, although it knows it once scorned such advice, and learned its own lessons of wisdom by its own willful experiences. We try to save young people sorrow just as Mother Nature warns her children a thousand different ways to not do this, or that, or the other or they will come to grief. But the children are —— *children*, laugh her to scorn, and find out only after some pretty severe sufferings at times that she is a knowing dame, and kindly as she is knowing."

"Tell us more about Karma; or is it something children can't understand?"

"It is a very simple thing, Brownie, *in principle*, although, to the mind of mortal man, it seems the very opposite of 'simple' in its workings, since the whole universe is ruled by it, from the tiniest cell to the conscious god-men."

"But *how* does it work?"

"In this way; if you do a wrong—but first tell me, Brownie, what do you understand me to mean by 'a wrong'?"

"Something—something—*not right*," answers the boy, stoutly.

"But what *is* 'not right'?"

"Somehow I *know*, but I can't express it exactly."

"What would *you* call wrong, Violet?"

"Something," answers the girl, slowly, "that would hurt and not help anything or any one, even one's self. An action which would make the one who did it a worse instead of a better person."

"That is a very good definition, indeed. The LAW of HARMONY which, when obeyed, makes for us conditions we dream of as heavenly, is founded upon pure unselfishness. As we act more or less selfishly so we do more or less wrong. Loving Self first, we grow grasping and sordid and jealous and mean, and, by degrees, hateful, so that at length so wrapped up do we become in the gratification of our own desires, we are ready, some of us, to murder the one who stands in our way, or whose death will help us to what we imagine (will be) a satisfying of our selfish cravings.

"One man, let us say, grows revengeful because he is poor while his brother seems to have been mysteriously lifted, by what folks call 'Providence', above want. The envious man nurses his wrath until it grows into a frenzy, and one day he kills the object of his hate, and is doomed by Karma to pay a far more awful penalty than that the *legal murderers* who condemn him to the gallows put upon him in this life.

"Or another man grows jealous and cuts his brother's throat. He escapes the earthly law, but not the eternal justice of heaven. A third wants his brother's money because it represents a thousand—or a dozen, as the case may be—pleasures he himself—always *Self*—cannot, so long as he is moneyless, enjoy. So he robs his rich brother, and—has a just penalty to pay whether the detectives ever catch him or not.

"The LAW holds good in its working in even the most trifling sin—if a sin can ever be said to be that—and naught that lives may escape it."

"Does Karma only work against the wrong-doer?"

"No, Violet; else it would be a one-sided, unjust thing. It rewards as well as punishes, and as certainly as we are

made to pay our karmic penalties are we permitted to reap our golden rewards for every little deed of loving service. Nor in either case is it necessary for us to be obliged to wait lifetimes. And we can begin making new, pleasant Karma for ourselves *now*, this moment, while we are yet paying old karmic debts."

"Then God, *Himself*, doesn't punish people, after all—the God that is *Love* couldn't, could he? And it's really just the people themselves that have earned the awful things or the lovely things that come to them?"

"Yes, Violet."

"I'm *so* glad! So *relieved!* I've always wondered why it was that some people had to suffer so, and others be so glad and well and happy. And the *glad* ones didn't seem (to me) to be so deserving as some of the sufferers. And it didn't seem just, and I thought I could imagine for myself a kinder Father of us all than that—even *I* could, for I couldn't punish people, and I'm not anything divine!"

The master's fine eyes fixed themselves upon the face so eagerly upturned to his as if he saw there something that answered to that word.

"No, no personal God favors one child and neglects another. The blessings and curses are the deserts of those who through ignorance (for celestial as well as terrestrial—that is, heavenly as well as earthly—law declares that ignorance of the law does not excuse the breaker of it; therefore doth it behoove us all to go to work and learn it) or through malicious intent do wrong, or those who perform sweet and kindly actions for Love's own sake."

"And so the little lives must build us body after body, that we may come again many times to learn to be better and grow wise—to find out how it hurts to *be* hurt, or how nice it is to be good?"

"Yes, Snowdrop, until we are wise, indeed, and all karmic debts are paid."

"When will that ever be?"—this from Ruddy.

"When you no longer 'slap back,' Ruddy; when you 'turn the other cheek' and let the other fellow give you the last 'whack.' When you reach that philosophical stage of self-mastery, and refrain (because you know by doing so you *bring the cause of punishment to an end*—for there must be *cause*, always, to produce any *effect*) from answering his attack in kind, and the last blow between you is taken and given, then endeth karmic action in that particular case. And that is an important little unit to put on your slate, my lad, a unit by which you may work out all other karmic problems."

"If a person only *knew* all this"——

"But a person doesn't, Blackie," interrupts the teacher, with a quiet smile. "He doesn't know it—*yet;* and he refuses to be advised, preferring the 'longest way 'round', you see."

The children joined merrily in the boy's laugh of embarrassment.

"Not even *you* knew?" Blackie inquires, as if to cover his confusion by demanding proof of another's lack.

"Not even I knew, dear boy," responds the master, gently.

"Then how do you know *now?*"

"You are all members of Sunday School? Then let me quote from the Bible in whose authority you are taught to believe. St. Paul says; 'Brethren, be not deceived. God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap'."

"Suppose we don't do—don't *act out*—anything, what then?"

"Was any action, any deed ever committed without a thought of it first in the mind of the actor—a thought that

led up to the doing or, perhaps, only the mere desire to do? That *thought* is the real sin, children. It belongs to the Real Man—the part of him that is eternal, the deathless, imperishable part, the *thinker;* and to this thinker the thought is the same as if the physical man had struck his fellow-creature a death-blow.

"He must suffer for the will to kill, unless, indeed, he stops short of murder because of a sudden horror of such a deed—a swift, sudden, and immediate remorse."

"I should think even then he would be obliged to suffer some—just the horror of it and the remorse would be hard to bear."

"That *is* the penalty, Snowdrop. I, myself, can think of no more horrible punishment than remorse. It is soul-sickening. To carry the hideous burden of physical deformity all one's years would, compared to the burden of remorse, be a pleasure—a delight. But come, it is time to start to the village. Shall we go by the lane, and see if the wild bees have swarmed?"

EVA BEST.

(To be continued.)

True love knows no jealousy. Rather does its heart beat with tender compassion for those who worship hopelessly at the altar upon which its beloved object is enshrined.

—*Thais.*

No merely idolatrous and materialistic people, no *merely* ever formed the vanguard of the historic movement of the race of man through this planet. No merely savage life of any people that ever achieved any such result as the language, enlightenment, civil force, unity and conquering power of historic nationality. And no such nationality exists without diffusing through commercial relations, emigration, and arms, more or less, the spirit of its civil institutions with the forms of its faith and its philosophy. —*H. K. Jones.*

The World of Thought.

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

THE EXPENSE OF EDUCATION.

With the "elevating of the standard of instruction" in colleges and universities comes also an elevating of the standard of expenses to the student and his friends. A graduate of Yale on the average pays $858 in the freshman year; $888 in the sophomore year; $972 in the junior year, and $1,001 in the senior year. Medical students must also experience higher charges than before. The corollary of this is that "liberal" and professional education is to become the special privilege of the rich. It will be time for the "plain people" to cast about them for schools and opportunities for their own wants, and leave the exclusives to the support of their own kith and kin.

PROFESSOR HERRON IN AN INDEPENDENT PULPIT.

Professor George D. Herron began a new church service, with the year, at Chicago. "We are at the end of the era often called the End of the World," he declared. "The Modern World is practically without religion. Fires on old altars are dying out. Religious authority has been banished. All notions of right and wrong are being scrutinized. As yet we have no light on our path, and every step takes us deeper and deeper into the abyss. We all await the era-making word of infinite daring."

INFANT GEMS.

Little children generally exhibit very acute sensibilities. They seem to be all the time endeavoring to learn and ascertain the scope and application of whatever engages their attention. It is no wonder, however, that with their narrow field of view their judgments are often cramped, and their reasonings ludicrous. Whether Wordsworth says aright that Heaven is about us in infancy, the displays of temper and utterances are often not quite what are called angelic. But the way notions get mixed up is often absurd to the extreme.

Creation and Paradise are the problems that exhaust their ingenuity. Their speculations are to the point, but hardly philosophic. As one little budling hurt his knee by a fall, he asked the mother: "Did God make me?" She answered: "Yes." "Well," said he, "if he has any pieces left I wish he would mend my knee."

Another little one had been well treated with "Mother Goose," when the endeavor was made to teach her a prayer. She had hardly learned to discriminate, and as the line was said off: "I pray the Lord my soul to keep," she hastened to supplement it with: "The mouse ran up the clock." That was lesson enough for that time.

The Garden of Eden and its Outcome seems never to have been satisfactory to three-year-old intellect.

A little girl, whose father was active in politics, told a wrong story. The father undertook to give her a lesson by washing her mouth carefully with lather. "Papa," cried she, as soon as she could breathe, "have you soaped your mouth since the Election?"

A boy of brief years and dimensions put the questions to his mother:

"Is it wicked to tell lies?"

"Yes, very wicked," she answered.

"Do people that tell lies ever go to heaven?"

"No; they are too naughty."

"Does pa' ever tell lies?" he asked.

"I am afraid," she replied, "that he sometimes tells things that are not so."

"Do you?" he anxiously enquired.

"Sometimes," said she, "I am afraid that I do."

"I do, too," replied the child, "and Uncle Charley does, and pretty much every body else does."

Sitting in a brown study, he suddenly exclaimed: "O, what a lonesome place Heaven must be; nobody there but God and George Washington."

"Pa!" anxiously enquired a child one December, "is it not almost time for Santa Klaus to come?"

The father, thinking it time to disillusion him, told him that Santa Klaus was not a real person, but only a fiction to disguise the gifts made by his parents. He heard it all with a gloomy countenance, and finally moved slowly toward the door. Then another thought arose and he paused.

"Pa!" said he, sadly, "is n't that Devil that you have been filling us with another Santa Klaus?"

To such a complexion the little ones are coming.

The rarest stage of matter is generally put down as the atom, but it is only assumed, and not known. At that point, indeed, matter would cease to be material. The elements are simply aggregations of the primal molecule, which are classified differently accordingly to their specific arrangement.

It is among the surprises which give a relish to history, that one age not only reverses the verdict of another, but that the by-word of one generation becomes the glory of the centuries which follow.—*Ian Maclaren*.

HOPE AND EFFORT.

Hope is of the valley; Effort stands
Upon the mountain top, facing the sun;
Hope dreams of dreams made true and great deeds done;
Effort goes forth, with toiling feet and hands,
To attain the far off sky-touched table lands
Of great desire; and, till the end is won,
Looks not below, where the long strife, begun
In pleasant fields, met torrents, rocks and sands.
Hope; but when Hope bids look within her glass,
And shows the wondrous things which may befall,
Wait not for destiny, wait not at all;
This leads to failure's dark and dim morass;
Sound thou to all thy powers a trumpet call,
And, staff in hand, strive up the mountain pass.

—*New York Tribune.*

The being which has obtained harmony, and every being may attain it, has found its place in the order of the universe, and represents the divine thought at least as clearly as a flower or a solar system. Harmony seeks nothing outside itself. It is what it ought to be; it is the expression of right, order, law, and truth; it is greater than time, and presents eternity. *Henri-Frederic Amiel.*

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THE OCCULT MEANING OF SOME WORDS.

BY DOCTOR FRANZ HARTMANN.

"Where intellectual conceptions fail, words
come in very conveniently."—*Goethe, "Faust."*

To every one accustomed to look beyond the mere surface of daily life, it must be clear that many of the words and expressions commonly used have a far deeper meaning than what is usually attributed to them, and that a true understanding of the real meaning of certain words would lead up to a higher state of evolution. We all speak sometimes wiser than we know, and there is no reason why we should not know the wisdom which we speak; but we live in an age in which the reasoning faculty is the supreme object of worship, while true spirituality and clear perception of truth is lost in the clouds. Some rashly reject or refuse to test anything that cannot at once be grasped by the mind, while others are contented with a merely superficial aspect of things, never dreaming that within some dark and deceptive shell may be discovered a luminous kernel of real truth. Moreover, there are thousands of things which claim our attention, so that we rarely find time to examine closely that which is nearest to us.

If we speak of a table, a clock or a telegraph wire, every one knows what we mean, because everybody has seen such things and knows what they are; but when we speak of religious matters or use words

expressing states of the soul or conditions of soul life, errors and misunderstandings appear, because nobody can actually know or realize a state which he has never entered and experienced, and that which belongs to the life of the soul will necessarily remain hidden or "occult" to those in whom the life of the soul has not yet awakened. Likewise, a merely external or intellectual study of things divine and spiritual, will at best lead to the formation of theories, unless it is accompanied by the practical development of the power of spiritual perception; for only like can grasp like; theories and opinions are playthings for the intellect; that which is truly spiritual can be grasped only by the real spirit of man.

First of all, the term "occult" is very much misunderstood. Many believe that the "study of occultism" consists in investigating the phenomena of spiritism, inventing theories for their plausible explanation. This seems to me a very low order of occultism. There are two classes of things which are "occult" or hidden from us; namely, those which we do not know intellectually, but which might so be known, and those which cannot be known intellectually, because they transcend the power of comprehension of the human intellect and can be known only spiritually. To use the language of the occultists, we may say that the former come within the grasp of *Kama Manas*, the latter belong to the dominion of *Budhi Manas;* the one is terrestrial or human knowledge, the other celestial or angelic wisdom; and where the power of terrestrial reasoning ceases, there the realm of truly spiritual or occult knowledge begins.

This is truly "occult" or religious knowledge and incomprehensible to all who have no real religious sentiment in their hearts. The word "*Religion*" is itself a very much abused and misused term, understood by few. In its real meaning it is identical with "spiritual self-knowledge," for it refers to the understanding and practice of that which binds mortal man to his divine and immortal spirit. "To have religion" does not merely mean to give credit to certain religious doctrines or to practice the ceremonies and be devoted to the interests of some church; but it does mean to have the power to realize the presence

of God and to obey his laws. The divine knowledge arising from such a religion is not a science of the lower mind, but of the "angel in man." For this reason St. Paul says: "I am not speaking to you of the world, nor of the wisdom of the great ones of this world, which perish" (meaning the great intellectual reasoners who are without any real knowledge of truth), "but of the secret, hidden (occult) wisdom of God" (in the great original "*Theosophia*") which none of the great ones of this world has ever known."

The most occult of all things is the "*Truth.*" Who but those who have attained a real knowledge of truth could know what that word means? The question: "What is truth?" has often been asked, but the questioner must find the answer himself. Truth is *Reality,* but how could the Reality of the Real be explained if nothing real is known? If the truth would rest upon some proof, the proof would be higher than the truth. Truth is self-existent, self-evident and its own proof. Even if we wish to prove a thing to be true, we must start from some basis known or supposed to be true. We may by reasoning and inference arrive at some probability of a truth; but the truth itself can be known only by its own revelation. It is like a light which is no light for us if we are not able to see it.

Philosophers speak about "*The Absolute.*" We may talk about it, but our theories are like the speculations of persons trying to form an opinion of what may be at the other side of an impenetrable wall; for the absolute has no relation to anything, and cannot be conceived intellectually. Absolute love, absolute goodness, etc., may be attained and realized by abandoning all thought of self; but they can neither be grasped by the intellect nor demonstrated. The Absolute is the Real and can be known to us only when its presence becomes manifest in our consciousness. No one doubts the presence of "*Space,*" for we live and move in it; nevertheless it is intellectually inconceivable; we cannot conceive universal space as being limited nor form a conception of its infinity.

The same may be said about "*Eternity.*" It is often supposed to be a succession of times without end; but eternity is not time, it is not

motion; it is that from which the motion of time arises; the ocean, from which the rivers flow. Only that which is eternal within ourselves can become conscious of the meaning of "eternity."

Thus it is, also, with "*Immortality.*" No amount of argument or external proof of a continuance of the life of the soul after the death of the physical body can make us realize our own immortality. True knowledge of immortality is born only when that which is immortal in us awakens to the realization of its own being.

Books upon books have been written about "*God,*" some trying to prove, others to deny his existence; nevertheless it is certain that none of these writers have ever been able to form a true intellectual conception of the meaning of that term; because, a god comprehensible to the human mind would be less than a man and could not be the God of the universe. God can be known only to himself. The word "*comprehend*" means to "embrace" or "enclose"; the insignificantly little cannot enclose the infinitely great. We can realize the presence of God as we realize the presence of space, but we can neither grasp him with our intellect, nor describe him correctly. God can be known only by "*Faith*"; but this term does not, as many suppose, imply merely a certain opinion or a mental assent to some doctrine or theory, nor the belief in the truth of some supposed historical evidence; it means, as St. Paul says (I. Corinth, ii., 5) that self-reliance, "which is based in the power of God." The true faith arises from the realization of the action of this divine power within ourselves.

A great deal might be said about the often abused and much misunderstood term "*Spirit,*" and a closer investigation would show that a great many things are called "spirits," which in reality have no spirit at all. The source of the greatest evils of our modern civilization is the fact that true spirituality is almost unknown and scientific learning mistaken for it. Nevertheless these two are as decidedly different from each other as love and argumentation. Spirituality refers to that which is refined, noble, grand and exalting, while the intellect without spiritual intelligence is low, narrow and material. Spirituality is divine and pure, while an overgrown intellectual ac-

tivity has a downward tendency, and scientific attainments do not include selfishness and rascality.

Nowhere do we find more confusion and error than in dealing with religious terms. A doctrine may contain the highest wisdom and be highly useful, or embody the blackest lie and be pernicious, according to the way in which it is applied. A "*prayer,*" consisting in that opening and elevation of soul which enables the light of divine truth to manifest itself in the mind is sublime and elevating; it is the greatest treasure in the possession of man; but the "prayer" which seeks to make divine powers subservient to our temporal interests is low and degrading. Teachings in regard to "*Self*" may be perfectly true if applied to the real self, but false and misleading if we refer them to our temporal and illusive self. For this reason it was taught ages ago that the power to discriminate between the durable and the non-enduring is the first requirement for the attainment of real knowledge, and the recognition of the true self is the corner-stone of the true church of Christ and the key to all mysteries. In the life of the recognition of the true self, the illusion of self disappears like a shadow in the light of the sun. But this recognition is difficult to attain.

C. C. Monay says: "Whence is the power of standing outside myself, of recognizing the worthlessness of the pseudo judgments, of the prejudices with their lurid coloring of passion, of the temporal interests, of the ephemeral appetites, of all the sensibilities of egoism, to which I nevertheless surrender myself? Through and above this troubled atmosphere I see a being, pure, passionless, rightly measuring the proportions and relations of things, for whom there is, properly speaking, no present with its phantasms, falsities and half truths; who has nothing personal in the sense of being opposed to the whole of the related personalities; who *sees* the truth rather than struggles logically toward it, and truth of which I can at present form no conception; whose activities are unimpeded by intellectual doubt, unperverted by moral depravity, and who is indifferent to results, because he has not to guide his conduct by calculation of them, or by any estimate of their value. I look upon him with awe, because in being passionless

he sometimes seems to me without love. Yet I know that this is not so; only that his love is diffused by its range and elevated in abstraction beyond my gaze and comprehension. And I see in this being my ideal, my higher, my only true, in a word, my immortal self." Thus we see that the term "self-love" has two interpretations. In one of its aspects it means a contemptible egoism, in its other aspect the divine love of our divine ideal, our God.

Another term about the profound meaning of which we are extremely ignorant as "*Man*"; because to arrive at a perfect understanding of it, we would have to attain to the end and aim of our evolution, which is perfect self-knowledge. Millions of human beings are in this world, claiming to be "men"; but there are few who realize what "manhood" in its highest aspect means. Perfect man is a conscious inhabitant of the interplanetary spheres, a creator of worlds and lord over all the spirits and powers of nature, even while his "shadow," his physical body, walks upon this earth; but the "man" of our "natural science" is merely an intellectual animal; a shadow of the real man.

Nothing shows more clearly that we are leading only a sort of a dream-life than the fact that we only half understand the meaning of the terms referring to our states and conditions and to the powers we are supposed to possess. We speak of "love" and "hope," of "will" and "imagination," of "knowledge," etc., and are not able to realize their real nature, because we know only their shadows, but do not possess the true powers. We cannot grasp things which we cannot feel. We speak of "*love*" and feel only desire; but desire for possession is only the reflected image of love. We speak of "*hope*" and believe it to be "the confident expectation of some benefit to arise"; but it is only our illusive self that hopes for some benefit; he in whom the star of real hope has risen finds in that power itself the fulfillment of his aspirations.

With many persons the terms "*imagination*" and "fancy" are almost identical. They say that this or that thing is only "imaginary," and mean it to be only a dream. But "imagination" in its real

sense means the power to form images in our mind, and of the very substance of the mind; and there is nothing more real for us than "mind." Our universe is the product of the creative power of will and imagination, and if we were in the possession of this truly magical power, we might project the pictures formed in our mind and render them objective, material and visible to others. This power is even now in possession of some yogis or adepts; but with the majority of people "to imagine" is only to dream.

Similar remarks might be made about the "*will.*" In its true sense this word signifies a creative power, a spiritual force, by which all the powers of nature can be subjugated and controlled; but what we call "willing" is often a mere wishing. We cannot control the forces of nature around us by the exercise of our will, because our will has not yet attained the power to control the forces of nature within our own constitution; we are subject to the will of these forces and obedient to the dictation of the desires created by them in our body, instead of being the master of this creative, preserving and destructive force, and thus "our will" is in reality not our own.

We are proud of what we call our "*knowledge,*" and fancy it to be the real thing, and the result is that even the true meaning of the term "real knowledge" is very seldom understood. A knowledge of the phenomena of nature without an understanding of the one Reality from which all external manifestations spring, is not real. What is generally regarded as "knowledge" consists of certain views, theories and opinions formed by deductions, inductions and inferences; while real knowledge is born only from the self-realization of truths. True knowledge can only be *self-knowledge;* we can really know only that which we know ourselves; to be informed about the knowledge of another does not constitute our own knowledge. We cannot have real self-knowledge of anything that does not form a part of ourselves. Real self-knowledge is the union of the knower with the known through the power of knowing; it means an identification of the investigator with the object of his investigation; a blending of the states

of consciousness of both. Such a blending is a spiritual one, and all real knowledge is therefore spiritual and not merely intellectual.

We speak of "*existence,*" and say that we exist; but it seems that our ancestors who discovered this term knew more about its true meaning than we do. They used to call things by their right names. The term "exist" from the Latin *ex,* out and *est,* is, evidently means "to be out." Out of what? Evidently did the things which exist come out of the unmanifested state; they were contained as ideas in the universal mind and projected into outward existence. Thus the word "existence" suggests a whole system of philosophy and gives us a key to the mystery of creation.

There are many words and expressions which would open before us new regions of truth, if we would only make up our mind to grasp their real meaning. "*To make up one's mind*" does not mean merely to form a purpose or to suggest to oneself a certain act, such as abandoning a bad habit. If we actually make up our mind to do a thing, it is already half done; for "to make up one's mind" means to open a hole in the shell of darkness which surrounds the mind and to let in a new ray of truth, which comes like a new revelation. There are many things which we cannot accomplish, mainly because we are too weak to make up our mind to accomplish them.

Let us look at the word "*dissolute.*" If any one invented it, he must have had a great deal of metaphysical knowledge. "Dissolute" means a state of solution, the antithesis of solidity, and what expression could better describe a state of a person who by debauchery and sensuality or anger disperses into space the powers which ought to go to give him firmness in his character and to build up his individuality. An expert in such matters says: "The astral body of the inner man must grow as something different from the physical body, with which it is, however, intimately connected. This process goes on very slowly and gradually. A fit of anger or some other passion breaks the newly-formed force, and the 'double' flies back into its old chains. The astral body may have begun to become consolidated; but some old sensual habit appears again and draws out of it the already

accumulated substance, and all the previous labor is lost." Thus it will be seen that the term "*dissolution*" actually means what it expresses—namely, a dissolution of the "inner man," which is necessarily followed by disease, and ultimately by the dissolution of the physical body.

The antithesis of "dissolution" is expressed by the term "*concentration*" or "*interior recollection.*" Both of these terms are very often used, and very seldom understood. Both refer to states which are not properly understood unless they are properly practiced, and their proper practice is impossible without a proper understanding.

Thus we might continue this examination at any desirable length and find a great many words in our language representing ideal states which are only half-understood because we have not yet attained these states; but enough has been said to call the attention to the occult meaning of those words, and to the necessity of their thoughtful consideration.

FRANZ HARTMANN, M. D.

"PETER" IDENTIFIED.

Some years ago the late Professor J. B. Turner read a paper upon "Christ and Creeds" before the American Akadémé at Jacksonville, Illinois. In it he took the position that the word "church" (or ekklesia) never escaped Christ's lips, and that he never contemplated any religious organization or hierarchy. The paragraph relating to Peter and the Rock on which the Church was to be built, he declared to be "a self-evident interpolation." It must be acknowledged that if the whole of it should be expunged, the chapter would exhibit a consecutiveness which now seems to be interrupted.

It is worthy of notice that the name Peter, or Petros, so far as appears, was not a common appellation, either among Semitic or Greek-speaking peoples. Even its radical, *petra,* was less in use than the terms *eben* and *lithos,* as designating a rock or stone, or even

the Aramæan word, Kipha (Kephas.) These considerations warrant a closer investigation for the meanings in which the term "Peter" was employed.

It appears to be originally a Semitic word, and to signify an interpreter of oracles. It is used in that sense in the Hebrew text of the forty-first chapter of the Book of Genesis. The account is given there of the dreams of two officers of the household of the King of Egypt, who had been confined in prison with Joseph, then the slave of Potiphar. They were thoughtful and sad, and he inquired the reason. "And they said unto him: 'We have dreamed a dream and there is no interpreter' (or *peter*). And Joseph said unto them: 'Do not interpretations [*petronim*] belong to God?'" After he had explained the dream of the chief butler, the chief baker was encouraged, seeing "that the interpretation [*peter*] was good." The *peter*, in this case Joseph, was the interpreter, and the *petron* was his interpretation.

This latter term is the same, with only a dialectic difference, as *petroma*, the designation of the two tablets of stone employed at the Eleusinian Initiatory Rites. These Rites were adopted from Asia, and the retaining of the terms was a proper thing. That the tablet was of stone, making it a *petroma* in the two-fold meaning of the term, was in accord with ancient custom. The pun served to help the memory and deepen the emotion of the candidate. "Then, led into the presence of the Hierophant, he reads to us from a book of stone things which we must not divulge on pain of death."* It may also be remarked that the title of "hierophant," meaning a pontiff, or instructor in Sacred Mysteries, is the equivalent of *peter* in the Greek language.

Several oracle-towns bore names derived from this term. The home of the prophet Balaam was at Petur, or Pethor, on the Euphrates in Mesopotamia. There was a temple of Apollo, with an oracle at Patara in Asia Minor, as also at Patrai in Achaia. The priests of Apollo among the Gauls were called *patarae* or *peters*, and it is not altogether

*H. M. ALDEN: Volume IV. of *Atlantic Monthly*.

improbable that the title of *pater* or *father* given to a priest may have that origin.

In oriental words, little account may be taken of the vowels, as they are mostly supplied by translators.

The Greek term *petra* denoted a rock, and especially a rock containing a cave. Petra in Idumæa was a city of excavations. The earlier sanctuaries were caves, and these sacred grottoes are found as far as Norway. Porphyry declares that the Persian divinity Mithras was born in a cave, and classic writers describe the Olympian Zeus, or Supreme Being, as nurtured in a cave in Kreta; and Minos, his son, a priest, was fabled to resort there to receive inspiration from him to write his laws. The humorous author "Mark Twain," in his most remarkable book has noted the fact that the various sacred places in Palestine, as they are now indicated, are all of them caves; as, for example, the abode in Nazareth, the birthplace at Bethlehem, the Holy Sepulchre, etc. Elijah, the prophet, is also described as having had a sacred vision at the cave in Mount Horeb. It is after the same order that the Mithraic Rites, evolved from a combination of the Zoroastrian cult with some part of the Chaldæan religion, should also be celebrated in Sacred Caves, either subterranean or constructed as if beneath the earth.

The early Secret Rites, the Mysteries, were very similar in form and character over the oriental world. Hyslop, in his work, the "Two Babylons," describes Babylon as their source, quoting the prophet Jeremiah: "Babylon hath been a golden cup in the Lord's hand, that hath made all the earth drunken. The nations have drunken of her wine; therefore the nations are mad." Presuming this hypothesis to be correct, it would be probable that Semitic terms employed then would be found in the arcane rites of other countries. The term *petra* would often designate the cave-temple, and *peter* would be the title of the hierophant.

The Rites of Mithras, as modified at Babylon, were introduced into Rome after the conquest of Pontos and the Pirate Dominion by Pompey; and the Rev. C. W. King further declares that "during the

Second and Third Centuries of the Empire, Serapis and Mithras may be said to have become the sole objects of worship in the remote corners of the Roman world." This worship long survived in Rome under the Christian Emperors, and longer still in the Provinces. The "Cave" at Rome was overturned, broken, and destroyed by the Prefect Gracchus, about the year 400. The probability that these rites had been largely tinctured with the Assyrian intermixture would be evinced by the use of Semitic terms like *peter* to designate the hierophant or pontiff, and *petra* or "cave" as the temple where they were observed. This would make plain the sense and purpose of the text which Professor Turner so strenuously insisted had been surreptitiously foisted into the Eighteenth Chapter of the Matthæan Gospel: "Thou art Peter [the hierophant and Supreme Pontiff], and upon this rock [*petra* or sacred cave] I will build my church."

After the worship of Mithras had been SUPERSEDED at Rome and the Cave was demolished, the Roman Bishop became the successor of the *peter* or pontiff, and the ekklesia or college was established over the ruined faith. Accordingly the old rites, the former festivals, like Christmas and Sunday, the processions and observances, and even the organization, were adopted from the former worship, while the pagani or peasantry, and others adhering to the ancient ways, were outlawed as heretics and magicians, persecuted without mercy, and massacred by tens of thousands.

Nevertheless, the Stone which these builders reject is yet to become the head of the corner. EPHOROS.

THE EVOLUTION OF MENTAL SCIENCE.

A great wave of metaphysical thought is sweeping across the world to-day. This metaphysical movement has many forms and names; you will hear of it as the "New Thought," "Christian Science," "Divine Science," the "Science of Life," "Mental Science," etc.; but under whatever name it comes, it is a phase of the mental awakening which is at present affecting profoundly and permanently every institution and every aspect of modern life.

In the church there are empty pews, and preachers without pulpits are giving less time and thought to the salvation of others since they are brought face to face with the question of their own salvation. They see their former members straying away after strange gods. The metaphysician comes boldly into the church and forms a "Don't worry" society, which, strange to say, proves infinitely more attractive and beneficial to its members than the prayer-meeting or the hysterical revival. A large per cent. of those who, for appearance sake, remain in the church are strongly tinctured with the new mental "heresy" and are of little service to the church itself, and the church feels a loss of vitality in every department of its work.

In the medical world the orthodox physicians are in as serious a dilemma as the preachers. There is no village so small, no community so conservative that news of the New Thought is unknown there. Everywhere you will find a band of scientists, and everywhere you will hear a wonderful story of some healing accomplished by mental means after the best doctors had failed. Many of the medical colleges are adding departments of psychology to their courses of study, and the heads of the colleges frankly admit that they are doing this in order to keep their youthful graduates from "starving" on account of the omnipresent metaphysical healer. The crowning acknowledgment of the ascendancy of mental healing is the strenuous

efforts of the doctors to suppress such healing by law. The law is never invoked except in serious cases; and the legal fight against metaphysical healing is the highest tribute that the medical profession could render it.

In the realm of letters metaphysical influence is even more marked. Not only has the metaphysical movement a voluminous literature of its own, but it is modifying the character of current literature and making the producers of that literature the unconscious heralds of the New Thought. Readers unacquainted with mental science will frequently find themselves under the spell of some book whose charm is wholly new and, to them, unexplainable. The mental scientist who reads the same book knows at once the secret of its charm, and recognizes the author as one who has come into touch with the most inspiring thought-current of modern times. As for the writing of the professed metaphysician, they are beyond criticism. Crude in style though they may sometimes be, lacking, perhaps, in literary finish and in that indescribable quality which comes from literary culture, there is yet a fascination about them which compels the interest and admiration of every reader who is not hopelessly commonplace and unimaginative; for it is only the commonplace type of mind that sees nothing in mental science.

There are two great charms which the metaphysical book or essay never lacks; these are originality and enthusiasm. Either of these would be richness enough, and the two combined are sufficient to cover a multitude of faults. A little grotesqueness, a rhetorical blunder or even a piece of downright bad English may pass unchallenged, if only the writer has something new to say and can say it with the fervor born of a faith founded on actual knowledge. The reading world is tired of the utterance of the *blasé* writer who takes up his pen to tell us how mean a thing is life, what poor, weak fools we mortals be, and how heartily sick we all ought to be of the business of living. All the culture and all the graces of style that a writer can muster will not avail to hold a reader's attention if he has nothing better to tell us than these ancient lies of orthodox thought.

But the man or the woman who can say to us, and say it as one having authority: "You are opulent. All things are yours. The universe exists for you. There is nothing that stands between you and the realization of your true hopes and desires. You are one with the Infinite Life. All power is vested in you. The Law waits to do your bidding. You can turn the Ideal into the Real by the power of thought. You are master of your circumstances. Nothing but good can come to you."

The masters of romance might well lay down their pens to listen to the unlettered one who delivers such a message as this to a hungry and hopeless age. Mankind has been dying for lack of such life-giving ideas, and—I say it once again—the writings of the sincere metaphysician are above criticism. The treasure they hold is so great that only a fool will find fault with the earthen vessel. No magazines have a wider circulation than the metaphysical magazines; the number of these magazines is daily increasing, and their readers are not eccentric, half-witted cranks, but men and women of well-balanced minds, and often possessing the highest degree of culture.

No great novelist or poet has yet appeared among metaphysical writers; the essay is the most frequent and the most successful form of metaphysical writing. But the romance and the poem will appear in good time. Helen Campbell has rightly denounced the flood of occult literature, which is often confounded with the New Thought literature, and which is advertised by New Thought periodicals. These trashy books are to the New Thought what the dime novel is to the literary world. Every New Thought editor should banish from the pages of his periodical everything that lowers the dignity of the movement, and there should be an increasingly high standard set for the metaphysical writers, especially in the realms of fiction and poetry.

What is the origin of the New Thought or Mental Science? The preacher will tell you that the people have forsaken the God of their fathers and are running after strange gods, and that the whole movement is of the devil; and he will point to his empty pews as proof of his assertions. The doctors say that ignorance is the foundation

of this new "craze," and they want stringent laws to prevent the dear people from going astray through ignorance. They hold up appalling accounts of some sick person who has died under mental treatment, and they descant on the superior advantages of death under the surgeon's knife, or by an overdose of morphine, or by slow drug poisoning, or any other form of orthodox medical treatment. To the thoughtless observer Mental Science is merely a fad furnishing good material for the funny paragrapher, and he does not credit the Mental Scientist with the average amount of brains.

But here and there you will find a shrewd observer, wholly unprejudiced, either for or against Mental Science; and from such a person you will learn the real origin of the New Thought—namely, that it is *the outcome of the conflict between Science and dogmatic Religion.*

That conflict is still going on, but every day is marked by some surrender on the part of Religion to Science. For instance, Canon Wilberforce recently preached a sermon in which he described prayer and its results as a phase of "wireless telegraphy"; "intercession is a current of the breath of God starting from your own soul and acting as a dynamic force on the object for which you pray. . . ." Such forces do exist—call them thought-transferences, psychic sympathy, spiritual affinity, or what you will. These forces of influence between man, acting independently of distance, are rapidly claiming recognition from the physical investigator. Why should not intercession be one of these secret affinities, appertaining to the highest part of man, and acting by divine natural law, directly upon the object prayed for, originating from the divine nature in you, and passing full of the infinite resources of God, directly to the one for whom you pray?"

The mind that throws off the yoke of dogmatic religion demands instinctively some ethical system to take the place of the one abjured. "Science alone," as the great agnostic Darmesteter says, "cannot satisfy the human mind." Even Huxley declared that he would rather a child of his should have religious training with a strong flavor of dogmatism thrown in than no religious or ethical training at all. M.

Henri Constant, the French savant, in a recent work on the religion of the future expresses the same views. Believing that dogmatic religion is in a state of hopeless decadence, he believes, too, that "the sterile negations and still more brutal affirmations of materialism will never satisfy the human intellect." The religion of the future as he sees it will be a blending of "the philosophy of the Neo-Platonists and the doctrines of the Orient, supplemented by numerous contributions from the virile intellect and spirit of the West, including much from physical science, from spiritualism and from such schools of thought as that of *the new metaphysical or mental science movement.*"

M. Constant's prophetic articles of faith are extremely interesting, especially the first three, whose ideas, if not their exact phraseology, are thoroughly in accord with scientific thought. "A Supreme Intelligence rules the world," he says; "and in the universe, for the universe, through the universe, this intelligence or law is objectified." "All creations develop themselves in an ascending series without a break in the continuity. The mineral realm passes into the vegetable, the vegetable into the animal, and this into the human, with no sharply marked lines of distinction." "The soul (or mind) is elaborated in the midst of the rudimentary organisms. That it might become what it now is in man it had to pass through all the natural kingdoms. A blind and indistinct force in the mineral realm, individualized in the plant, polarized in the sensibility and instinct of the animal, the soul tends unceasingly toward that conscious monad in its slow elaboration until at last it reaches man. . . . But at every step the mind fashions and prepares its material garb."

The rest of the articles of belief point toward the theories of Theosophy and Spiritualism, and M. Constant does not seem to have grasped the ideas of perpetual youth and bodily immortality, which, if made practical, render reincarnation superfluous.

Some scientists object to calling Mental Science a religion. They object to the word religion as they do to the word "god." Yet there is no nobler word, if its true meaning be apprehended. It has been degraded so long by application to dogmatic theology that only a

scholar understands its original significance. It is from *re* (again) and *ligere* (to bind); literally a *binding again,* a binding of the heart and conscience to the highest ideals of thought and conduct, not a binding of the reason to blind superstition and igrorance. Mental Science does not mean moral license. On the contrary no ethical system insists more strenuously on "the eternal verities" than does the New Thought, and none holds out greater inducements to right living and greater punishments for wrong living.

The metaphysician stands between the orthodox preacher and the orthodox doctor. The former says: "Come to me, poor sinner, and I will show you how to heal your sin-sick soul. I can't do anything for your sick body. You'll have to hobble through life with your rheumatism and worry along with your dyspepsia until you drop this 'vile body' and get hold of a spiritual one to take into the New Jerusalem." The doctor says: "Come to me, and bring your sick bodies. I have rheumatism and dyspepsia myself, and if I can't cure myself it isn't likely that I can cure you. But I can write you a Latin recipe, and my friend the druggist will fill it for you, and if you continue to suffer, and finally die, you will have, at any rate, the satisfaction of knowing that you are under 'regular treatment.'" The metaphysician says: "Come and be ye transformed bodily by the renewing of your mind. 'For as he (man) thinketh in his heart, so is he.' As your mind is, so will your body be; for body and mind are one, so closely are they wedded. You cannot be healed of your bodily infirmities until you are healed of your mental infirmities. You may give up your belief in the reality of sickness; you can get rid of your worries, your fears, your griefs, your hatreds, your unreasonable dislikes, your mean prejudices, your intellectual narrowness, your false creeds; you may and can believe in the good, hope for good, find good in everything; open your mind to new truth, and thus finding wholeness of mind, you will be whole in body also."

Could any rational being hesitate one moment over these three offers? "I have found the religion I have been looking for all my life," said one enthusiastic convert to the New Thought; and it is the

experience of thousands who have dropped dogma and taken in its place the Science of Mind. Between dogmatic "religion" and science there has always been a conflict; but between the New Thought religion and science there is eternal harmony, for this is a religion that is founded on science itself.

So much for the evolution of Mental Science from an intellectual and theological standpoint. What is it, now, from a medical standpoint? It is an impossible task to enumerate the gross absurdities and superstitions that in all ages have gone under the name of "medical science" and flourished under the protection of law. One by one they have died out, and to-day in the medical field the most conspicuous figures are the Allopathic and the Homeopathic doctor; these representing the Old School and the New School of medicine. Mental healing followed naturally in the wake of the conflict between these two, and the as yet partial victory of the latter. Hahnemann declared that disease is "a manner of thought, a way of thinking." He taught that the bodily symptoms were only the outward manifestations of a mental disorder. In making his remedies he extracted what he called the "spiritual dynamics" of each plant or drug, and when he made his patients swallow these he expected this spiritual dynamics to reach the soul, "the essential ego," by way of the stomach and other bodily organs.

Hahnemann's principles have undergone a great modification at the hands of his present day followers. There is as much difference between the modern and the ancient variety of Homeopathy as there is between the Methodism of to-day and the Methodism of Wesley's day. What would be thought of a regularly licensed Homeopathic doctor who said to his patient: "Your disease is only a manner of thought—'a modality of the essential ego'; it is only your mind that is sick, and when that is cured, your body will be all right. I am going to give you the spiritual potency of a certain plant, and when you take it into your body, it will get to your 'essential ego,' and you will be well." A Homeopathic doctor who thus laid bare the fundamental principles of his school would find himself in straitened and

embarrassed circumstances. "I might as well have a mental healer and be done with it," would be the conclusion of any reasoning patient. Hahnemann's theory of disease is the same as that of the metaphysician. But the latter reasons that if disease is a manner of thought, then thought can most surely and quickly cure it. This is the "Similia similibus curantur" of Mental Science.

A lady physician of the Homeopathic school was once talking to me about the superiority of her school to any other, and particularly the metaphysical school. "I had a friend in Boston," she said, "who wanted me to study mental healing, but"—and she shook her head with an air of superior wisdom—"I wanted to know all about the body." I looked at her in silent amazement. Why should a graduate of Homeopathy consider it all-important to know about the body, when the Homeopathic theory of disease declares it to be only a manner of thought?" Do Homeopathists really know what their school of medicine teaches in regard to disease and its cure? Do they know, when they swallow their sugar pills, that they are taking nothing material except the sugar? Do they know that the medicine itself is only the spirit, or as Hahnemann put it, "the spiritual dynamics," that is power or potency, of some herb or drug? Do they know that the great Hahnemann allowed no impure person to prepare these potencies, since he believed that the emanations from the mind and body of such a person would impair the purity and power of the spiritual potencies thus extracted?

It is very important that these facts should be known, and that Mental Science should be known as the next evolutionary step after Homeopathy. This school of medicine has had as hard a fight against ignorance and prejudice as Mental Science is now having. Only a few months ago the Legislature of South Carolina passed a bill legalizing the practice of Homeopathy in that State. Oliver Wendell Holmes exhausted his powers of satire in denouncing the New School of medicine. And if the Legislatures of our various States have legalized a school which teaches that disease is a way of thinking, to be cured by a spiritual dynamics of a plant or drug, doesn't it seem reasonable

to suppose that the day is not far off when our lawmakers will see the advisability of legalizing the school of Metaphysical Healing, which gives the same definition of disease and differs from Homeopathy only in curing by the spiritual dynamics of thought.

The spirit of this metaphysical movement is expressed in one word—*Freedom;* and by this it is allied with every humanitarian movement of the present age. The woman movement and the labor movement, particularly, are branches of the New Thought movement, and Freedom is their watchword, too. It is a noticeable fact that the leaders in great humanitarian enterprises are men and women who have rebelled against dogma, and whether they know it or not, they are really in the New Thought.

In the old thought freedom had no place. The only being dowered with freedom was the personal god, who was untrammeled even by the moral law which he laid down for human beings, and who, "of his mere good pleasure," could be as unjust, as cruel, as whimsical as an untutored savage. But for man there was only slavery of body and mind. His natural impulses were denounced as sinful and ascetic repression was enjoined on him. Whichever way he turned, he was confronted with a "thou shalt not"; if he transgressed these, he was in danger of eternal damnation; yet he was required to believe that everything that happened had been predestined from all eternity by the will of a "just," "wise" and "loving" God. If he dared to question the truth of dogmatic theology, if he dared to listen to the voice of Science, or the voice of his own reason, the God in him, he was, figuratively speaking, taken up and shaken over the bottomless pit and introduced afresh to a personal devil. He knew no law except the law of sin and death. If sickness, trouble and death came to him, they were dispensations of a personal god or a personal devil, he never could say which, and the preachers themselves differed on this point. But, whichever it was, he had to submit; for what show had a poor mortal between two omnipotent, omnipresent deities like God and the Devil? His only hope lay in believing certain wholly unbelievable things, and,

on the strength of this belief, he expected to go to heaven when he died and find there compensation for all he had suffered on earth.

No wonder men are living longer these days. Length of life and all other good things come with freedom of thought. Using freedom of thought, man has come into every other sort of freedom. The only real slavery there is, is mental slavery. Man was enslaved for ages by his slavish thought of himself. The day that he thought rightly of himself was the day when he took his first step toward freedom.

Beginning by right thought about himself, man has made royal progress toward freedom from everything that would limit him in his unfoldment. He is winning freedom from ignorance, and that means freedom from fear, freedom from poverty, freedom from sickness, freedom from failure; in a word, it means making life what it should be—"an eternal joy."

We know what has produced the New Thought; now, what will the New Thought produce? is the next question for the believer in evolution. We are hearing much nowadays of a wonderful New Cycle that is about to begin. All classes of prophets, theosophical, scientific and occult, are making startling predictions that the near future is expected to fulfill. A multitude of influences and events converge in this New Cycle, but one stands out boldly among all the rest; and it is an indisputable fact that this strange New Cycle, with its undreamed glories, is to be largely the product of the Metaphysical movement or the New Thought. Every thinker of the New Thought may, therefore, have the consciousness that he is a factor in the mighty trend of affairs that has already wrought such marvels in man's life and that is destined to work still greater ones. The humblest Metaphysical student may know that every thought he thinks, every word he utters, every deed he does in the spirit of the Metaphysical movement is helping the world and hastening the consummation of the New Cycle's purpose, which is the realization of immortality in the flesh and the coming of the kingdom of heaven right here and now.

ELIZA CALVERT HALL.

THE WHITE STONE.

She was dead, my darling Elsa, my wife of a year; and I, how can I, even to a friend, tell my hopelessness, my utter, absolute despair? It was not the darkness of desolation, not the light's absence, but the eye to see existed no longer; hope was dead. I walked the earth that she had vivified, a mere mechanism of a man; my self, my soul, my heart, my real and only life wandered disembodied, seeking and not finding a trace of the vanished one in all the abysses of space.

I had remaining not a few good friends; but, alas! what is friendship when the heart calls for love? The taper's flicker to the broad midnoon.

One of these friends, the rector of the church Elsa had attended—sometimes with me, oftener alone—John Cortright, as good a man as lives, bade me take courage and bear the burden of life in the spirit of the gospel, and in the hope of a glorious immortality with her I loved.

I would not affront the good man by any denials, but I had no such hope; my love was dead eternally. I was an unbeliever, an atheist. From all the consolations of religion I was, by my doubts and denials, barred. Death was annihilation, the blowing out of the flame of a corrupting candle.

Another friend I had, Percival Arden, a professor of chemistry in the University of Argand. He, too, was an unbeliever, and many a time he and I had taxed the resources of science and of logic, striving for light upon that unluminous way that leads for all flesh down into the valley of the shadow.

For a time after Elsa's death I lost all interest in these questions. From both Cortright and Arden I turned away, my mental despondency and doubt so frozen in the arctic night of despair that no question of earth, life, death, or immortality had power to set flowing the warm currents of thought and reason.

But one night, a winter's night, when half a year had dulled a little the pain of my heart, we three (for we were all comrades, boyhood friends, whom not even the usual acrimony of religious difference

could divide) sat in Arden's pleasant library at the college, before a glowing fire, cigars lighted, and a little liquid cheer at our elbows.

At first all our talk was of commonplace themes,—this and that, as such talk goes, pleasant but meaningless, and not to dwell in the memory.

Then, as I recall it, real interest came with some discussion of a matter of electrical science, and from that merged into comparison of the new chemistry, the new geometry, and kindred themes, till the old question arose—the meaning of spirit, and Cortright, the ingenuous, earnest, devoted Christian, proved to be as materialistic by nature as Arden, the avowed atheist.

I will not tax you with my recollection of what was said till, having dwelt for some time on this subject from the moral side, Arden recalled us to earth and his way of looking at its problems by reading an extract from one of the daily papers.

Fortunately, I preserved the scrap, which at once aroused my interest. It ran as follows:

"Dr. Lannelougue, an eminent specialist in the children's hospital, Paris, has succeeded in the effort to give intelligence to a poor little idiot. The child, a little girl, four years old, had a deformed head, only about one-third the size of an ordinary little one of her age. She never smiled, never took notice of anything, and she could neither walk nor stand. The doctor became convinced that her condition was due to the abnormal narrowness of her head, which hindered the material growth of the brain. He made a long and narrow incision in the centre of the skull and cut a portion out of the left side of it, without injuring the 'dura mater.' The result of the operation was astounding. In less than a month the child began to walk. Now she smiles, is interested and plays with a doll."

"That," said Arden, when he had finished the perusal, "is the first glint of the dawn of the new philosophy, the door ajar into the mysterious chamber of life, where perhaps hereafter the scientist yet unborn may go in person to his own soul, and communicate directly with the soul of another."

A brisk argument ensued between my two friends, Cortright denying all that seemed to him inconsistent with that "gospel standard" to which he held with blind faith, and Percival as stanchly maintaining his ground, which he called "the solidity of fact."

"I believe," he said, "that the day will surely come, when, as easily as a surgeon now sets a broken limb, the future psychologist (psychology, now a theory, then a science), will take the disordered brain and restore its impaired functions to their normal state. Nay, more, that it will be possible to so rearrange the matter which is the implement of mind that a child, or even a grown up person, may be actually endowed by yet undiscovered processes with positive faculties."

"What!" exclaimed the rector; "do you mean make character?"

"Precisely; your child's, or, if you will, your own."

"Never!" responded Cortright, emphatically; "*that* all your science cannot do; we are and will be only what God has made us."

"And yet," said Percival, with a smile, "what was it you just told us of the power of the grace of God through Jesus? Was it not this very thing,—a renewing, you called it,—of the mind?"

"Ah, but I used the word in a very different sense; that renewal by grace is a spiritual renewal."

"And it is your idea that that which is spiritual cannot be scientific?"

"The gospel," responded Cortright, stanchly, "knows nothing of science, falsely so called; it is above all science."

"That is a hobby of the church," said Percival; "but, after all, is not science, by the very definition of the word, known truth?"

"And you claim that the future scientist can give a capacity lacking in the brain?"

"I do not know that we ought to say that in any brain any capacity is lacking. More probably we all inherit the same capacities, which in some minds are, perhaps, dormant."

"Will it be, do you think, that your future metaphysician can give a child the organ, for instance of calculation, or tune, or a capacity for mechanics, or art, or a taste for this, that, or the other?"

"I certainly believe it; that these or other faculties may be developed—I do not say given—although development would undoubtedly be as much a gift as a direct construction, as evolution is quite as clear a creation as if all things proceeded from the fiat in six days of a humanized Jehovah."

"But you forget how far-reaching such a theory would be; the same argument that would apply to an intellectual faculty would also logically apply to a propensity or a sentiment."

"Certainly."

"And would, if realized, destroy at one stroke all morality."

"Not at all."

"Of course it would; for if your suggested operations of fancy were realized, what would prevent your psychologist from making an honest man out of a thief?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing! Then where would be found room for accountability in man? Your theory makes him a mere mechanical monster."

"Not at all. In one sense he would still be that which he is now—a mechanism. But the sole moral result would be that his accountability would find room for free exercise with better utensils. His whole nature would be moved up onto a new plane, where he would be free to act, to resist or comply, to do or refrain, to be saint or sinner at the bidding of a volition, which no process could affect."

"All that is grossly material," said Cortright, impatiently. "Apart from the absurdity of the idea is its manifest casting out of all morality or religion."

"Given the will," said Arden; "it matters little to the argument upon what that will expends its power. A habitation may be of wood, or brick, or marble—hovel or palace. As to responsibility, if there were such people as nose menders, it would be sinful or shameful to have a 'snub' nose."

"Your remarks only serve to prove my point—that such a doctrine is essentially materialistic."

"Well, as you so frequently call my philosophy material, pray what is matter?"

Cortright laughed.

"There, if you please, I am willing to confess what in some respects our friend Genone says he is,—an agnostic."

"Pardon me, John," said I, my languid interest aroused by the turn of the conversation, "but I must confess Percy has struck out a new and entertaining path—"

"Don't call it a path; say, rather, a blaze—"

"Through the woods?"

"No," said John, "just call it a blaze. It may lead to that," he added, with a twinkle, "if you follow such foolish fancies."

For the first time in half a year I laughed.

About a fortnight after that evening, at about the same time of day, we three found ourselves again in the same place—Percy's library. This time there was another in our company, a tutor of mathematics in the college, a man of known and great ability in his profession, though several years our junior. His name was Cyril Brandon. I had known him during the three years or more that he had been at the college, and, while respecting his great talents, had conceived the idea that he was a mystic, an eccentric dabbler in the occult; a pleasant man socially, but one not to be encouraged as in any sense an expounder of truth.

I had not expected him there—he had, in fact, dropped in quite casually—and I was a trifle annoyed that we should be interrupted. However, I returned his greeting pleasantly, and, after a few words of explanation, Brandon resumed the conversation, in which, I plainly perceived, the others were intensely interested.

"So much, then, for theory," he said; "now let us be practical. Professor, have you a mirror handy?"

Percy brought one, a small glass in a plain walnut frame.

Brandon set it down on the table in front of us. Then, having wiped it carefully with a chamois skin, he said:

"Look at this glass attentively. Do either of you observe a particle of dust?"

We did not. Apparently, the glass was entirely clear.

After a few moments of waiting, Brandon said: "Look again, if you please, and tell me if you see a speck, no matter how minute."

The others saw nothing; but this time I said it seemed to me that a few particles had collected.

"Where?" said Brandon.

I pointed to a spot near the centre of the mirror.

"Is your eyesight perfectly good, Mr. Genone?" inquired Brandon.

My reply was that I sometimes found it convenient to use glasses.

"You can locate without them, however, one speck of dust?"

"Yes."

"Put on your glasses, please."

I did so.

"Yes," I said; "it is unmistakable—what I see is a minute particle of dust. I see it now easily."

"Look at it through this."

Brandon handed me a common magnifying glass. In its focus the speck was perceptible as a round grain of something white and glistening.

"Describe what it appears to be."

I did so.

"White, glistening, eh?" said Brandon.

"Professor, can you account for the presence of white, glistening particles in the atmosphere?"

"Possibly," replied Arden, "they come from the laboratory, but I should hardly think they could percolate so far; the laboratory, as you know, is at the end of a long corridor, with several doors between. Yesterday I lectured on the art of mortar mixing, and I remember we had some particularly fine white sand. This speck is probably a fragment."

So it proved to be. At Brandon's request several microscopes of varying powers were brought in, till in the focus of the great microscope —the most powerful known—that little particle loomed up a big rock of white, its facets seamed with figures, a miniature mountain of marble.

When we had each in his turn looked at it, Brandon resumed:

"The purport of what you have seen is evidently this,—that perception in man, as to eye-sight at least, is not a fixity. That which is barely visible to the uaided eye becomes a section of a cavernous mountain in the focus of this powerful microscope. Perception is, in fact, a relation between the subjective and objective. As power to perceive increases the object expands. I propose to show that this is true of infinite perception and that the objective infinitely expands; that—in a few words—it is as far to the centre of an atom as it is to the limit of the universe; for in infinity space is annihilated; there is no such thing as space in terms of spirit, or volition,—the third primal principle of all things."

"I fail to see how you can prove that," said I; "at best it is only an inference. With this microscope your ability to go further ends."

"You forget the spectroscope," said Arden.

"Yes," said Brandon, with a smile; "but I am not proposing to employ that. Now, Mr. Genone, as a philosophic doubter, you ought to be willing to investigate still further. If you are willing, I will bring you still nearer the heart of all things. If you choose, you may go in person where your sight has gone, and verify for yourself the statement I have made that progress is infinite. What do you say?"

"Is this to be a journey into the astral?" inquired Cortright; "is it a voyage of his mahatma you are proposing to our friend?"

Brandon frowned slightly. Then, going up to the clergyman, he laid his hand upon his arm.

"My friend," he said, soberly, "look me, please, straight in the eye."

Cortright complied, the earnestness of Brandon's manner sufficing to sober and silence him immediately.

"My purpose," he continued, "is not to toy with theories or juggle with words; it is rather,—if Mr. Genone will have it so,—to demonstrate to him the truth. You, of all others, Mr. Cortright, should understand the value of faith. Now I ask that,—faith that I can do what I promise. But, inasmuch as blind faith is only another word for credulity, I shall not ask it until after the demonstration, when Mr. Genone can speak from his own experience."

Then he turned to me.

"Are you willing?" he asked, quietly.

I was interested—so much so that my whole will assented when I answered, "Yes."

Hardly had the word passed my lips when I felt my nerves relax. Consciousness, like a bird, took flight.

Yes, consciousness, like a bird, took flight. I can compare the wonderful phenomenon to nothing else. I do not say it left me,—that would but feebly express the new, sudden, and startling sensation. It was veritably a sensation,—the sum and synthesis of all sensations, and yet,—paradoxical as it seems,—the annihilation of all sensation.

That which I had left was not I. The real I was unlocated—absolute; for a brief instant (as mortals reckon time) pure being, free, bright, hopeful, eager.

What follows would, I am sure, be wholly unintelligible if related in the pure and perfect language of spirit. I must, for the sake of comprehension, resort to the olden symbols—the jargon, meaningless to me now forever, of my earthly tongue.

How long it was till I began to awake from my trance I cannot say. I believe now the transition must have been practically instantaneous; then I deemed it long,—months, perhaps years. Then perception dawned. I saw—out of the violet darkness in which my soul was immersed, far, far away I became aware of a vague gleam of white. It grew and grew, bigger momentarily and more and more distinct. I recognized it, or, rather, was aware of it, knew it as the tiny white sphere, that from a speck of dust had grown in the focus of the compound microscope to a hill of marble. Now in reality, as before in the

vision of sight, it grew again. It drew near to me,—I flew towards it; we came together. First it was a far-away mountain on the horizon; then it loomed and grew till, dazzlingly radiant, it filled all the scope of what I must call vision.

Another moment, and as before I had been immersed in a conscious darkness, now I emerged into a conscious light. I touched the boundary of the sphere, what seemed a solid surface, that in a flash accompanied me. I exulted in an atmosphere of solid light, like a sea of glass mingled with fire.

I seemed to breathe again; I felt my feet tread down the velvet light like springing turf; a limpid stream gushed out from a white wall, at first all white,—the wall, the turf, the air, the cool, fresh waters; and then irridescent sparkles flashed and played on every side, and filmy clouds descended, joining the sparkling, flowing foam, from whose midst I heard voices singing sweeter melodies than ever I imagined possible, and a score of figures trooped forth to greet me, and with them,—oh, joy profound!—Elsa.

I tell you here the fact, the vast, certain fact; inconceivable it may be to you, almost,—even with the aid of all the lexicons of earth,—untellable by me.

Ah, that fair, delectable country which, once trodden by mortal, can be never more aught else but home. Some of you who read this brief account of a sublime experience may doubt and call the region memory, or sneer and call my great event a dream. Be it so, what matters the name that others give when one has himself known the truth?

Of Elsa, my darling, and the sweet commune of spirit in the land of spirit I shall tell no more; but of some things I learned while absent in (yes, if you choose, and if you will the more readily listen) my dream, I must for your own sake tell more.

I learned of the true meaning of the true life, of that common origin and common destiny which is their right who live and love. I learned how real is that eternal now, that infinite and ecstatic present, of which mortals speculate, theorize about, affect to believe in, do

believe in, always doubt concerning, or sneer at as the illusion of fantastic imagination, or a pitiful, tenacious grasp upon a hope of straw, a wish of sand.

I learned that life, with all its phenomena, was only a panorama of events, and of events of which we saw not even the reality, but solely the shadows; and above all the glorious fact, the truth transcendent, of love being lord of all.

When at last Elsa and I parted (for I must use that futile word) it was with the fullest realization that from henceforth and forever parting was impossible, separation inconceivable, distance a word unknown, and the mighty angel had sworn, by the life that liveth forever and ever, that time should no longer be.

So I returned to earth, nay, the earth returned to me; and my friends standing beside me, questioned, each in his own way, of what had happened. How could I answer? What is there even in this that I have written comprehensible to the reason of man? Only to him that overcometh is it given to know, and unto him shall be given a white stone, and in the stone a new name written.

HUDOR GENONE.

A DREAM OF MY SOUL'S REINCARNATION.

BY G. H. S. SOULE.

Last night I was sleeping in my accustomed place (my rooms in Boston), and I was feeling restless. Sleep did not come so readily as usual. In time, however, I became quiet, and was dropping off to sleep when a voice called, "Halloo."

I looked about my room, saw no one, yet was not surprised, and returned answer in like manner.

"Ah, I am glad you answered," said the voice; "you never have answered before, although I have called you three times, in different ages, and have been obliged to go away again; I never call you but once while you retain the same form. I am Ego Primus."

I looked once more about the room and saw, by the light of the street lamp which shone in my window, the figure of a middle-aged man seated in my armchair. I arose from my bed and stepped toward him.

"Pardon me," said I, "but, being somewhat drowsy, I did not catch your name."

"Ego Primus," replied my guest.

"If it were not unpardonable to pun upon a man's name," I answered, "I would suggest that you prefix to your name the title of *Ne plus ultra,* for, indeed, your name has a most self-satisfied tone."

"Ah! your love of wit, together with your ignorance, leads you astray," replied the stranger, somewhat ruffled by my joke. "You must understand that my name 'Ego Primus' signifies first I, and in relation to me you are Ego Quartus, or fourth I."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, "you mean that we are relations, that you are primus, secundus, tertius, quartus—the spirit of my great-grandfather. If that is the case, why not, instead of calling yourself Primus, say Ezra or William, John or Caleb, whichever one of my great-grandfathers you are, and who, I believe, were so named." And, feeling highly pleased with my wit, I should have laughed aloud had not the

expression on his face, even in so poor a light, showed the most perfect contempt and disgust at my words.

"Ah!" he said, "I begin to regret that I spoke to you, for you are more stupid than I thought you would be. Alas! I fear there must be a Quintus or even a Sextus. But come, Quartus, now that you have heard me speak when I called, I will carry out the rest of my plan; Secunda and Tertius are waiting for us down on the seashore; my horses are at the door. Let us ride to them and then have a sail in our boat. Now, don't waste time talking, but dress and let us be off, for it is more than an hour's ride even on my horses, and they are good ones."

Saying no more, I lighted my lamp, hastened to dress and, thinking of the ride before me, donned the suit I had worn a few hours before at polo. As I had first seen my guest he appeared clad in a loose flowing robe cut like my bath-robe, and held together similarly by a cord about the waist. But now as I looked at him the robe lay at his feet, where he had dropped it, and he stood forth clad in full armor of a pattern I had never seen before.

"Gad," I exclaimed. "Where in the d—l?"

"There, Quartus," he exclaimed; "that other garment was your bath-robe, which I threw on at first so that you would not be surprised. This always was my costume, so I wear it to-night. But come, the horses must be uneasy, for they have waited an hour. However, it might not be out of place if you wore the bath-robe, for I know not what Secunda will think of your present clothes, which, I confess, were never heard of in her day, or mine either."

Taking his words in good part, I laughed, turned down the light, opened the door and went across the hall, bidding him follow me into my salon. I opened the sideboard, and, taking out a bottle of brandy, asked him to take something to warm him up for his ride, for the night was chilly. While we drank I cast an envious eye on the armor he wore, thinking what an addition it would make to our family museum, and also how much more comfortable and presentable he would look in my last year's polo suit.

We rode at an easy lope, over the hill, through the business district and across the bridge at the north of the city. There Primus drew his horse to a walk, and, turning to me, said:

"Quartus, I called you stupid when we were first talking, and so you are; but I suppose you can learn if you try. Listen and I will try to make clear what we were talking about.

"To begin with, I am neither your grandfather nor your great-grandfather, nor do I know that you ever had any, except that men generally do. I trust, Quartus, that you are a Christian, for in being one you are fulfilling your part of the Eternal Fitness of Things. Considering you to be such, you believe in one God, who in the beginning was mind, possessed of supreme will power and great creative genius, as is manifested by the laws framed to govern the universe he created. Infinite ages were required to reduce the laws to a condition approaching perfection. During the process of perfection, Mind, or God, sent forth from Itself parts, here and there throughout the universe, to assume material form and through evolution to rise to the level of Mind once more, bringing with them strength gained through intercourse with the laws of the universe. The part was sent forth with will power and creative genius, but, being separated from Mind, was unable to depend upon it for shaping its course of action. The form assumed was that of a being like yourself, and in that form the part of Mind wandered upon the face of the planets, unable, through its solitude, to rise nearer to Mind, yet knowing that therein lay its duty. When one material form was exhausted the part of Mind was released and wandered till time had obliterated all knowledge of a former existence. Then it again assumed the human form and strove to rise to a higher level. By each journey the part is raised nearer its origin, but how many stages it must pass through to rise to the level of Mind, I know not, if even they are numbered; nor do I know, in passing from one planet to another in its evolution, how many it must pass to after it has reached the perfection of the last.

"This I know, that my Soul, which you possess, was a part of Mind sent forth on the journey of the planets to return at last to my

origin, Mind. Thus am I, Ego Primus, and I first assumed material form in Egypt, during the reign of Ptolemy I.

" I was more fortunate than some Souls, for I came into the body of a nephew of Ptolemy I. and was endowed with the greatest of all material blessings, a robust constitution. Then, being of the royal family, I was liberally educated, was well placed socially.

" You may wonder, Quartus, how I could approach God while I worshiped what you call heathen gods; but understand that the Universal Soul, and the Soul of Good, Mind or God, are one in all ages, in all conditions, whether worshiped in one form or another, or by whatever name called. Even in the Christian religion its adherents have believed that the devil assumed a multitude of forms—man, beast, bird, serpent and inanimate object; and yet was still the devil. And so, by obeying the dictates of the Soul and controlling the body by moral laws, man may rise to a higher plane, even though he look upon the planets or a crude image as the source of all power.

" You must not feel that you and I are one, Quartus, for although the Soul, which you possess, gave me birth, it passed from me long ages ago and went to Secunda, thence to Tertius and to you. Naught remains of Primus but memory, which was separated from Soul after my material form was exhausted, and I shall remain as long as the Soul remains on this planet, as a punishment for not rising higher and making Soul fitted for a higher state of existence. I have no Soul, no body; I know not what I am; the punishment I bear for clinging to earthly matters and neglecting my spiritual advancement is hard to bear; hence I have come to you to beg you to strive against earth, rise to a higher level, and free me from my imprisonment; for then only shall I be lost in oblivion.

" As to my life, it would do you no good to learn about it. I was a governor and a soldier; avarice and selfishness impeded my advancement in a higher way. My body fell in battle when in its prime. But we are nearly at our destination, and I believe I see Secunda and Tertius coming to meet us. Oh! you cannot see them till you have talked

together. You remember, you did not see me till we had conversed a few moments."

Seeing Primus dismount, I followed his example, and, drawing my arm through the rein, advanced beside him.

"Ah! he heard your voice and has returned with you," said two voices near by, and then one, soft and clear, yet mournful, continued: "Oh! my own, my spirit, immortal soul, what joy to feel again your presence after this endless wandering. Ah! this moment, the first of rest I have felt in these endless centuries."

"At last you are with me again," said the other. "Speak to me, let me hear your voice." "I had forgotten," said the first voice, "that you had not spoken before, and thus had not seen us. Look, we stand beside you, here."

Turning, I gazed in amazement upon my new companions, my brain reeling with excitement and a thousand questions coursing through my mind. "Who are you?" I gasped.

"I am Ego Secunda, the memory of your Soul's second experience after it had passed."

"Wait!" I expostulated. "I cannot listen. Let me think." I continued to look upon the figures about me, their form and face and garments. Nor did my wonder decrease, for each moment a multitude of new thoughts flooded my mind. Their contrast astounded me. There they stood beside me; Primus, his powerful form clad in armor; Secunda, a woman whose graceful figure was enveloped in the folds of the flowing robe of a Roman matron; Tertius, a man well advanced in years, yet erect of bearing, wearing the English citizen's dress of the middle of the present century. At length, overcome by excitement, I threw myself on the ground. Here was I, one of a group of four by which all physical laws were defied. Time was ignored; we represented the age of fable, ancient history, modern days and the present. And yet we had but one soul, and I possessed it; that Soul which had existed in the forms of those about me.

Rising to my feet, I looked toward Primus, and, seeming to gain confidence, said: "Let me, Primus, ask you a few questions."

"Ask, Quartus, but if they be of people or places, or even about Secunda or Tertius, I cannot answer, for, as I have told you, I am but a memory of your former existence. If in regard to your evolution, I can tell you the system, but not the process, unless it refers to me."

"Tell me, then, Primus," I asked, "how Secunda, a female, chanced to be one step in my evolution?" And, half amused at my question, he replied:

"You must know that the Soul knows not the distinction of sex, age, race nor time. Why should not the Soul be influenced as much by one sex as by another?"

"Tell me, then," I asked, "if your punishment is not greater than that of Tertius if you have wandered for centuries, while he has existed but a few years?"

"But stop, Quartus, for you must see that the intuitive ideas of a material existence are unknown to us. What is time or space or number to me, without a Soul to comprehend, or a body to feel? I am a vision of the past, living only to myself, in a solitude every moment of which is an eternity bounded neither by years nor centuries."

Turning to Secunda and Tertius, I said: "How were the Soul and memory separated in two or three years when Tertius died and the soul came to me, while between Secunda and Tertius nearly two thousands years elapsed?"

"Two or three years!" said Tertius. "I cannot understand you; I do not feel years; I lived—I was seventy when I died and seventy years was not long, but I have wandered here—ah! forever!"

"Come," interrupted Primus; "let us not bewail our lot; let us teach Quartus while there is yet time. Tertius and Quartus, help me launch the boat, and we will sail over the waters of the Soul's Experience. Do not ask for tales of our lives, Quartus; they will not help you. Rather let us tell you of the reefs and shallows, the eddies and the winds both foul and fair, the harbors and anchorages which we encountered. I will take the helm, for no one knows the course unless he has sailed over it. Secunda, sit by my right, to take the helm at

the end of my course. Quartus, come to the left, that we may explain to you as we go. Tertius, set the sail."

Sitting by the helm, Primus was silent some minutes, and I know not how long he would have remained so, had I not exclaimed at seeing a sunken reef which we had just glided over.

"Bah! Quartus," he retorted. "Why speak of it when we are past? It is no credit to you, though it would have been had you seen it before us. However, no reef can harm the keel of Memory's craft; she glides calmly over the dangers which proved either disastrous or fatal to the ship of the Soul. The rock which you noticed was part of the ledge of Selfishness, which extends across the port whence sail the ships of the Soul. There is an opening in the ledge, but few find it; there are places to enter into the sea of Life which may be crossed with patience. I encountered the ledge where it rose abruptly from the water before me and held me back. I dashed against it and then, drawn by the current of Persistence, sailed parallel to it, striving to beat through. And when my course of life was over I was left at the ledge of Selfishness, striving to enter the sea of Life by passing over Selfishness, instead of through the channel of Love, which is free from its rocks."

He ceased speaking and arose from his seat to make way for Secunda, who took her place at the helm. Turning to me, she said: "By Love and Patience I found the channel which Primus missed, although, till I heard him say so, I never knew another before me had sought it. Passing through, I was in the outer harbor, whence it looked easy to enter the open sea through the wide channel between high cliffs. But before I had sailed far I found myself tossing on the waves of this vast eddy beside us, which I had hoped to pass near and see, instead of sailing around. I had overcome Selfishness, only to be drawn into the eddy of Pride. Round and round I was drawn, ever approaching the abyss at the centre. And then, when all but lost, I drew my eyes from my impending fate and looked up and beyond at the glories of the outer sea. I sighed for relief, and, before all was o'er, threw out the anchor of Faith to stay my course, and then, propelled by the wind of hope, I

was drawn out of the waves of Pride. But too late; my time had passed; the Soul had fled."

As Tertius took his seat beside me I noticed that he scarcely touched the helm, while those before had held it firmly and watched the course. Why is this? I thought; but I soon saw. "If the dangers were less formidable," began Tertius, "they were about me nevertheless. I was in the open sea. I was sailing for the port of Mind. My course lay straight ahead, but what is harder than to keep a straight course on a dark night, midst contrary winds. A thousand Temptations tried to thrust the bow aside or clung to the sails. I knew my course, but Pleasure stood by the helm, and the winds of Indecision blew me now far from my course, and now back and across it. Thus I wandered, never seeming to approach the destined port. Thus you wander; beware!"

Grieved at his rebuke, I turned to appeal to Primus, but could not see him. I looked for Secunda, but she, too, had fled; even Tertius, as he ceased speaking, had disappeared. The wind murmured: "The Memories of your Soul have come to it and gone forever." The boat whirled rapidly about. She was sinking. I gasped.

I awoke. I was kneeling by my bed, trembling. I remained as I was a moment, then bowed my head and wept, for it was but a dream.

G. H. S. SOULE.

THE WISE MAN AND THE SEA URCHINS.

(XII.)

The daylight hours of the following week were devoted to the microscope. The Wise Man arranged it so that the magnified object was thrown upon the white sheet, and great was the wonder of the Urchins at the simple forms shown to them as tenements of the life they themselves shared.

"You are part of the One Life—brothers to these little creatures, too small to observe without the aid of a magnifying glass like this," began the Wise Man, as he placed a floating specimen in the live box and the live box in proper position before the powerful lens, so that what they looked at seemed a veritable floating monster.

"It is the One Life—the one mysterious vitality pervading all things that exist, which enables both Snowdrop and this tiny creature at whom we are looking to move so freely the arms with which Nature has provided them. Energy is abroad—there is no where that invisible force is not, and it is this which makes the whole world of living organisms so alike."

"If you please, sir, what does the word organism mean?"

"The word is from the Greek, and signifies 'to work,' and it means that one, two or more physical organs (such as heart, lungs, etc.), performing certain tasks, are combined in a form which may be used for an hour, a day, a year (or the three score years and ten said to be allotted to man himself) by the pilgrim journeying through this Land of Experience.

"This little fellow can scarcely be said to be an organism, so simply is he constructed; yet, since he has parts that do actually do the work by the recognized organs of higher plants and animals, he is included under that head."

It was a wonderful work. From sea and shore, from soil and

tree the tiny creatures, unseen by the unaided eye, were gathered and brought to the cave. From the slime of sea-weed great monsters were obtained; upon decaying leaves feathered and hairy mastodons were discovered, and the fact of a great world of marvelous minute beings put in manifestation before the eager children's eyes.

"Does the life that fills these little things act the same as the life that is ours?" asks Brownie. "Does it go out and leave its house to crumble, and come again into another?"

"Just as surely as it is alive—as surely as the tide ebbs and flows. It is the Law, Brownie; and the Law knows no change in the divine manner of its working. All action is the manifestation of Law—all activity is the effect of a changeless cause. When I say Law, I refer to divine or spiritual law only."

"Are there other laws, then?"

"Yes; but all under the great Law."

"What others can there be?"

"I seem to you to be a free man, do I not, Blooy? Nothing visible holds me to any particular place or line of action. Yet I declare to you I, the 'free agent,' the Master of the House of To-day, am a creature subject to many laws. Let me enumerate them:

"First, I am a citizen of the great universe which is ruled by the thought of the Supreme Intelligence; hence I am bound by the universal law of gravitation, attraction, and so forth, and may not escape it. The law of the universe governs this especial world I inhabit; and yet this very same little world is obliged to make some laws for itself. International law (the law agreed upon between nations) is a third law by which I, being a native of one of the nations of the earth, must abide. Its rules govern commerce and territory. Then the United States, in which I live, is subject to universal law, the world's law, international law, and yet makes constitutional laws to suit its own particular condition and environment.

"The State in which I live makes its own municipal laws, to which I am amenable, and the county in which I reside has its own laws, the city its own; the very ward in which I dwell regulates my conduct in

certain channels. Then the university in which my hours are passed demands that I do thus and so, just as I, the Master of the House, am compelled to obey moral laws I have set up for myself, even to the thinking of thoughts. And all these laws, higher or lower, must rule those directly under their jurisdiction so that they will never clash one with another, but all help the world at large to one common end—the comfort and safety of mankind. It is for this that laws are formed.

"If I break one of these laws, not only do I suffer, but all my fellow creatures suffer with me. I endanger the peace and welfare of all. I must obey these laws to the best of my ability if I would be a free creature."

"What sort of law do the cells—the germs—obey?"

"That which we call the law of chemical affinity. It is a universal law governing all things in nature—all things in physical manifestation. It is a law fixed and changeless, and by it the Supreme Intelligence rules the vast, unthinkable worlds in endless space. No tiniest grain of matter, no system of mighty worlds in motion, can escape the Law.

"The Law determines the true nature of all things, and, in some mysterious manner, that which seems to us to be the very same material, under the Law goes to make up forms so different that we are lost in speechless wonder.

"If the law of chemical affinity were one which could be changed, our lessons learned would be of little account to us. But we know that God's Law does not vary—what it is now it always was and always will be, and we may trust to its unchangeability. We learn that two certain substances, when united, form just one certain thing, and never any other; so, knowing what to expect from certain combinations, we make all of this knowledge, and depend upon it for our creature comforts.

"It enables us to keep warm, keep cool, make bread, make clothing, bleach our fabrics, build our houses, sow our grain, as well as do all the higher artistic work that so beautifies life."

"And so the little lives you told us of do their work in obedience to this universal Law of the Creator?"

"Yes, Violet. They are not self-conscious, as Man, who uses them, is self-conscious. They build, pull down, bleach, color, form, dissolve, extract, supply all under the Law—Divine Law—whose workings we may see, but which we may not comprehend."

"Then man himself—the self-conscious man—doesn't dwell in the cell, the little germ?"

"No more than the architect lives in each little brick that goes to form the magnificent edifice he is building. His thought plans the palace, and the masons, obeying the order (the law) he has laid down for them, proceed to build according to his plan. The brick is placed in position by the thought of the workman manifested in his hand; the cell is placed in position by the thought of the Infinite manifested in the law of chemical affinity."

"Why are people not all the same? Why don't you, sir, look like John O'Connell?"

"What difference, Brownie, do you see between us?"

"The biggest sort, sir! You are gentle and fine; he is coarse and rough. Your features are all as perfect as if chiseled out of marble; his are just every which way, and without any—any *edges*, somehow, and heavy and rough and ugly. His eyes look as if they didn't see half there was to see, while yours, sir, are like the eyes of an eagle. And he shambles along as if he didn't know exactly where he was going—why is it?"

"'As a man thinks, so is he.'"

"But John O'Connell must think *some*."

"Yes, 'some.' But what manner of thought has a man who stupifies himself with strong drink, who hates his fellow creatures, and who throws live lobsters into his kettle of boiling water?"

"Is that wrong? Cook does it at home."

"If you should ask the lobster that question I wonder what he would say? Does a man who makes a half imbecile of himself with drink fail to show it in his face? Does a man who hates his fellowmen have any semblance to the perfect face we picture to ourselves an angel must possess? And don't you think that the soul that is dead

to the sufferings—the dumb agony of I care not *what* sort of sufferer—must show forth in manifestation the face of an inhuman monster?"

"But our teacher brought a snake to school one time, and cut it all up before us, keeping it alive just as long as he could," asserted Goldie.

"How did it make you feel, Goldie?"

"Just awful. I wanted to cry—lots of the girls did. We went home and told our fathers and mothers about it, and they complained so it wasn't ever allowed again. My father said, sir, that a man who could do a thing like that wasn't fit to have the care and teaching of children."

"And he was right. Vivisection is a most diabolical thing. Describe your father to us, Goldie."

It was a pleasing picture this particular Urchin drew of a most noble gentleman.

"Bravo, Goldie! 'As a man thinks so is he!' *That's* the kind of a man for me, my boy!"

Goldie flushed with boyish pleasure.

"He is one of 'Nature's noblemen'—and shows it. It would take John O'Connell ages to be able by his thought to build himself so fine an earthly tenement, don't you think?"

"But could, he, *ever?*"

"He could do it, Brownie, as surely as Goldie's father was able to build his—in time. Why, he could even better his present house by changing the character of his thought and the manner of his living."

"Change his *looks*, sir—*now?*"

"As certainly as Goldie's father, did he entertain such thoughts and live such a life could ruin his own splendid dwelling. The effect would show, and show speedily."

"Then the man builds his own house—the very man who is going to inhabit it?"

"Yes, Violet. The Eternal Pilgrim, as I like to think of him. And he learns to build better with every effort he makes; and, learning the truth, that man, while in the tenement he has built for himself may

add to its strength, beauty and cleanliness, he makes it far more comfortable and beautiful even while he is making constant use of it. And this lesson that he learns makes him just so much wiser and better prepared for his 'next time.'"

"Then it was because the savage woman you told us about began to think things and be more unselfish in her life that her earth-dwelling began to change a little and showed a difference between herself and those who were still selfish?"

"Desn't it seem reasonable to suppose so? If it be true that 'as a man thinketh so is he,' the glimmer of a thought of unselfishness must *in just that degree* have made her different from her savage kind. Then, instead of the low order of beings whom heretofore she had provided with material forms, might not a higher order of Eternal Pilgrims, seeking an earthly dwelling, have sought her aid and by their superior intelligence have carried on the law of evolution?"

"What, please, does evolution mean?"

"Catch Pinkie letting me mystify you all by the use of big words! Evolution is from a Latin word, *evolvere*, meaning to unfold, or roll out, or unroll. It is used in the sense of the growth of existing things from a lower to a higher state—a progressing—that is, stepping forward, or advancing toward perfection."

"You told us, sir, that man's first tiny start into manifestation in this world was a thousand, thousand times less than Violet's smallest sketch of you; if that was his *first* start, then why do you call him an Eternal Pilgrim?"

"Well said, Blackie boy! I see I have made a misuse of words trying to make my meaning clear. I did not mean his first start into manifestation in this world, but simply the laying of the first bricks, as it were, in the physical tenement he is going to inhabit during this one incarnation."

"That's a big, new word."

"Yes, Pinkie, but it will not be difficult to understand. It comes from the word 'carnal,' meaning flesh, and means the act of putting on flesh—that is, taking on a human or animal form."

"Then the invisible man—the Eternal Pilgrim—didn't commence in the little germ?"

"Don't you remember, Blackie, that I told you that we, none of us, ever had a beginning or ending—that we always were and always would be? That there is no beginning and no end to anything—only change?"

"Yes, sir; I remember."

"Then we do not commence in the little germ—nor does the germ itself 'commence,' either. It only changes its form under the Divine Law that controls it; for not a grain of dust can be annihilated—done away with, you know—consequently the germ exists and comes into activity when needed for use. And the Eternal Pilgrim, the invisible man, is, as I have said, no more inside the cell than the architect is inside the brick of the house he plans to suit himself."

"Then how does he use his body?"

"How does the musician use the piano? He doesn't get inside of it. It is an instrument formed of various materials upon which the musician is enabled to manifest to himself and others his more or less harmonious thoughts. So the bodily form is but a beautifully formed instrument which enables the invisible but real and deathless man to put his thoughts into action, so that he may learn the result of good and evil thinking upon himself and others.

"It enables him to manifest in deeds and words his love for his fellow creatures, and by these lessons learned to so advance himself to higher conditions; for, children, it is love that forms the steps of the ladder by which we all mount to wisdom—and the highest wisdom is the highest happiness.

"There are many, many grades of character in the invisible man, and each Eternal Pilgrim, when he desires to manifest, must make use of one of the bodies built for him by the little lives acting under the Law.

"The little cell—the mysterious God-informed germ (and by this I mean that all life is a manifestation of the Omnipresent Intelligence, whose Law governs alike a cell-sphere and a planet-sphere) builds all

sorts of habitations suited to the different characters of the needy pilgrims.

"Let us imagine a party of men starting out to look for suitable houses in which to dwell during this lifetime. Because of their experiences in previous incarnations, it is pretty well settled in their minds what sort of edifice would suit them, what is fitted for them, and the kind in which they would derive the greatest, lasting benefit. Let us fancy our party consists of an Australian Bushman, an American Indian, a frontiersman, an artist and a scientist.

"Before they have proceeded very far the Bushman discovers a hollow tree that suits him exactly. His needs are very simple, and this hollow tree is to him as comfortable a dwelling as he can imagine for himself. So he proceeds to occupy it.

"Further on the Indian finds a tent, which meets his every requirement. It is suited to his needs, since he can lift it, fold it, and carry it with him during his wandering life. The other pilgrims, who did not even notice the Bushman's tree, give little heed to the Indian's choice, but push on to find something better suited to their less simple needs.

"The frontiersman at length comes upon a little log house with a rude clearing around it and stops here. The artist, in due time, discovers a dwelling elegant enough to suit his taste, and the scientist his unique and fine quarters, with its laboratory fitted with every modern appliance to further his scholarly course.

"The Bushman may, perchance, come upon the Indian's habitation during his stay in his vicinity. He notes it, examining it wonderingly, perceiving the great virtues of a tent which can be folded up and carried about—which is far roomier and much more comfortable than the hollow tree. He learns a lesson in house building before he leaves the place to go back whence he came for his resting spell. The same thing has happened to the Indian, who sat in the frontiersman's log hut, a far more desirable dwelling than his tent. As for the frontiersman, he moves on into the better quarters the artist has abandoned, while the scientist——"

"Yes, sir, the scientist?" asked Violet, eagerly, seeing that the Master paused.

"Perhaps, Violet, he had learned such wonderful things he needn't come back to any earthly dwelling," answered the Wise Man, smiling. "Let us just leave it that way, children, if you please, for the sake of the illustration."

EVA BEST.

(To be Continued.)

LIGHT IS SPRUNG UP!*

Know ye not
Ye who to-day still dwell in Zabulon,
  Still sit in darkness by the dreary sea—
Still with wide eyes gaze hopeless into space
  That stretches now above your Galilee,
Light is sprung up?

Know ye not
Light is sprung up? Look with your Spirit's eyes—
  Pierce the dark shadow of the awful death
That broods o'er Nephtalim—Awake! Arise!
  See with your soul—sing with your every breath
"Light is sprung up!"

Know ye not
The radiant light your souls see is not new?
  Hark to the tender Voice that sayeth, "Lo,
It is the old light lit again for you—
  The light whose flame I lighted long ago!"

"Know ye not
I am the light?" saith on the tender Voice,
  "Light of the World—Love's own Eternal Flame?
Who followeth me shall have the light of life—
  Believe in Me, for I know whence I came!"

*St. Matthew, V., 16.

Know ye not
That Self is dying from the brightening world—
That hearts are torches filled with holy fire
For Love's pure hand to bear into the gloom
Made by the darkness of a world's desire?

Know ye not
That there are kingdoms come upon the earth
Whose kings are crowned by duties nobly done—
Whose brother-men are brothers—sharing all,
Each with his Father's well-loved son?

Know ye not
That Love's glad day shall come to Zabulon—
That ye who sit in darkness by the sea
Shall hear again the words of love by which
The Master drove the gloom from Galilee?

EVA BEST.

Environment is not everything, Life has had a will of its own from the beginning. The living thing is pressed up close against the life of God. God is free and omnific, except that he cannot compel what is his heart's desire—that the creature shall act from within itself. He cannot require that it shall have faith. The living thing is free, but weak and faint of heart; and with great difficulty it learns to believe and strive. God answers back every vague and timid adventure of faith. —*Charles Ferguson.*

The health-aura is that part of the etheric body which projects on all sides beyond the physical body. Persons relatively weak in health often take from stronger individuals a part of this specialized life-force which the stronger has in superabundance, and which the weaker is unable to assimilate directly.—*Theosophic Messenger.*

The World of Thought.

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

THE READING HABIT.

Dr. Lyman Abbott is of opinion that it does not matter so much what the beginner reads at first, so long as the habit of reading is thereby acquired. It is very certain to lead to reading which is of a serious and informing character. This is often true, or at least it would be, if after a time the supply of trashy literature should be cut off and better reading accessible. But in a country where five thousand new books are produced every year, and magazines at a nominal price, with cheap matter of an evanescent character, it is hardly practicable to get much profit or even a good reading habit from being turned out to pasture in such a wilderness.

Indeed, Carlyle has been quoted as denying the sentiment. In his address to the students at the University of Edinburgh, he quoted the notion that "if a man was reading any book whatever he was doing something better than nothing at all." He then added: "I call that in question; I even venture to deny it." Yet Carlyle was too extreme. We are not ready to have a censorship of our reading. Two religious bodies, Mrs. Eddy and the Roman Church, have each a Curia to decide what may or may not be read; but neither of them is quite infallible. The same thing has been attempted in families, but only to disgust those subjected to it. The Princess Maria Louisa of Austria was not permitted, when a child, to read a book till some duenna had looked it through and cut out all the naughty utterances. It did

not serve any moral purpose. When the princess had attained maturity she purchased those books to read over again.

We once quoted to a very witty and discriminating lady the sentence from a burlesque night sermon: "A woman will rather believe the devil than the Lord." She answered at once: "He makes himself more interesting." In that reply we find the real point at issue. The reading habit is acquired from perusing what interests the reader. Human beings do not instinctively or wilfully seek for the evil, but they are attracted by whatever pleases the taste. Even if objectionable literature first attracted the attention, it would quickly be abandoned for that which is wholesome, if it is prepared with equal attention to taste and attractiveness. After all, the notion which Dr. Abbott has sanctioned has truth enough in it to justify the grant of perfect freedom of choice to readers. The world is about outgrowing halters and leading-strings, and emerging into the more perfect law of liberty.

THE MIRACULOUS CHILD.

A Papyrus in the British Museum relates the circumstances of the miraculous birth of a child. His mother had a dream in which she is told to eat of a certain fruit, and she would have a son. His father also dreams of this child, that he will work wonders, and is to be named Se-Osiris. When the child was one year old, it might be said that he was two, and when he was two he was as precocious as if three. He grew big, he grew strong; he was sent to school, and he rivalled the scribe who had been appointed to instruct him. He became so proficient that he began to say magic with the scribes of the House of Life in the temple of Ptah in Memphis, and all the world wondered at him.

THE RELIGION OF PEACE.

The most important and valuable feature of the exhortation of the *Tathagata*, as also in all the teachings of the Holy One, is

the *positive*, superimposed as it is upon the *negative* order of the Good Law; the observance of which assures perfect harmony and peace in the world, which constitute Nirvana. By the harmonious action of both the positive and negative forces in nature the universe exists; without it, all life would cease. The Enlightened One said, therefore, that one must not only cease to do evil and purify one's heart, but must also perfect good deeds.

THE REVIEWER.

He wrote reviews of other people's books,
And did his best to make the authors see
That life contained much more of light and joy
Than they had shown in their philosophy.

And then he wrote a book, himself, to show
That what he said of life was really true,
And put therein with eager, trembling hand
All that, as yet, of light and joy he knew.

When lo! the critics read his book and said:
"'Tis sad, indeed, a man as brave as he
Should write of so much darkness and despair,
And tell of such deep pain and misery."

Full soon he read what they had writ of him;
Then hastened forth and gazed upon the sun.
"Oh, send thy glorious light into my heart!"
For him but now was joy and life begun.

DOROTHY KING.

No law can be constitutional in our land which would debar a man from employing any man he might choose, as his physician, his carpenter, his school teacher, or from attending the church of his choice. This, and all similar rights, belong to the people individually, and were never delegated.
—*Z. Hussey.*

THE SOUL OF THE TURTLE.

I was spending the summer with a happy family in the country and had become so well acquainted with the children that they felt free to jest with me, and we often played innocent, practical jokes on one another.

After a long ride on my wheel one day, I took a light supper, and retired somewhat earlier than was my wont. I was so weary from the day's ride that I slept even more soundly than usual, and on waking in the morning I could not even recollect the act of retiring. The only two things I could remember were that I left the door of my room partly ajar for more free ventilation, and that I had some difficulty in turning out the light.

My slumber was so deep that I did not wake till a half-hour later than usual, and I doubt if I moved in the slightest from the position in which I first fell asleep. I have always been known as a sound sleeper, and in two instances my friends have had such difficulty in arousing me that I was considered in a deep trance.

This night I had a most vivid and singular dream, and on rising it was so strongly impressed on my mind, that I had no difficulty in noting it down; even long sentences were so deeply engraved on my memory that they seemed more like writing something I had previously learned by rote than constructions and thoughts I had never had in my waking moments.

THE DREAM.

I seemed to be in a small launch with canopy overhead, floating at ease on a beautiful little lake, surrounded by rocks, pond lilies and a mammoth growth of green vendure, and was reading. The particular book interesting me was a work by Haeckel and the only passage I remember was:

. . . "All sorts of misty ideas prevail on the subject of immortality of the individual soul. Some speak of it as being a kind of ethereal being, some as if it were made of thin matter; some merely hold that in some unknown way it continues to exist.

"If the old theory, of man having a soul separate and distinct from his body, is true, then many animals also have immortal souls. And then, these theorists have trouble in stating exactly where the soul came from; was it in heaven before? If so, when was it put into the child?

"After a study of all these fantastic theories Science is unsatisfied with any, and is forced to state its conclusions: The belief in the immortality of the human soul is a dogma in utter contradiction to the facts which investigation has proved to be true.

"The only immortality for man is that of the transmission of his character to later generations through his children, or the influence which he exerts on the world of thought while alive. If, as Science proves, mind, soul, consciousness are only properties of soul plasm, the cell itself, then when that cell dies thought must cease, save as it has passed its thought on to others." . . .

I had just reached this point when I heard a voice near me. I turned and saw a turtle basking in the sun some twenty feet from the bow of the boat. He was evidently speaking to me and, in the dream, this did not seem at all singular. We exchanged ideas and held converse for hours on Astronomy, Biology and numerous other subjects, which, by the way, I had recently been studying. Each seemed to enjoy listening to the thoughts expressed by the other.

. . "Regarding 'Heaven,'" said the turtle, "if you mean a place of residence after death, then I can only say that as yet I have not known of any one returning to tell us anything about it. We may hope, but there is no proof; but what is ten thousand times better, is to make and enjoy a Heaven right here. We cannot change the future if we would,

but we can make the present a Heaven or a Hell for ourselves and for those around us. I believe in making this world happy first, and then if there is another one we shall be the better fitted to enjoy it. However, I do not worry in the least about it. One life at a time is enough for me, and I believe that if I devote my energies and best thoughts to this life, then I shall have none to waste on one of which I am not conscious. We can imagine a Heaven hereafter, but we can also imagine many other things; and imagination or hope does not make the unknown knowledge nor the unreal real."

"You evidently do not believe in the immortality of the soul," I replied, it never occurring to me that I was not conversing with a human soul or at least one on a level with my own. "What are you going to do with man's individual intelligence when he dies?" I asked.

"To claim that intelligence could exist in any smaller degree were there no such thing as man, would be absurd," he answered: "Man *uses* intelligence as a mariner *uses* a map, but it is no more a part of the man than is the map a part of the mariner. The map will exist when the mariner is dead and intelligence continues when the man is dead. Man simply uses what intelligence his mental faculties are capable of assimilating. His organs of sight, his eyes, use light; his lungs use air; and his organ of thought, his brain, uses intelligence; but intelligence is something entirely apart from him as light is no part of his eyes nor air of his lungs. He has no intelligence at birth but acquires it as his organs of observation, of thought, are able to acquire it, just as his organs of speech acquire sensible articulation.

"He uses intelligence just as a fish uses the water he swims in, just as a squirrel uses a tree or a bird the air. Were the fish never to exist, there would still be the ocean. Were there no squirrel the tree would yet remain, and were there no man in the Universe there would still be the same amount of intelligence. The law of gravity existed before there was a man on the face of our little earth. Newton

simply discovered its relation to man and placed it in the category of man's understanding. Yet, had the law of gravity never been 'discovered,' a stone would roll down the mountain side and water would continue to seek its lowest level.

"Now, what we term 'man's intelligence' ('soul' if you see fit so to call it) is not a thing of his creation nor is it a thing created in the least for him any more than the water was created for the fish, the tree for the squirrel, the air for his lungs, or light for his eyes. The Great Intelligence, an atom of which is in the acorn and under certain conditions guides it into the great oak, the Intelligence which makes a blade of grass grow or keeps an endless number of globes whirling throughout space was a part of the Universe before man was; it is now and will be the same part of the Universe when man is no more. What we call 'man's intelligence' is only an atom of the Great Intelligence, which, as we have seen, is as much a part of the Universe as is Matter or Force. Our intelligence is only that infinitesimal part of the Great Intelligence which man's feeble powers are able to grasp.

"Hence, whether man lives or dies, the total sum of Intelligence is neither increased nor diminished. When he dies, his faculties have simply released their hold on that little part of the Great Intelligence which he has found of such benefit to him. exactly as the mariner at death drops the map. Man himself has been like a machine, and while animal life was in him he has acquired and used what little intelligence he could absorb. When animal life has left him, his ability to acquire, to use, or to possess intelligence—soul—is extinct. As an individual possessing intelligence, as an intelligent individual, he is no more; yet intelligence, the Great Intelligence, remains and does not miss him. He has simply been a machine and has been much like a dynamo which extracts (generates) electricity. The dynamo does not *create* a single volt, it simply draws electricity from the earth and when it ceases its work, or is worn out, the sum total of electricity has neither been increased

nor diminished, but the dynamo as an instrument for extracting electricity—as an individual organization using electricity—is a thing dead, a thing of the past, so man has not in the least increased or decreased the sum total of intelligence.

"Though he may have been a great discoverer or inventor, the strongest claim he can make is that he has discovered parts of this Intelligence and placed them in such a form that they have been of use to him—the human animal has been able to grasp and utilize them. The same intelligence would have existed had he never been born, though it might never have been of the slightest use to man.

"But, when the animal man, the machine-man, is worn out and dead, when the brain cells are broken up, are disintegrated, then he and his 'soul,' he and his intelligence, are in the exact position of the dynamo and the electricity. The dynamo is worn out, is dead, and can no more extract electricity from the earth but the amount of electricity is not altered, it is neither increased nor diminished one iota by the making or the wearing out of one or of one million dynamos. The man is worn out, is dead, and can no more acquire or use intelligence, but the amount of intelligence in the Universe is neither increased nor diminished by the existence of one or one billion men."

The turtle had reached a pause.

"Well," I replied, "I can not agree with you, for your theory is very different from what I have been taught to believe."

"You may not agree with me," he rejoined, "few do, but here is what Draper says on the subject," and he apparently drew from the stone on which he was resting, a large pond lily leaf, on which was inscribed: . . .

"We must bear in mind that the majority of men are imperfectly educated, and hence we must not needlessly offend the religious ideas of our age. It is enough for us ourselves to know that though there is a Supreme Power, there is no Supreme Being. There is an Invisible Principle but not a Per-

sonal God, to whom it would be not so much blasphemy as absurdity to impute the form, the sentiments, the passions of men. All Revelation is necessarily a mere fiction. That which men call chance is only the effect of an unknown cause; even of chance there is a law. There is no such thing as Providence, for Nature proceeds under irresistible laws; and in this respect the Universe is only a vast Automatic Engine.

"The vital force which pervades the world is what the illiterate call God; the modification through which all things are running takes place in an irresistible way, and hence it may be said that the progress of the world is, under Destiny, like a seed; it can evolve only in a predetermined mode." . . .

Now the dream itself is not so singular as what occurred as the sequence. It was very vividly on my mind when, on waking, and to my intense and horrible surprise, the first thing I saw on realizing that I was fully conscious, was a little turtle, not more than three inches in length, perched on the top of one of my shoes, which lay on the side in a distant corner of the floor. He was wagging his tail and, I thought, attempting to bite the sole of the shoe. I never had the least fear of these little animals, but could not recollect having seen one, large or small, during the summer and certainly had eaten no turtle soup at supper.

The questions that now bothered me were: "How in the name of Morpheus did that turtle get up three flights of stairs and into my room? Could his having been there have had any connection with my dream of turtles?"

"Well," I thought, "I'll have some fun with the children anyway," and I wrapped the little fellow into a neat-looking package of candy and placed him in my pocket.

On reaching the breakfast room, I thought I detected an expression of suppressed agitation on the faces of two of the children. Lillie asked me if I had enjoyed a good night's rest and Charlie was evidently waiting for something to explode, he didn't know what, while I was awaiting a chance to astonish them both.

When I thought an opportune moment had arrived, I handed the package to Lillie, saying that I had forgotten to give it to her yesterday.

She thanked me effusively and broke the string.

"Goodness me!" she exclaimed, feigning surprise, "does it bite?"

There was something not quite natural in her pretended excitement and I at once became suspicious. After they had badgered about it for a while, they admitted frankly that they had received a previous introduction to the little quadruped and on investigating the matter further I learned that after I retired, they had brought the beast to the door of my room and pushed it through. Charlie had found it that day, but the fact that I had retired before he returned home, together with the fact that I could not remember having had a conversation or thought regarding turtles during the summer, made it more surprising that I should have had so vivid a dream of them and held conversation with one during half the night.

What, indeed, did the presence of that turtle in my room have to do with my vision?

It is said: "The soul never sleeps."

Can it be that while the turtle and I were both lost in slumber, our individual intelligences (our souls) were holding converse and enjoying themselves as mice are wont to do when the cat is safely locked in dreamland?

What is your answer?*

JAMES LOUIS KELLOGG.

*This seems to be a case of psychic action in the realm of thought-transference, as regards the beginning of the dream and the particular bent of the thought started. The trend of thought after having started was probably tempered largely by previous thinking on similar subjects. The writer admi s having been reading and thinking in similar lines. The *facts* involved are largely mental and one of the parties was in the subconscious state of sleep. After he had entered this state his mischievous little friends, with minds wide awake and intensely active

with the intention to surprise him with the presence of the "living animal," approached the door to deposit the creature within the room without awakening the sleeper. With all the mental intensity of their fun-loving minds they were, of course, thinking of him, as he would be when awake. The turtle *was alive* and on that fact hinged their idea of a joke and the expected fun when the "living animal" should be found in so unusual a place. The turtle belongs to the animal kingdom and, doubtless, the minds of the children themselves, though without full intention, placed before the mind of the sleeper, psychically, the complex idea Turtle—animal—living thing—and considerable wonder as to what the creature would do in the presence of the sleeper. This would pretty nearly describe what the minds of the children did in the matter.

The soul never sleeps, neither does the mind; and on the subconscious plane, the individual is fully awake while the personality of sense-life sleeps. The mind of the sleeper, therefore, having the idea, as described above, placed before its consciousness by means of the intense mentality of the children, created a detailed psychic picture of their thought and intention. To this picture his mind added its own subconscious thought-action with regard to life here and hereafter. The lake, boat, rocks, lilies, etc., are the natural surroundings of the turtle, so it became easy for the dream-thought to picture these together as the scene of action. The bent of his thought being somewhat speculative on the matter of future life it was easy for the scene to become speculative and conversational; and, the turtle, being associated in his mind with animal life and action, just about such a materialistic line of reasoning as was given by it might be expected. It does not follow that the turtle present in the room had any consciousness whatever of the exchange of ideas. These all belong in the realm of human speculative thought—not at all to any known phase of animal recognition, and it is fully possible for the one mind to carry on the dialogue with itself. There seems to be no good reason for looking outside the natural psychic and subconscious realms of the mind for reasonable explanation of this and many kindred phenomena. ED.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Dr. Matthew J. Rodermund is the author and publisher of a work with the forceful title of "The Murderous Fads in the Practice of Medicine, and the Cause and Prevention of Disease." It explains for the first time in the world's history, he declares, the causes of yellow fever, small-pox, diphtheria, scarlet fever, measles, consumption and other complaints. There is no doubt of the originality of his views, and many intelligent physicians and others are assured of their correctness. He has written several monographs propounding his novelties, one of which is noticed in *The Medical Visitor*, a homœopathic journal, in these terms: "If the action of the heart is due to electricity, the discovery of the same belongs not to the professors in a university [here denoting the University of Chicago] but to a country physician in Wisconsin, who, a few years ago, came out with a little pamphlet in which he declared that he had discovered the secret of the heart's action, that it was not due to muscular contraction, but to electrical currents." The present treatise is equally advanced in its views, and the challenge boldly put forth to controvert them. Probably, however, this will never be attempted; it is easier, more "taking," and pleasanter to the many to spend their wit and spite upon the author himself. But no diligent student, no thinker with sincere and worthy purpose, can peruse the volume and not be wiser for it, and, if a physician, more capable of being useful. Dr. Rodermund believes what he is uttering, and he has demonstrated by his own experiment and observation the correctness of his most astonishing statements. They are often such as are not found in other works; they tell and suggest what other writers seem never to have dreamed of. The author has drawn many of his facts from the history of former centuries and the testimony of the ablest and most truthful writers. It is his belief that all such diseases as small-pox, diphtheria, scarlet fever, measles, typhoid or yellow fever are easier to prevent than a common cold; and that contagion, as the notion is exploited in medical and popular publications, is

little less than a fictitious myth. He assumes "that there is no such thing as disease being contagious and that quarantine is murderous," in which views he is not at fault. He has lately won much notoriety and censure from interested sources by his temerity in the endeavor to exemplify his views in this matter, but he seems to have fully proved his point.

The book is unique in style and in the manner of treating its subjects. It is not a text-book for students, but the utterances of an earnest and conscientious man for those who think, who are intelligent, and are desirous and resolute to do right as it may be given them to see the right. It covers so wide a field that it is impossible to describe its contents except by an exhaustive review for which we have not space. It goes over the whole field and is free from the preposterous excess of technical language which is used in medical works to hide and disguise ideas. It speaks for itself without fear or favor, and the information which it imparts no one can afford not to know.

THE THEOSOPHICAL FORUM, for February, contains some very interesting reading. The leading article gives an attractive description of Colonel Olcott in his Indian home, receiving the many friends who meet under his hospitable roof in yearly gathering. Other articles are: Number—Thoughts About Art—Ancient and Modern Physics. This little journal gives to its readers many helpful thoughts, and its pages are always filled with most attractive reading. It is published monthly at Flushing, N. Y., and the price is one dollar yearly, ten cents a copy.

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PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THE WEIRD ORIENT. By Henry Iliowizi. Cloth, 360 pp., $1.50. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE LARGER FAITH. By James W. Coulter. Cloth, 285 pp., $1.00. James W. Coulter, Pueblo, Colo.

EVOLUTION OF THE INDIVIDUAL. By Frank Newland Doud, M. D. Cloth, 96 pp., $1.00. The Reynolds Publishing Co., 53 State St., Chicago.

SPIRITUAL LAW IN THE NATURAL WORLD. By Eleve. Paper, 192 pp. Purdy Publishing Co., Chicago.

WISDOM OF THE AGES. Automatically transcribed by George A. Fuller, M. D. Cloth, 211 pp., $1.00. Banner of Light Publishing Co., Boston.

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE ZOROASTERS.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D., F. A. S.

When I read and contemplate the oracular utterances of Zarathustra, I am vividly impressed by their sweetness and purity, and by the familiarity, full of reverence, which he always manifests in his communings with the Divine Being. Without arrogance or vanity he interrogates Ahura Mazda respecting himself, his works and will, and concerning what is beneficial to human beings. The Divinity replies to him as a man talking with his friend, setting forth the good law, the reward of a pure life and the obligation to right action.

"Here is a code for man and toiler," says Michelet—"not for the idler, Brahman or Monk—not abstinence and revery, but active energy, all comprised in this: 'Be pure to be strong; be strong to be creative.'"

"God is the ground of all existence," says Aristotle, "and the knowledge of divine things is the highest philosophy." Sir William Jones in his sixth anniversary discourse as President of the Asiatic Society in Bengal, making the ancient Persians his theme, and citing the *Dabistán* for his authority, describes the primeval religion of Eran as identical with what Sir Isaac Newton declared the most ancient of all worships: "A firm belief that one Supreme God made the world by His power, and continually governed it by His providence; a pious fear, love and adoration of Him; a due reverence for parents and

aged persons; a fraternal affection for the whole human species, and a compassionate tenderness even for the brute creation."

Other writers have endeavored to show that a simple faith like this depicted by Mohsan Fani was characteristic of the Aryan tribes of Upper Asia. Michelet would make us believe that there were no castes, no mages, no kings among the archaic Eranians, but that the father of each household was mage and sovereign of all belonging to it; that the fire on the family altar-hearth received homage as being the symbol of the life-imparting spirit; that the domestic animal was beloved and magnanimously treated, according to its rank; and that the individual revered himself as necessary to the universal existence. General Forlong alludes to it as "the first Western Book-Faith of man, culminating in the development of a spiritual religion—Zoroastrianism—to which Europe owes much of its early cosmogony, and nearly all its faith."

What is now known of the Zoroastrian doctrine is chiefly derived from the *Avesta,* or Book of Wisdom. Originally this was a collection of twenty-one nasks, or divisions, embracing the current literature of the ancient Eranian people, religious topics, philosophy, astronomy, medicine, agriculture and social life. The whole perished at the Macedonian conquest, when Alexander burned Persepolis, and there have been since recovered only the *Vendidad* complete, several fragments, the *Yasna, Vispered,* and *Gathas* or sacred hymns. These have been marred more or less by the copyists, as may easily be perceived. It should be borne in mind that it was a practice in former times for scribes and teachers to incorporate their own glosses and explanations into the works of great writers, and that few books that were extant before the invention of the art of printing escaped such tampering.

It has been remarked that the whole theosophy of the *Avesta* revolved around the person of Zoroaster. The Supreme One speaks to him alone out of the fire, and instructs him in the pure doctrine. The Sacred Law of Ahura Mazda inculcated the obligation to truth in speech and action, the supreme merit of industry, and of goodness

transcending all. Words so divine might not be ascribed to a man speaking from his own understanding. The Eranian sage is therefore always represented as uttering only oracles which had been delivered to him. The Parsi Creed states this in concise terms:

> "The religion of goodness, truth and justice,
> Bestowed upon his creatures by the Lord,
> Is the pure faith which Zarathustra taught."

Opinion is curiously divided in regard to the personality of the original Zoroaster. The disputes relate to his actual existence, the age in which he lived, and to the actual source of the Mazdean doctrine. Modern writers assign to him a period somewhat exceeding thirty centuries ago, but Aristotle and others date him back six thousand years before they lived. He is called a Baktrian, and yet is also represented as a native of Rhaga, in Media, and even to have flourished at Babylon. The very name is given in numerous forms and meanings. It is commonly written Zoro Aster, which in the Semitic dialects would denote the son or priest of the goddess Istar or Astartê. The primitive form Zarathustra, of which it is probably an abridgment, appears to signify simply a senior or spiritual master. The successors of the sage bore the same title as being the spiritual chiefs of districts, while over them was the Zarathustratema, or Chief Zarathustra. But the founder of the Mazdean religion was distinguished by his family designation, and was called Zarathustra Spitaman.

Tradition has also set him forth as the inventor of the Magian rites, and also as an investigator of the origin of the universe, and observer of the planetary revolutions.* Another account describes him

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*One ingenious Parsi author and expositor gives a version of the Confession of Faith, the Ahuna-vairya, which is concurrent with this description:

> "As is the will of the Eternal One,
> So through the harmony of perfect thought
> His energy brings forth the visible world,
> And His power sustains the rolling spheres."

as engaged in contest with Ninus or Ninip, the representative of the Semitic religion; he employing the philosophic knowledge of the Far East, and the other the Mystic learning of the Chaldæans. This would be in keeping with the legends of Zahak, the Serpent-King of Bavri, who was said to have expelled Yima, or Jemshid, from his Paradise, and was afterward himself overcome. Doubtless many of the accounts given in the *Avesta* are allegoric, and Darmstetter, the last translator of that work, rejects the belief that Zoroaster ever existed.

Clement, of Alexandria, seeks to identify him with Eros, the son of Arminios, whom Plato describes in *The Republic* as having been slain in battle, but as reviving again after some days, and giving an account of the destinies of certain noble souls, as he had witnessed their allotment. This was probably a current tale among the later Persians. The Parsis have a book entitled, "The Revelations of Ardha-Viraf," which gives a detailed account of scenes in heaven and hell, as beheld by Ardha-Viraf during the visit of a week which his soul passed to those regions, leaving his body for that length of time.

Ammianus Marcellinus has also cited an opinion as from the great philosopher: "Plato, that greatest authority upon famous doctrines, states that the Magian religion, known by the mystic name of Machagistia, is the most uncorrupted form of worship in things divine; to the philosophy of which, in primitive ages, Zoroaster, the Baktrian, made many additions, drawn from the Mysteries of the Chaldeans."

The Zoroastrian system, in its essential character, is a very exalted monotheism. It was such in its inception; it continued such all through the times when evil and persecution overshadowed its fortunes; it is such now as professed by the Ghebers and Parsis. A fire so perpetual, a light so extensive, an energy so penetrating, must proceed from the one fountain. True, there are many similar utterances in the *Rig-Veda* and in what remains to us of the lore of the Akkadians, the Assyrians and Egyptians. These continued chiefly, however, as historic monuments, while Zoroastrianism is still a faith that inspires a people to virtue, veracity and goodness.

The plurality of good and bad spiritual powers which tainted the

vulgar worship with polytheism and idolatry was a pure concept with those who first described them. "The different gods are members of one soul," says Yaska, writing twenty-three hundred years ago. "God, though he is one, has nevertheless many names," says Aristotle, adding as the explanation, "because He is called according to the states into which he always enters anew." To the popular apprehension the *nomina* became *numina;* the names were regarded as belonging to different divinities; yet perhaps this sentiment of multiplicity could not easily be avoided. No one term in human speech can express the All of Deity. We ourselves behold the One or the Many, according as we contemplate Godhood from the exterior or external vision.

The story of Cain and Abel seems to be in analogy with the prehistoric conflicts of the archaic period. The Eranians were agriculturists and cultivated the arts and virtues of civilized life; the Dævas, or Dæva-Worshipers, were nomadic sheperds. In history the agriculturist uproots the shepherd, and it is a curious coincidence in this case that a dynasty ancient Eran was known as the Kainean or Cainite, while the chief divinity of the Semitic peoples was Bel, or Abelios.

The conflict of the remote ages was at its height when the movement began which should permanently affect the usages and traditions of the Eranian communities. It can hardly be proper, however, to ascribe the origin of the Mazdean worship and philosophy to any simple individual. History and tradition seldom preserve accurately the memorials of the beginning of a faith. Great thoughts are afloat in the spiritual atmosphere, and thus are apprehended by those who are in the suitable condition of mind. Religions that are now extant are more or less the outgrowths from older beliefs, differentiated anew by the genius of the peoples and individuals by whom they are embraced. This is illustrated in the examples afforded within our own historic period. The faith promulgated by Mohamed had been already taught by the Hanyfs, and he himself at first professed to be of their number. After his death the men who had opposed him became dominant in Islam and modified his teachings, adding many Persian and Semitic features. The story of the Bridge of Judgment was taken

from the *Avesta*. Augustin asserted that Christianity had existed many centuries before the era of the Apostles, and the philosophies of the Far East were older than the teachers to whom they are accredited.

The attempt has been made to show a Buddhistic influence in the origin of the Moslem religion. The historian, Ammianus Marcellinus, has preserved an account of a journey into Upper India by Hystaspis, the father of Dareios, and his discourses with the Brachmanes, a sect of philosophers. "He was instructed by their teaching," says this writer, "in the knowledge of the motions of the universe, and of the heavenly bodies, and in pure religious rites; and so far as he was able to collect these, he transfused a certain portion into the creed of the Mages." This story, however, is but a garbled relic of an older tradition. Gustasp, or Vistaspa, an ancient king of Baktria, was doubtless the personage denoted. He is commemorated in the *Avesta* as the first who promulgated the Mazdean religion in his dominions. Doctor Haug, however, denies the whole matter; citing a passage translated by him from the *Fravardin-Yasht*, in which the first Zoroaster is described as "that ingenious man who spoke such good words, who was the promulgator of wisdom, who was born before Gautama had a revelation."

The earliest record of the official promulgation of the Mazdean religion and philosophy, except what is found in the *Avesta*, appears to have been given in the famous proclamation of Dareios Hystaspis at Baghistán. At that point, on the western frontier of ancient Media, in the heart of the Zagros Mountains, beside the highway from Babylon to Ekbátana, there stands a precipitous rock seventeen hundred feet high. Upon its front, three hundred feet from the bottom, is an inscription in cuneiform characters, in three languages, the Old Persian, the Assyrian and Skythic or Turanian. It was long the perplexity of scholars. Finally it was deciphered in 1845 by Sir Henry C. Rawlinson, and afterward by other Orientalists. They found it to be an account of the circumstances attending the accession of Dareios as "Great King." In it is set forth the establishing anew of the Mazdean worship:

"Says Dareios, the King:
'I have made elsewhere a Book of the Aryan language
that formerly did not exist;
And I have made the text of the Divine Law [the *Avesta*],
and a Commentary of the Divine Law, and the Prayers and the Translations;
And it was written and I sealed it.
And then the Book was restored by me in all nations,
and the nations followed it.'"

We do not know the century or even the millennium in which the first Zoroaster was born. He is described in the *Yasna* as "famous in the Aryan Home-Country," where the Hindus and Eranians once dwelt together. "The few philosophic ideas which may be discerned in his sayings," says Dr. Haug, "show that he was a great and deep thinker, who stood above his contemporaries, and even the most enlightened men of many subsequent centuries."

He is described in the Sacred Writings as possessing rare spiritual endowments, and as living in intimate communion with Divine natures. His utterances have been denominated Magic, but only in the primitive sense of the term, a Wisdom-Religion. The *Avesta* denounces vehemently the arts of sorcery and the incantations employed in the rites of the dæva-worshipers. At that period, these consisted of wandering Aryan families addicted to freebooting, and without permanent abodes. They worshiped the dævas and *pitris*, or spirits of ancestors, and had Indra and Varuna as their superior divinities. The Eranians discarded all these as evil demons, but paid homage to the Ahuras, or spirits of the World of Light.

In this system of worship and philosophy goodness is the central principle. Every hymn and every prayer is an acknowledgment of the Divine Goodness and Justice impersonated in Ahura Mazda. The Good Will, leader of the heavenly army, carries on the Conflict of the Ages against Araman, the Dark Impulse, not to hurt, but to save his adversary. The battles are all without bloodshed or any cruel violence. Every act that beautified the Earth, that extended the field of

usefulness, that bettered the condition of human beings, that wrought the suppression of hatred and the predominance of good, was a conquest.

"Let every one this day, both man and woman, choose a governing principle," cries the great Zoroaster, standing before the altar. "In the beginning there were two—the Good and the Bad in thought and word and deed. Choose one of these two; be good, not base. You cannot belong to both. You must choose the originator of the worst actions, or the true holy spirit. Some may choose the worse allotment; others worship the Most High by means of faithful action."

"The clear moral note, prominent through the whole cycle of the Zoroastrian religion, has here been struck," says Frances Power Cobbe. "The 'Choice of Scipio' was offered to the Iranians by their prophet three thousand years ago, even as it is offered to us to-day. 'Choose one of the two spirits; be good, not base.'"

Zoroaster laid the foundation of his theosophy by proclaiming the Mazda, the One Supremely Wise, as the Chief Ahura, the "primeval Spirit," the Creator of the Universe, the Coming Father, "God who is the One that always was and is and will be." This Ahura Mazda is the Source of the two, the Light and Dark Intelligences. "In his wisdom," says the *Yasna,* "he produced the Good and the Negative Impulse * * * Thou art he, O Mazda, in whom the last cause of both these is hidden."

There is in every one, Zoroaster declared, a good and holy will, a *positive* will of righteousness. The reflection of this good mind is its negative evil mind, the lower nature following its instincts, and incapable of choosing aright. The earlier Mazdeans thus included these Positive and Negative principles in their concept of the Divine Nature, but did not thereby impair their perception of the Divine Goodness. It was natural, however, to speak of these attributes as personal essences, and this doubtless led the later Zoroasters to treat of them as so many distinct beings.

The seven archangels or Amshaspands of the later Zoroastrian theosophy, were but modes of Divine manifestation—the one Ahura Mazda,

or Living Essence, represented in seven qualities as Wisdom, Goodness, Veracity,* Power, Will, Health and Immortality. The *Rig-Veda* also declares that "the Wise in their hymns represent under many forms, the spirit that is but one." Indeed, even in later periods, it seems that only two or three of the Amshaspands were regarded as being other than simple qualities treated of as personalities."† Several of them are enumerated in an ancient hymn in conformity with this idea: "He gives us by his most holy spirit, the *good mind* (*vohu manu*), which springs from good thoughts, words and actions —also fulness, long life, prosperity and understanding."

In like manner the dævas, or evil spirits, were chiefly regarded as bad moral qualities or conditions, though they are often mentioned as individuated existences. They have their origin, not by first creative act, but in the errant thought of human beings. "These bad men produce the dævas by their pernicious thoughts," the *Yasna* declares. The upright, on the other hand, destroy them by good action.

Always before the mind, like a beautiful and sublime prospect, was the vision of the Light Eternal. A spiritual and invisible world preceded and remained about this material world, as its prototype, origin and upholding energy. Innumerable myriads of spiritual essences were distributed throughout the universe. These were the Frohars or Fravashis, the ideal or typical forms of all living things in heaven and earth. In the early periods they were designated as psychic beings, and venerated as ancestral and guardian spirits. "This doctrine," says Professor Tielé, "recurring in one shape or another among all nations of antiquity, received among the Eranians a special development and in a higher form was adopted into the Zarathustrian system from the very beginning."

Through the Frohars, the hymn declares, the Divine Being upholds

*Lying was regarded by the ancient Persians as the vilest of wicked deeds, and leprosy was regarded as its punishment. See II. Kings v., 25-27; Herodotus 1:139. One title of the Divinity Mithras was "Lord of Truth," which seems to have been adopted in Jewish usage.—Isaiah lxvi., 16.

†In Exodus iii. and elsewhere the "angel of the Lord" is mentioned as being the Deity himself.

the sky, supports the earth, and keeps pure and vivific the waters of preëxistent life. They are the energies in all things, and each of them, led by Mithras, is associated in its time and order with a human body,* Everything, therefore, which is created or will be created, has its Frohar, which contains the cause and reason of its existence. They are stationed everywhere to keep the universe in order and to protect it against the potencies of evil. Thus they are allied to everything in nature; they are ancestral spirits and guardian angels, attracting all human beings to the right, and seeking to avert from them every deadly peril. They are the immortal souls, living before our birth into this earth, and surviving after death. Thus, as is set forth in the Mazdean philosophy, the eternal world is an ocean of living intelligence, a milky sea of very life, from which all mortals are generated, sustained and afforded purification from evil.

Thus the human soul coming into this world of time and sense, has always its guardian, its own law or spiritual essence in the invisible region. In fact, the two are never really separated. When the term of existence here is over it abides for three days and nights around the body from which it has withdrawn. It meets its celestial counterpart in the form of a beautiful maiden, and is conducted over the Bridge of Judgment to the heavenly paradise, and into the everlasting Light. Conversely to this the wicked soul also remains three days and nights at the head of the corpse inhaling the odors of the charnel, and then goes forth into scenes of an opposite character, entering finally into the presence of the Evil Mind in the world of Darkness, there to abide till the period of redemption and restitution.†

It is predicted in the *Zamyad-Yasht* that the Good Spirit will overcome the Evil Intelligence; that the Truth will smite the lie and the Evil-doer be deprived of his dominion.

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*In the later Platonic theosophy archangels, angels, demons, heroes or half-gods, and souls not yet bodied were all included. At this period the Mithraic form of the Zoroastrian system had spread over the Roman world.

†This account of the two souls and their fate is preserved in a fragment of the Hadokht-Nask, and also in the Minokhirid. Compare also Matthew xii. 40, or Acts of the Apostles iii. 21, relating to the same subjects.

The later Zoroasters and teachers enlarged and transformed the Mazdean theosophy into a more complex, theurgic system. They were doubtless led to this through the influence of the Magian sacerdotal castes of Media and Babylon. Taking the analogy of the seven planets they devised a College of Seven Amshaspands or Celestial Benefactors. Of these they made Ahura Mazda first and chief. Added to these was the assemblage of Yazatas or angels, of whom Mithras, the god of truth and light, was lord. The Frohars, or guardian spirits, seem to have been included with these, and they were assigned to habitations in the stars.*

In the *Bundahish,* a work completed during the Sassanide period, the Amshaspands were supplemented and antagonized by a Council of Dævas, seven in number, analogous to the Seven Evil Gods or angels of the lower region of the sky, as set forth in the Assyrian *Tablets.* They were Aeshma Deva, or Asmodens, the three Hindu gods, Indra, Saurva or Agni, and Nayanhatya, and two others personifying Thirst and Penury, with Araman or Angramainyas, the Dark Intelligence, as their prince. There were also an infinitude de dævas of lower grade, and *drujas,* an order of female spirits whose chief pursuit was the alluring of good men from rectitude.

These innumerable spiritual essences need not embarrass us. It is hardly rational, when we observe the endless forms and grades of living things in the realm of nature about us, that we should imagine that there was a total blank of life of all conditions about the spiritual region of being. Our plummet may not sound the infinite and enable us to bring up living substances from the ocean; yet we are not authorized on that account to doubt the being and presence of God, or to deny that there are intelligent spiritual beings.

Nevertheless, both the Amshaspands and the Arch-Dævas, the good and bad angels, and other essences were considered rather as spiritual

*It was a Pythagorean doctrine, and it was recognized in the Mysteries that souls came from the galaxy or milky sea into the sublunary world to take up their abode in human bodies.

qualities than as beings that had an objective existence. At best, during the earlier periods, they were regarded as pervading all things as elements of their substance. Hence it was taught that good works drove away the dævas and actually destroyed them, and that the sacred utterance, the *Ahuna-Vairya,* mastered the Prince of Evil himself. The essential nature of Evil is simply opposition; the Dark Impulse only follows the creative operations of Ahura Mazda, producing whatever may work them injury.

Indeed, the "dualism" of the Parsi theosophy, when critically examined as to its intrinsic character, is found to denote simply and purely the two aspects of the Divine operation—the interior and external, the spiritual and natural, subjective being and objective existence, organization and dissolution. Both these have their place, if we contemplate them as to their respective functions, and they are necessary alike in the order of nature; but when the latter and lesser is exalted and esteemed above the other, it is thereby perverted from its office, and becomes morally evil.

Behind this twofold classification the *Bundahish* places the one sole Divine Essence, the Zervan, or "Ancient of Days." This Divinity is the impersonation of Eternity itself, and identical with the One God prior to entity and essence, delineated in the latter Platonic writings. His introduction into the Persian theosophic system helped to dispose of hard metaphysic problems, which have perplexed the thinkers in all centuries.

The Zoroastrian teachings were essentially ethical, and inculcate with strenuous earnestness, veneration for the pure law. By this is denoted homage to the Supreme Being, to the guardian spirits and benefactors and especially to the personal protector of the worshiper. By prayer was signified the hearty renouncing of evil, and complete harmony with the Divine will. "To attain prayer," says the *Yasna,* "is to attain to a perfect conscience. The good seed of prayer is virtuous conscience, virtuous thoughts and virtuous deeds."

It is recorded that Zoroaster asked of Ahura Mazda, "What form of invocation expresses every good thing?" He replied: "The

prayer Ashem." This is the Confession: "Purity is the highest good; blessed is he who is completely pure."

Zoroaster asked again: "What prayer equals in greatness, goodness and fitness all things beneath the heavens, the universe of stars and all things that are pure?" The Holy One answered him: "That one, O Spitman* Zarathustra, in which all evil thoughts and words and deeds are renounced."

Every Mazdean was obligated to follow a useful calling. The one which was regarded as the most meritorious was the subduing and tilling of the soil. The abundance of corn repelled the evil demons. The telling of lies was considered a shameful enormity, and hence commerce was held in low repute, and the owing of debt was looked upon as disgraceful, because of the tendency to deception and falsehood. The man must marry, but only a single wife, and by preference she should be of kindred blood.†

To foul a stream of water was considered impious. Individual worthiness was not thought to be solely the profit and advantage of the one possessed of it, but as an addition to the whole power and volume of goodness in the universe.

Such was the rule of conduct left by the Eranian sages as the safe path for human endeavor: "Heroic husbandry, the energetic struggle of Good against Evil, the life of pure light in labor and in justice."

This simple faith of Eran and the kingdom of Anzan was promulgated by Dareios over the whole Persian dominion for all the nations to obey. In the wars with Greece it came into direct conflict with the worship of Apollo, Demeter, and Bacchus, and its progress was arrested by the defeat of Xerxes at Salamis. But none the less did it shed its influence over the world. The torch of Grecian philosophy was lighted at the altar of Zoroaster, and its expositors now flourished in Ionia, Thrace and Attika. Then Plato rose and placed the cope-

*Spitaman was the surname of the family or clan of which the first Zoroaster was a member.

†Compare Genesis xx. 12; xxiv. 3, 40; xxviii. 2, 8, 9; also Exodus vi. 20 and Samuel II. xiii. 13.

stone on their work. He gathered up all that had been taught by those before him, both Ionian and Oriental, including the under-meaning of the Mystic Rites, and presented it in a new form and rendering. The Dialectic of Plato has been the text-book of scholars in the Western World, as the Dialogues of Zoroaster with Ahura Mazda constituted the Sacred Literature of the Wise Men of the Farther East.

Other religious faiths were also permeated and leavened by the pure faith of the *Avesta*. The colonization of Judæ by the authority of the Persian monarchs was distinctly set forth as inspired by the "God of Heaven"—Ahura Mazda. The Pharisees made a collection of Sacred Writings, the work of their sages and prophets, and the Essenés compiled another to be read and expounded in their secret assemblies. Angels and evil spirits became conspicuous in Rabbinic tradition. "The Jews derived all their knowledge about the angels from the Persians during their captivity," Maimonides tells us. Doubtless, many of the Hebrew traditions and observances were from the same source.

Herodotus has declared that no nation adopted foreign customs so readily as the Persians. To this versatility of disposition may be attributed many of the changes made in their worship. While Dareios and Xerxes were zealous adherents to the "pure faith" of Ahura Mazda, Artaxerxes Mnemôn proclaimed Mithras and Anahid his divinities; the one the personified fountain of living spirit from whom flowed the currents of life to the universe, and the other the chief of angels and the Director of the ever-active fructifying energies of nature. This new form of worship was carried into Asia Minor and flourished there for centuries as an arcane religion. After the conquest of Pontos and the Pirate Empire of the Mediterranean by Pompey, it was introduced into the Roman metropolis. There, says the Rev. C. W. King, "it became so popular, as with the earlier-imported Serapis-worship, to have entirely usurped the place of the ancient Hellenic and Italian divinities. In fact," he further declares, "during the Second and Third centuries of the Empire, Serapis and Mithras may be said to have become the sole objects of worship even in the remote corners of the Roman world. It was the theology of Zoroaster in its origin, but

greatly simplified, so as to assimilate it to the previously-existing systems of the West. Under this form it took the name of Mithras, who in the Zoroastrian creed is not the Supreme Being Ormuzd, but the chief of the subordinate powers. Mithras is the Zend title of the Sun, the peculiar domain of this spirit, and hence he was admitted by the Greeks as their former Phœbus and Hyperion. In the same character he identified with Dionysius and Liber, or Phanaces,* the sun-god of the Asiatics, and his Mysteries replaced the ancient Dionysia. How important the Mithraica had become in the Second century appears from the fact recorded by Lampridius that Commodus the Emperor condescended to be initiated into them. With their penances and tests of the courage of the candidate for admission, they have been maintained by a constant transition through the secret societies of the Middle Ages and the Rosicrucians, down the modern faint reflex of the latter, the Free Masons."

There seems to have been a great resemblance among the several sects and religions in the earlier centuries of the present era. The Apocalypse abounds with references which exhibit familiarity with the Mithraic rites. The letters to the seven angels offer rewards to those that overcame, like those given to successful candidates. The fiery dragon with seven heads and ten horns, or rays of light forming a halo around them, was a simulacrum of the seven-headed serpent of Akkad and Assyria which the Zoroastrian believers were destined to destroy. Augustin of Hippo quoted the assertion of the Mithraic initiators that their divinity "himself was Christian." The copper coins of Constantine bore the image and superscription of the Unconquered Sun, the *comes* or comrades in arms, and everybody knows that the twenty-fifth day of December was from time immemorial celebrated as the Birthday of Mithras. Chrysostom, speaking of the appointing of the Christmas festival at the same period, explains the reason: "It was so fixed at Rome in order that while the heathen were busied at their profane cere-

*Dionysos or Bacchus was originally a Semitic or Cushite divinity. The name is compounded of *dian* or judge, and *nisi*, mankind. Nebuchadnezzer styled him "Samas dianisi." Pater Liber was the Roman Bacchus, whose festival occurred on the seventeenth day of March.

monies, the Christians might perform their holy rites undisturbed."

Indeed, as Mr. King remarks, "there is very good reason to believe that, as in the East the worship of Serapis was at first combined with Christianity, and gradually merged into it with an entire change of name, not substance, carrying with it many of its ancient notions and rites; so, in the West, a similar influence was exerted by the Mithraic religion." In the year 381 a decree of the Emperor Theodosios I. prohibited the further observance of the worship, and it was afterward denounced as sorcery and actual compact with the Powers of Darkness. Yet it continued for many years among the *paganis* or country population.

A melancholy interest hangs about the later history of the Mazdean religion. The fine gold became dim. The Magians were able to realize the ambition of the usurper, Gaumata, and make themselves the authorized expositors of the Zoroastrian doctrines; and when afterward the restoration took place under the Sassanide dynasty, they retained that distinction. Meanwhile the numerous Gnostic sects and creeds, abounding during the first centuries of the present era, are evidence of the influence that pervaded the atmosphere of philosophic thought.

This grand religious system has been little known and studied in later periods. Its magnitude and influence have been underrated. It has survived the torch of Alexander and the scimitar of the Moslem. Millions upon millions have been put to death for their adherence to the "pure religion," yet wherever it survives it is manifest as the wisdom justified by her children. The leaven of truth which it carries has sufficed to preserve it from extinction, and it bids fair to continue for centuries. The moral virtues, truth, chastity, industry, and general beneficence which are found inculcated in the earliest fragments of the *Avesta*, and which were characteristic of the Persians of the time of Cyrus, are even now the peculiarities of this remarkable people. "No nation," says Miss Cobbe, "no nation deserves better that we should regard their religion with respect, and examine its sacred literature with interest than the 120,000 Parsis of India—the remnant of the once imperial race of Cyrus and Darius."

The criticism has sometimes been made that there was little of a philosophic nature in the Zoroastrian books. We are not required to be so over-nice in our distinctions. The *Avesta* is everywhere ethical, and like all ancient writings, essentially religious. All philosophy takes religious veneration for its starting-point. We are free, likewise, to define religion as Cicero did, to be a profounder reading of the truth. But it was anciently held to include the entire domain of knowledge. Even here the *Avesta* was not deficient. The twenty-one works treated of religion, morals, government, political economy, medicine, botany, astronomy, and other subjects. The students of Zoroastrian lore were therefore proficient scholars. Demokritos of Abdera, who was educated by Persians, and professed their religion, was distinguished as a physician and a philosopher. He became no less advanced in Egyptian learning in later years, which he endeavored to show was similar to the Wisdom of the East.

Herakleitos denominated the elemental principle Fire, which, however, was a spiritual and intelligent essence, and not a gross corporeal flame. From it all things emanate and to it they return. This is the cardinal principle of fire-worship as inculcated by Zoroastrians. The light of Ahura Mazda is hidden under all that shines, says the hymn. Herakleitos also taught that the soul possesses the power to cognize the real truth, while the senses only perceive that which is variable and particular. The living on earth he declared to be a dying from this life of this eternal world, and death is a returning thither. The doctrine of the Two Principles was also entertained; the former, the essential fire, positive, real and intellectual; the latter, cold, negative and a limitation of the other.

Enough for us, however, that the ethics and philosophy of the Mazdean religion have been wholesome in their influence and a potent leaven to promote the fermentation of thought. Even to our own day we know and feel it. "So much is there in this old creed of Persia in harmony with our popular belief to-day," remarks Miss Cobbe, "that we inevitably learn to regard it with a sort of hereditary interest, as a step in the pedigree of thought much more direct in our mental ancestry

than the actual faith of our Odin-worshiping ancestors according to the flesh."

This conviction is founded on a firm groundwork. Zoroastrianism has mingled with the deepest thoughts of the centuries, purifying wherever it was present; the current from that fountain has flowed for thousands of years, fertilizing as it went. Everywhere, in whatever form it has appeared, it had always the same idea at the forefront—the overcoming of evil with good, the triumph of right over wrong.

ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

THE TWO GREAT POEMS OF INDIA.

BY MRS. ARTHUR SMITH.

The Râmayâna and Mahâbhârata belong to the second period of Indian Sanskrit literature, 1400 to 1000 B. C.

The Vêdic was the First Period, 200 to 1400 B. C. The simpler, nobler sections of the Sanskrit verse in these poems (oftentimes as musical and highly wrought as Homer's own Greek) bear testimony to an origin anterior to writing and anterior to Homer and the Purânic Theology. In studying the religious sentiment of the Orient, especially of India, we must turn to the imaginative life of that land, contained in the two great poems or storehouses of poetry, the Râmayâna and Mahâbhârata.

The Indian prophets, poets and philosophers were saturated with the sentiments and traditions contained therein. There were also children of the Mahâbhârata and Râmayâna, and a careful student of the spiritual religion of India will not lose his time if he pass a season of preparation in these immense "Flowery Forests of Indian Poetry." And there is much contained in their thought akin to the modern spirit.

The true explanation of the miraculous atmosphere that pervades old Indian poetry is not found in the poet's superstition of credulity, but rather in his incredulity; his inability to take seriously the mere show of things that passes before his soul for his instruction and entertainment.

Where all outward life is regarded as Mâyâ, Illusion, a dream, there is no objection felt to some incidents of the dream being incredible, and when one discovers this, the modern idealist will find himself more at home in the spiritual atmosphere of Old Indian History than he is in that of the Mediæval Romance Country, which shows a contempt for Nature and the Natural Life of Man, and Human Love is made a theme for gross jesting.

In the Old Indian Poetry there is no attempt to deal with supernatural terrors or morbid horrors. There are demons, but they are not dealt with as *bona fide* demons. The demons in Indian Poetry become

praiseworthy characters and die in the odor of sanctity. Their poetry deals with Life, not Death. This mysticism does not see in Nature the enemy of the soul, but sees all visible nature as a dream of the Universal Soul or Mind; that is, the one true existence. The Dreamer has only tenderness and compassion for his dream, because he feels, even while watching it, the dream is vanishing away, and with this sublime compassion and pathos you have the awakening of the higher spiritual temper that has its finest expression in Buddhism and its counterpart in what the modern idealist describes as "Cosmic Emotion," the effort to set life's hopes and purposes *beyond the present state,* the endeavor to make the mind its *own* state, by training it to take its stand by the facts of thought and intellect, and the attempt to liberate the soul from the painful sense of impermanency and imperfection of material conditions, not hoping to change these external conditions, but urging to a conquest of spiritual disinterestedness. Goethe said of the charming drama, "Sakuntala," by Kaladasa (the Shakespeare of India), "Wouldst thou the heaven and earth in one sole word compress, I name 'Sakuntala,' and so have said it all." This drama is an episode drawn from the "Mahâbhârata," a poem which indicates a higher degree of civilization than that of the Homeric poems and describes the deeds of nations who lived in the Gangetic valley. The characters are bolder and purer than those of Homer, the picture of domestic life touching, children dutiful, parents careful of children, wives loyal and obedient, yet independent in opinion, and peace reigns in the domestic circle.

One form of the "Oriental Muse" is the spontaneous transport of an inspired and free imagination, infusing a divine soul through all dead substances, melting everything into its own mold, filling a new universe with new marvels of beauty and delight. The poetry is as the clime, vast in mystery, warm with passion, far-vistaed with revery, rich in jewels, redolent with perfumes, brilliant in colors, and inexhaustible in profusion. In Sir Edwin Arnold's "Indian Idylls" fine mention is made of the poems, and in "Savitari," from the "Vana Parva" of the Mahâbhârata, Love conquers Death itself.

"Nala and Damayanti" shows woman's constancy, the sin of gambling, also Karma and Reincarnation are taught, and gentleness is considered the chief virtue.

In "Birth of Death," from the "Drone Parva," human beings do not die, but kill themselves by so living and thinking as to bring disease upon themselves. "The Enchanted Lake," from the "Vana Parva," contains the oldest riddles in literature. The following verses from Sir Edwin Arnold's translation of the above poem will serve as an interesting illustration:

"Yaksha—What teacheth division 'twixt spirit and frame?
And which is the practice assisteth the same?
What finally freeth the spirit? and how
Doth it find new being? Resolve me these now.

"King—The Vêdas division plainly show;
By worship rightly man doth go;
Dharma the soul will surely free;
In truth its final rest shall be.

"Yaksha—Who is it that, gifted with senses to see,
To hear, taste, smell, handle, and seeming to be
Sagacious, strong, fortunate, able, and fair,
Hath never once lived, though he breatheth the air?

"King—The man who, having, doth not give
Out of his treasure to these five,—
Gods, guests, and Pitris, kin, and friend,
Breathes breath, but lives not to life's end.

"Yaksha—What thing in the world weigheth more than the world?
What thing goeth higher than white clouds are curled?
What thing fleeth quicker than winds o'er the main?
And what groweth thicker than grass on the plain?

"King—A mother's heart outweighs the earth;
A father's fondness goeth forth
Beyond the sky; thought can outpass
The winds, and woes grow more than grass.

"Yaksha—Whose eyes are unclosed, though he slumbers all day?
And what's born alive without motion? and, say,
What moveth, yet lives not? and what, as it goes,
Wastes not, but still waxes? Resolve me now these.

"King—With unclosed eyes a fish doth sleep;
And new-laid eggs their place will keep;
Stones roll; and streams, that seek the sea,
The more they flow the wider be.

"Yaksha—What help is the best help to virtue? and then
What way is the best way to fame among men?
What road is the best road to heaven? and how
Shall a man live most happy? Resolve me these now.

"King—Capacity doth virtue gain;
Life-giving will renown obtain;
Truth is to heaven the best of ways;
And a kind heart wins happy days.

"Yaksha—What soul hath a man which it yet another's?
What friend do the gods grant, the best of all others?
What joy in existence is greatest? and how
May poor men be rich and abundant? say thou.

"King—Sons are the second souls of men;
And wives are the heaven-sent friends; nor can
Among all joys health be surpassed;
Contentment answereth thy last.

"Yaksha—Right skillfully hast thou my questionings met,
Most pious of princes, and learned! But yet
Resolve me, who liveth though death him befalls?
And what man is richest and greatest of all?

"King—Dead though he be, that mortal lives
Whose virtuous memory survives;
And richest, greatest, that one is
Whose soul—indifferent to bliss
Or misery, to joy or pain,
To past or future, loss or gain—
Sees with calm eyes all fates befall,
And, needing naught, possesseth all."

The finest translation of the Mahâbhârata has been accomplished by a learned Pundit, of Calcutta, Photapa Chandra Roy, assisted by his colleague, K. M. Ganguli. Roy was not a man of large means, but devoted his personal fortune and service to the work. This great epic, now in the English prose translated from the Bengali tongue, comprises 5,000 closely printed pages.

After twelve years of devoted labor, and before the completion of his work, Roy passed away, in 1895, but his faithful widow pledged her entire fortune to its completion, and now the English speaking people have the benefit of his and his wife's self-sacrifice and labor. The poem, "The Mahâbhârata," is seven times as large as the Iliad of Homer. Richardson's "Iliad of the East," also Edwin Arnold's translation of many "Parvas" in his "Indian Idylls," have made this great epic familiar to all lovers of the Oriental thought. The fine philosophy of this work is manifested in Sir Edwin Arnold's translation of "The Great Journey," which King Yudhisthira, his wife, Draupadi, the four Panday brothers, and the faithful dog make, leaving all earthly splendors to Journey East and Heavenward. Draupadi is first to fall. Her sin is loving the brother more than Heaven. Sahaved sank a little space after. His sin was that wisdom made him arrogant and proud.

Makulas' sin was self-love. Arjuna lied and boasted. Bhima was an overfed soul, and all fell dead save the King, who was at first refused entrance into heaven because he could not leave his faithful hound. At last this unselfish love for the animal gained him the highest place, also reunion with his loved ones.

We can contrast the magnificent unselfishness of this great poem with the dogmatic theology in Dante's "Divina Comedia."

Tulsi Das translated from the Sanskrit the poem, "Râmayâna," written by Valmiki, into the Hindu vernacular, and T. S. Growse, B. C. S. A. M., retranslated it into English. Both verse and prose translations have been made in Latin, Italian, French, and English. Tulsi Das's translation, while it never soars so high as Valmiki in some of his best passages, maintains a more equable level of poetic diction. His wife, to whom he was passionately attached, incited him to adore Râma, and he adopted a vagrant life, visiting Benares, also Chit-rakut, where he had a personal interview with Hunumâh, from whom he received his poetical inspiration and the power to work miracles. Shah-jahan, Emperor of Delhi, sent for him, desiring that he produce Râma, which he refused to do, and was thrown into confinement, from which he was soon released by myriads of monkeys who collected about the prison and began to demolish it, also the adjacent building. Shah-jahan set the poet at liberty, and as a reparation for the indignity he had suffered granted the favor he asked, viz., that the Emperor should leave ancient Delhi, the abode of Râma.

This was the reason of the founding of the new city, called Shah-jahânabâd.

Tulsi commenced to translate the Râmayâna in 1575 A. D. He was by descent a Brahmin. His father was Atma Ram. The greater part of the poet's life was spent in the sacred city of Benares, although he visited Soron, Ayodhya, Allah-Abad, and Brinda-ban, and died in 1624 A. D. He completed a copy of the Râmayâna in his own handwriting, but only a fragment of it remains in the temple.

The second part of the poem is more generally read and admired by Hindu critics. The description of King Dasarath's death and the dif-

ferent leave-takings are quoted as models of the pathetic, and in public recitals moves the audience to tears.

The sentiments the poet depicts are interesting to the English student for the insight they afford into the traditional sympathies of the people. Constant repetition of a few stereotyped phrases irritates the modern European taste, though parallels are found in the stock epithets of the "Homeric Poems," also in Klopstock's "Messiah." Tulsi Das was contemporary with Shakespeare's time, and many strange pieces of natural history were similarly worked up into poetical commonplaces, namely, that the chameleon lives upon air, that the adder is deaf, the jewel in the head of the toad is an antidote for poison, etc., etc. The Râmayâna has for its subject one of the incarnations of Vishnu Râma, who was pre-eminently the advocate of the two great principles of Truth and Justice, and Valmika, the author of the Râmayâna, speaks of Râma as "One whose eminent course was governed by Truth and Justice."

Laksmana, the brother of Râma, was much grieved when his father desired to go to the forest instead of being crowned Prince Regent, and requested his brother to set at naught his father's command; but Râma replied: "Laksmana, I would not wish to attain even the position of Indra by injustice."

The hardships and sufferings he endured in the woods are well known in every homestead in India, and though he played his part in the theatre of life ages ago, he is to-day a living model, and his memory is the holiest the people cherish. His name is the greatest among those they revere, and it has been used as a symbol of salvation, and made the subject of constant meditation.

The success of these poems has shone for ages past, and they are still read and explained by the learned and initiated to large concourses of people, who listen to them with deepest interest and affection. Should a census be taken of all the Hindus who bear the name of Râma, it would be found that they form a large portion of the whole body.

This poem is formed in Slokas, 16-syllable lines divided at the eighth syllable, and is more popular and more honored by the people of the Northwest Province of India than the Bible is by the corresponding classes of England.* Swami Vivekananda said of these poems:

"The stories in the Râmayâna and Mahâbhârata are not like the sensational French novels of the day—cobwebs spun by idle brains—but the natural flowers of great minds that could from a Himalaya-like philosophic attitude take a sweeping and sympathetic survey of the human race.

"Centuries rolled away before the Mahâbhârata and Râmayâna appeared, and centuries more will pass before others of their kind can exist. They are not older than the mouutains, but will live longer than they and have more influence.

"One special feature of these stories is that they have a different meaning for every stage of human growth. The ordinary man as well as the philosopher understands them, each in his own way, for these stories were composed by men far advanced on the ladder of human progress—some of them on the topmost rungs. Here principles are taught through the stories, and in these poems the ideal society is shown, not as a millennium on earth, where there will be nothing but peace, joy, and equality, but where religious toleration, neighborly charity, also kindness to animals, are leading features, where the fleeting concerns of life are subordinated to the Eternal; where man strives not to externalize but to internalize himself more and more, and the whole social organism moves, as it were, with a sure instinct towards God. The truest social reform has come from men who strove to be good—men from whose personal goodness sprang social advancement, as noiselessly, as naturally and beautifully as the perfume from the flowers."

These poems also teach that man must erect himself above himself; that is, we must draw out the divinity that lies concealed in us.

MARIE B. SMITH.

*Monier Williams, also Griffith Webber's translation of this poem are excellent.

FREEDOM.*

BY LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE.

The element of Freedom is closely associated with Will and with all of its important bearings upon the personal features of life. In considering the subject of Freedom the average man applies it to himself and to his own interests in his relationship with other personalities, and weighs his chances for conducting his affairs according to his own wishes, without interference from others. In this sense the subject becomes a matter of his own liberty of choice and action. On the material plane he views this as freedom of action; on the personal plane as freedom of views and opinions; on the mental plane as freedom of thought and belief; and on the spiritual plane as unobstructed freedom of being. He feels that he should be free and believes that he is so; and he is strongly inclined to adhere to the ultimate interpretation of the term, thereby considering himself "free" in every sense of the word.

There is something inherent within man that will not be satisfied with less than complete freedom; yet, almost his first experience, upon coming in contact with the personal world, teaches him that other considerations than his own wishes must be taken into account, and that there are some ways in which it is, at least, impracticable for him to act upon his own impulses. He soon learns that others, also, have rights that bear upon freedom, and that to be understood the idea must be considered in a wider sense than the personal wishes, or even necessities, of any *one*, or of any small group of personalities. Usually the will is brought to bear, energetically, to enforce the seeming rights of personal freedom; and as it invariably is offset by the same element in the other mind, a state of contention is quickly established in which each contestant strives to maintain personal freedom through the aggressive forces of the animal will. This course of action leads to

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warfare in some degree, but never establishes real or permanent freedom; neither does it produce happiness in any form. Freedom purchased through contention is never satisfactory, because it makes no appeal to any of the real faculties of the mind or qualities of the heart and cannot give permanent results. The unreal quickly crumbles before the earnest gaze, but REALITY endures forever.

Is freedom, then, a will-o'-the-wisp, a figment of the imagination, a desire that can never be realized? And are we subject to the wills of others, to the extent that we cannot be free to act according to our own judgment or wishes? These questions are seriously important to every one who would intelligently understand his position in the world and think his way into satisfactory relations with those with whom he must come in contact in personal life. Especially is this true if he would be a useful member of society, and perform his just part in the development of knowledge and cultivation of the innate powers for good that inhere in the souls of men. How, then, shall such results be attained? Each one feels that in order to act he must be free in his judgment and in its application in life; yet he finds that he is not entirely so, (according to his present interpretation of the idea, at least,) and a dilemma seems to present itself.

What, then, is Freedom? How may it be attained and how used, in justice to others and with profit to ourselves? The books and worldly authorities do not help us much, beyond the usual interpretation of freedom, as independence of bondage through the willful control of others. The word has, for so long, been used in the sense of separation (one from another) that the world has almost no other meaning for it. In this interpretation of Freedom all the higher sense of the Will, as a spiritual faculty and a vital function, is lost, because *natural freedom* is not included in the comprehension.

We claim, however, that "natural freedom" does inhere in the constitution of man, and that when rightly apprehended it may be employed with universal results for the permanent good of all mankind. The superconscious understanding (or full and natural con-

sciousness) of its inherent possession, prompts the subconscious conviction that freedom may be exercised; but the *outward* and *reversed* action of the element results in aggressive actions of the mind, set in operation through attempts to establish and maintain freedom by means of volition, in compulsion, restraint, and authoritative control of others, rather than, as should be the case, through pure knowledge of man's natural intelligence, and the just and right choice and decision belonging to the REAL WILL. The dictionaries define the word "freedom," in the sense of separation, as non-control of others; and the word "free" is given many different meanings or uses, but all with the same sense, relating entirely to restraint and control; then they refer to "liberty," which is defined in much the same way, except that the word relates more especially to restraint that *has been* inflicted but is now past. Webster refers to liberty as "The power of choice." This suggests a somewhat higher interpretation on the plane of the real functions of the Will; but the modern dictionary-maker seems not to recognize this and immediately follows with "freedom from physical, fatal necessity." This shows a total lack of comprehension of the pure meaning of choice, as well as an absence of the higher meaning of will, without which no appreciation of real freedom can exist.

Moral liberty is also defined as "Liberty of choice, essential to moral responsibility." This, also, savors of an inner meaning higher than mechanical minds are able to comprehend. All the vital force of the right conception of freedom lies within these higher and finer meanings; and there we must search, if we would find and reclaim them for our own use in right development.

Milton says: "True liberty always with right reason dwells." And Locke states: "That which has the power to operate, is free." These statements carry the sentiments of freedom and liberty to the plane of reason, knowledge, choice, and the pure operations of the spiritual will, where they properly belong and must be cultivated, if enjoyed at all.

After dealing with liberty, the dictionaries refer to Independence, which is defined in almost the same way as the other words of our theme as "not subject to or relying upon others"; "not dependent" (upon others) and always with reference to the controlling act of others. The idea of volitional control is prominent, and the attempt or desire to be rid of it is foremost in all the definitions of freedom, liberty, and independence, in common use. The definitions of these words all relate to the external nature of the elements and to their physical application through compulsory force, or to relief from such by personal favor. In this external view and its consequent conduct there is neither liberty nor independence, no matter how satisfied we may be with our views to that effect, and freedom becomes actually a will-o'-the-wisp.

One who is sense-bound in belief can never be free in any way, and all his views of freedom will be colored by fear of those from whom he has endeavored to separate himself. Between *separate* factors there can be only separate recognitions of any subject and these lead to divided actions. The man who *thinks* in terms of separateness will *act* in ways that oppose similar actions of others. Recognizing the fact of opposition in his own act, he will expect the same from others; and, expecting and thinking it, he will look for it until he finds it. In this state of mind his thought would call it out from the minds of others, even if they had not yet consciously established the same views. The element of separateness which is involved, spontaneously arouses thoughts of opposition, which develop to the degree of contention as soon as the minds come in personal contact with each other. In this and similar states of mind he is never free, but is continuously in bondage to his own fears and to his expectations with regard to the actions of others. There is no bondage so great as the bondage of fear, and no fear so harrowing as the fear of what the inner sense of right tells one would be just retribution. This inner sense invariably dictates, subconsciously, at least, that any act of oppression or interference with the action of another is unjust and naturally merits opposition. The external interpretation of it is, that

it merits similar action in return. This probably proceeds from the sense-man's idea of justice, which is, "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." Each act or thought along any of these lines leads through darker conceptions, until all direct sense of justice and law in freedom, disappear, and the mind no longer recognizes true freedom as the natural law of its being, but aims to escape from the oppression of others, by force or by stealth, and to maintain freedom for its own personal self by force of animal will. The further man goes in this direction the deeper he sinks in bondage to the error of its false reasoning; until, finally, freedom seems an impossibility, either here or hereafter, in the act of either God or Man. He is now on hopeless ground and his only salvation is a radical change of view and of conception. Freedom can never come through struggle, contention, or force, as these are entirely foreign to its nature. It can never be found in separate action or in separateness of view, as these generate opposition and banish freedom from the problem and from its results.

Freedom is not alone the exemption or escape from the controlling influence of others. That is the external interpretation of the word, but it does not comprehend the *quality* of freedom, in any true sense. Freedom is a QUALITY OF BEING; not a result of or a reward for personal action. It is the essence of truth in the activities of Being. Without *perfect freedom* in Being there could be no permanence to activity and no peace in the universe. It is, necessarily, inherent in every activity of reality, whether considered as mental, moral or spiritual. It cannot be bought or sold, or taken from one by another, either with or without consent; nor can its qualities be deteriorated by opinion or irretrievably lost through lack of comprehension; for it *is* the activity of the BEING of each individual soul. Its reverse action is apparent in personal life, alone, and the compulsory results of the lack of freedom are felt and feared only by the personal mind. The soul never has any problem of freedom or bondage under consideration. It simply is free, in and by virtue of its spiritual being, and cannot be troubled by doubt, fear or confusion. The mind is equally free, in its nature and in its active powers; and, on the higher plane of its intelli-

gence it knows the fact and acts accordingly, although in its external operations it is misled by the sense of separateness, and yields to the illusions which result in false belief.

This, then, is the plane where the mistake exists and where it must be rectified. The mind must see the error of its inverted reasoning, recognize the nature of the illusion which has caused it, and comprehend the truth that freedom exists on quite another plane than that on which the subject has been viewed in trial, tribulation and anguish of heart at the seeming hopelessness of physical and mental freedom; then, setting aside its own preconceived views of selfish freedom on the physical plane, it will look deeper, and recognize the selfless freedom of spiritual activity in every real being—the actual necessity of the divine truth through which it exists.

If wholeness be considered in connection with the idea of activity, and the *unity* of such activity be taken as the basis of thought about it, the necessity of freedom, to the very ultimate of the conception, becomes certain; and whether it can yet be realized in personal life or not its existence, as a fundamental reality, becomes an established conviction. In unity there can be no opposition or contention and no one part can have dominance over another. This is one reason why minds which, by habit of thought, are adjusted to the illusions of separateness in Being, consider unity of all, an impossibility. And these, true to their own convictions, at least, are always ready to antagonize any one who advances the idea of *the unity of all Being in one.* Not realizing wholeness, they have no freedom of thought, but are dominated by sense-reasoning, controlled by the errors of other minds, through arguments advanced in favor of separateness and opposition, and are correspondingly unwilling that any one should hold views of wholeness. The lack of freedom in their own conceptions, renders it difficult to recognize it in the conceptions of others, and they attack opposite opinions in exact proportion to their own obtuseness. This is the natural law of personal action, and the result cannot be different until new conceptions, based upon truth, take the place of the present errors; then the opposite result will be equally sure. To obtain this

result, we must first recognize that there have been errors in our reasoning, and, consequently, that false conclusions have become established. Then we must seek to change our views, according to the new truth demonstrated; next, to understand, as fully as possible, the true nature of the newly acquired activity; and, finally, to apply it to all of the seemingly different features of life. In this way, the new truth may become a practical reality to us, and freedom be consciously established in the activities of our being. In this consciousness we can recognize freedom as existing from truth, and operating naturally within itself, entirely unobstructed, because, in an ABSOLUTE WHOLE, there can be no one to obstruct another.

Such freedom as this will generate no fear, arouse no contention, and lead to no mistakes. The conception will meet with no opposition, because he who conceives it, will recognize freedom, at least latent, in the nature of all mankind; and the natural response to such recognition is a harmonious union of thought. The conception of its eternal harmony, going out from one mind to the individuality of another, will meet it on the equal ground of unselfish action, and the brotherly sentiment will receive its full response in perfect freedom; because each recognizes the principle, the truth of which begets love for each and for all. "There is no fear in love." Love is the perfect freedom of the heart's intercourse with all the infinite parts of the one eternal whole of the divine reality of being; and when the individual fully recognizes this oneness, together with its harmony and its freedom, he can feel only love for all who are included in his thoughts of Being. Love is the law of freedom, and freedom is the gospel of love. One who does not feel himself free cannot possibly love any one or anything; because such love could be only lust for selfish possession, and it would be accompanied by fear of loss, with its consequent antagonism and hatred of whomsoever seemed to be in his way. He who hates one, cannot love another, as all are included in the ONE REALITY. "If any man say I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar."—*I. John iv., 20.*

Love and freedom are so closely associated that neither is possible without the other. Love is the response of the heart to the freedom of

the soul. It feels no restraint, knows no opponent and has nothing to overcome or escape from. It is consciously free, in every sense, and at peace with the universe. Love is the heart's consciousness of the freedom of truth—the spirit of God in the life of Man.

The definitions of freedom that relate to the idea of choice, come nearer to the nature of the element. Will is the *power* of choice, based upon knowledge and intelligence. Freedom is the *quality* by which one can choose rightly; and, in a sense, it may be said to be the *quality of the power of choice.* In either case, the action must be directed by knowledge, or it will fail. Will, that does not operate in entire freedom, cannot exercise choice wisely or carry out a purpose, justly. Freedom, therefore, is essential to will, and is the principal agency of every power possessed by the soul. But this is the freedom of Universal Intelligence, which can be comprehended only through an understanding of the eternal wholeness and the changeless reality of everything that has Being—ALL REALITY IN ONE WHOLE. It has no connection with the many-hued notions of selfhood and its brute control of one by another through personal force; nor yet, with the equally absurd and unfounded opinions of God's management of men and the universe through force, applied in selfish purpose and executed in vengeance. These false notions must be eliminated from our reasoning, before we can possibly understand wholeness or appreciate the many wonderful results in peace, harmony, love, freedom, and goodness, that come to man with its full comprehension.

The real freedom of mankind is *freedom of spirit* to know and share the whole of reality; not freedom of sense to execute its own selfish desires. In the separateness of sensation there can be no absolute freedom for any one; because, the moment we withdraw from any we withdraw from the *reality* of all, thereby becoming dependent upon others by the very act through which we designed to gain independent freedom. Thus, self-purpose thwarts itself in every attempt at exclusiveness.

On the other hand, universal recognition of ONE TRUTH IN EACH, AND EQUAL RIGHTS FOR ALL, brings one into the full realization of

purity in the principles of all Being; and, in the fulness of this *realization,* each gains consciousness of *possession* of that which is real. In this conscious recognition, the essences, qualities, principles and powers of every genuine reality are possessed by each in common with all those who constitute the body of the whole. This possession is not exclusive in any sense, and cannot be, because all these elements are infinite, and have no feature of exclusiveness; such would be entirely contrary to their nature. Truth, in any form, includes all, therefore cannot exclude anything; that which seems to exclude or to be excluded, is neither truth nor reality, therefore has no being.

Freedom belongs to reality and it can have no quality that is unreal. Real qualities cannot have unreal applications in life; therefore, true freedom cannot exist in external sense-life, all of which is based upon self-separateness. This is the reason why every effort to find and establish freedom on the sense plane, in every day life, inevitably fails. Failure is woven into both the warp and the woof of the fabric and there can be no success. The more completely one holds his consciousness aloof, and separate from the rest of mankind, the more dependent he becomes upon the whole; and the longer his consciousness of separateness continues, the more needy he becomes, because the more void of appreciation of qualities which demonstrate the true nature of things. Without appreciation of the real parts of things, all that is true escapes his notice and his mind is as a tinkling cymbal having many sounds, but no rich song of true melody. Such existence is not a life of freedom; for the deluded animal-self is absolutely in bondage to everything, including its own foolish beliefs. Every opinion formed on the same plane, becomes an extra shackle, and every fixed belief of separateness is an added link in the chain which binds him yet closer in dependence upon all things from which he blindly believes himself free.

In these ways it is demonstrated that attempts at self-freedom, on the personal plane of separate action, are self-destructive; yet, there are ways in which man seems to be able to act according to his own choice, and to do what he has decided upon, without successful inter-

ference, and, perhaps, without objection from others. Do not these prove that he is free, at least within reasonable limits? Of what use would "choice" be to him if he were in absolute bondage in this life?

These, also, are pertinent questions, and should receive due consideration. Man is never in bondage, as man, while active and operative in the true qualities of his being, no matter on what plane of consciousness he may function in life. It is only in the operations of sense that he discovers limitations to all his acts, meets with boundaries to all his conceptions, finds every path of self-purpose obstructed, and, because of these, fails to realize the freedom which in his inner nature he knows must rightly belong to him. The difficulty is with his comprehension, not with what he does or how he does it. It is his views, rather than his present plan of action, that require adjustment. In the recognition of truth he is entirely free, and in its spiritual application, in life, he will meet with no successful opposition or interference; yet, the first sense belief to which he yields himself, brings its limitations and places him under its dominion—a slave to his own false beliefs. All of this shows that freedom is associated with truth, having no affiliation with error, and that belief cannot change its nature. The "belief" can be changed, however, and the change will bring its immediate result in freedom of spirit and illumination of intelligence.

The inner consciousness of freedom as an attribute of his own being, gives every man the conviction that he has the right of choice; and, on the ground of this conviction, he seems to be justified in the opinion that, having chosen, he is free to act according to the choice. Thus far he is right in his views; but to succeed in demonstrating its truth, the choice must have been made in clear understanding, and the purpose to act based upon a perfectly just decision, with the intention to verify natural law in the action, whatever the consequences to self may be. Choice relates to the judgment of the will, and it is a spiritual function of the higher nature. It is necessarily free, and in its exercise man must be unobstructed, else there could be no choice.

If he could not choose he would receive no lesson through which to develop in understanding, and would bear no responsibility for his actions; therefore, even on the external plane, he must possess a degree of liberty of action as regards what he calls choice, in order even to simulate the high order of freedom which belongs to him on the real plane. This liberty he misinterprets as freedom and thereby misjudges his powers.

The principal point for us to consider now seems to be how to understand these various operations of freedom, liberty and independence, and find the place of each in the general scheme of life. If man has no freedom, in external life, is there any advantage to arise from the supposition that he does possess it? If he is entirely free upon the spiritual plane, how is it that he can make such a mistake on the other plane?

The reversal of action, which exists between the two planes of consciousness, explains such problems as these; because, whatever is true in the action of one plane is reversed in that of the other. As the nature of freedom is always ONE, both statements cannot be true; and if the spiritual is proved true, the other must necessarily be false. The only good to be derived from the supposition that man possesses freedom on this plane, is the opportunity, through observation of the results of his choice, to learn his errors of reasoning here, where all direct sense observations are unreliable, and so to progress in knowledge until his real faculties become operative again in spiritual consciousness. Then freedom truly dwells in the soul of each one. The mistaken judgment becomes possible only through its observation of the subject; this can again be reversed and the truth recognized. The value of this experience may be understood in connection with the natural imaging operations of the mind, through which the reversed action will be imaged in the mental processes and retained in the memory. This law is man's salvation, and by its careful exercise he may retrace the path of inverted action and return to his home in comprehension of the spiritual principles of his real being. In this right action he finds his freedom again. Then, in the unselfish asso-

ciation of all together for the good of the whole, he learns the final truth, namely: that the purity of universal love is the only element in which freedom can live, during the struggle of the mind to understand the pure ways of the soul, and to readjust its mistaken views on the many subjects involved in the seeming reversals of reality. Having made the mistakes which have brought him into this reversed state of consciousness, he must work his way back through knowledge gained by experience, either in action or in such thought as may arouse his perceptive powers, in the natural operations of which he can recognize truth and know its laws. This is his divine privilege, enjoyed by right of his spiritual nature, and in it is embodied the absolute justice of Infinite Intelligence, which rules the universe in love and regulates its activities in the wisdom of eternal right.

In the state of Being suggested by these thoughts, no mistakes ever occur; and when man takes his intelligent position on this high plane of consciousness, to which he is adapted by virtue of his spiritual inheritance, and for which he can prepare himself through just exercise of his powers of understanding, he will realize his full freedom in the power to love all, and will find his happiness in fulfilling the law. Without freedom man could have no individual being, for freedom is the first requisite of the activity *to be*. Hence, in order that he should have being at all, freedom must be a principle of his activity.

God is the Infinite Intelligence of the universe, and is ALL BEING IN ONE. That which is infinite is absolutely free, without question, for it is all, and nothing else exists to restrain, or to interfere with its perfectly free operations. Man, the manifesting expression of this ultimate reality, must possess its qualities, else he does not express and cannot manifest God. There is no other way to conceive of man having existence, except through this manifesting creation, in the natural expression of the REALITY WHICH IS, unless we stultify all our faculties of reason. If God is free, then man *must* possess freedom, as it is an essence of all Being. In order to be, at all, then, man must, of necessity, be entirely free in his real nature. It does not follow that if he is free, spiritually, he will also be free sensuously; quite the

reverse is true, because of the natural inversion of all things on the outward plane. But when he becomes conscious here, he naturally infers that all the faculties recognized as his own are operative here, also; and he imagines the possession of freedom, which, with his now separate vision, he looks upon as a power to gratify self, and, if necessary, to oppress others. This is his fatal mistake, and it must be rectified. Man is the Son of God, collectively and unitedly, not, by any means, separately. And man is free—absolutely free—but, as a unit of mankind in all humanity, considered as one, recognized as whole, comprehended as the one inseparable manifestation of all that God is. Beyond this ALL, nothing remains to bind, oppress or interfere; and in its conception, freedom can be realized, even when otherwise it seems impossible.

Is freedom of this order desirable? Yes, by all means.

Is such freedom practical? Can it be applied in life? Let us see:

It is a definite law of intercourse between the minds of those who share this life of external consciousness, in the illusion of separate existence, that the picture of the thought or image of the idea conceived, be it true or false, reflects in the intelligence of others, and is impressed there with greater or less intensity, according to the degree of understanding possessed by the mind receiving the impression. The degree of understanding is also determined somewhat by the form of theoretical belief entertained by that mind; and the intensity of the image is influenced by the interest of the person in the subject involved in the thought transaction. Whatever the thought may be, its accompanying picture is a reproduction of it. Whatever the idea conceived, an image of it is formed in mind, held as a reality, and reflected to the mind of each one interested in the operation. This is the natural operative action of the mental faculty. It is universal, unavoidable, and its results inevitable. Hence, if we would influence others to think and work with us for a good purpose, we must operate with the law, and form in our own imaging processes, pure pictures of correct thoughts, based upon the true ideas which we wish to promulgate;

then the perfect freedom of truth will be operative in every thought, and the same element will inevitably be aroused and called forth from the minds of those with whom we deal, producing the desired result, even regardless of personal intention. Then, also, the same element of action is returned to us in full measure, through the natural reflective operation of the mind, by which the reflection, itself, becomes an image in the other mind and returns, again, to the mind which sent it out. In this absolutely scientific process of intelligent activity, the universality of intelligence, the common possession of ideas, and the absolutely unrestrained freedom of thought, is demonstrated. By the opposite course, we shall cause the opposite results to ensue, by means of the same laws of action, working inversely; and all the effects of the absence of freedom and its divine powers will be stormed back upon us in the aggressive thought images produced by our own selfish desires. "Curses, like chickens, always come home to roost" is a homely old-time adage, but freighted with truth, and founded upon scientific facts.

The practical results of this knowledge of the law and nature of freedom, rest in our recognition and application of the principles to our daily actions, especially in our intercourse with others; because, whatever we do, even in the simplest thought, goes out in the form we give it, finds lodgment in its kindred element with others, gathers force by aggregation, and returns to its source in our own minds, to rule us by virtue of its character. If sent in the pure freedom of universal love for the truth in reality, it will return to us all the sweetness, purity and happiness of the just appreciation of a right purpose; but if sent out in selfish desire, it will return in its own colors and load us with obstinate determination bred from our own separate, selfish purpose.

Knowing this, we need never allow such a deplorable result, because we are free, and can exercise our freedom justly and wisely, to THINK WHAT IS RIGHT, according to the universal law which expresses inviolable principle; and, in compliance with these, we develop truth within our own comprehension, produce happiness in

the hearts of others, breed blessings for ourselves and glorify God in every act of our lives.

This is the practical value of a pure realization of freedom. It is possible to each one, and is to be obtained through recognition of the principles of the spiritual reality of Being, and of our own natural union with the whole. In no other sense can there be any right comprehension of the element, freedom; because, freedom of spirit means pure conscious realization of Truth. Freedom is THE DIVINE ACTIVITY OF BEING—the operative function of Reality.

LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE.

AN ASTROLOGICAL PREDICTION ON PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S SECOND TERM.

BY JULIUS ERICKSON.*

In presenting to an indulgent and much-abused public my quadrennial Astrological prediction upon national affairs, I deem it but just to offer some slight excuse for so doing. I also consider that they are entitled to a measure, so to say, of my ability in the art of casting national horoscopes. I conclude, therefore, that a slight introduction in the shape of a resume, or sketch, of past achievements in this line may be acceptable. If, after perusing them, it should be found that the predictions quoted have been fulfilled, then may I be pardoned for again offering my slight contribution in this mysteriously fascinating line to please the fancy or feed the mind.

Astrology—Whence comes it? Who founded it? By whom was it first practised? These and many others are queries which no man knows and no one ever will know. Buried neath the veiled mists of antiquity and shrouded in the gloom of a Brahman night, its early history must forever remain an unsolvable mystery. This much, however, is known; the early classics teem with its beauteous references; history is replete with its remarkable fulfillments. The Bible contains many beautiful illustrations of the remarkable truths embedded in its teachings, and embodied in its practice. We read in the first chapter of Genesis, 14th verse, "God said let there be lights in the firmament of the heavens to divide the day from the night; and let them

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An Astrological Prediction on Cleveland's term, 1893-7.
An Astrological Prediction on McKinley vs. Bryan, 1896. Predicting McKinley's election.
An Astrological Prediction on McKinley's term of office, 1897-01.
An Astrological Prediction on the War with Spain.
An Astrological Prediction on McKinley vs. Bryan, 1900. Predicting McKinley's re-election, etc.

NOTE.—This article was forwarded by the author to the Copyright Office on March 20th, and was filed March 22d, 1901. Three days later Attorney-General Griggs handed in his resignation. Copy for this article was received at the office of this magazine on March 10th, 1901.—ED.

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be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and for years." Let us look at this in an astrological sense. "*Let them be for signs.*" What signs? Why the signs are the twelve signs of the Zodiac formed by *lights* of the empyrean, viz.: Aries, Taurus, Gemmini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Saggitarius, Capricornus, Aquarius and Pisces. "*And for seasons.*" The four seasons are ushered in when the Sun in his yearly circuit of the heavens touches the first point of each of the four cardinal "signs" of the Zodiac, viz.: Aries (spring), Cancer (summer), Libra (autumn), and Capricornus (winter). The various seasons begin, as we all know, about the 20th of March, June, September and December, hence these four seasons bid us prepare for the various physical phenomena sure to follow the Sun's entry, as before noted. These then are the "*signs*" for the "*seasons.*" Pursuing along the same lines a little further, we see that Aries, the ram (or spring), is in opposition to Libra or autumn (the balance), and when the Sun rises with Aries in the spring it heralds the planting time, but when rising with Libra in the autumn it signifies the period of harvest time; so, too, Cancer (summer) is opposed to Capricornus (winter); we see, therefore, that these signs are for the "*seasons,*" which man, guided by intelligence, makes all due provisions for. "*And for years*"—in the eternal, ceaseless, myriad years, unnumbered in the past and hid in the limitless expanse of dim futurity, the symbols or "signs" of the Zodiac, which in the form of a circle can have neither beginning nor end, may properly represent years, i. e., eternity. The first point of Aries, however, has long been settled upon as a proper point of beginning of the solar year, because it signifies the return of the Sun to his increase of power. This being the beginning, then from this point to the last degree of Pisces ♓ (the fishes) constitutes one year. As the Sun passes (or appears to pass) through the twelve "signs" of the Zodiac, transferring the influence of one season to another, he completes the year and begins a new one as he passes the last degree of the "sign" Pisces and enters once more the "sign" or house of returning strength—Aries (spring), thus metaphorically welding the years together in the forge of eternity's time. The fore-

going explains in an Astrological sense the meaning of the passage alluded to. There are many other purely astrological references, but the above will suffice for this article.

Four years ago I submitted my predictions to the editor of the METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE, of New York. It was published the following August, with a few editorial interpretations, which, however, did not alter the sense of the article in the least, being merely of an explanatory nature. The following predictions were made at that time.

"An American policy abroad."

"Martial men and martial affairs will play a prominent part."

"Army and navy will be increased."

"Appropriations for military affairs."

"Riot and disorder in Illinois."

"Rebuff or treachery from some foreign power."

"Suffer a serious naval loss."

"Spain sinks beneath the heavy hand of fate."

"McKinley will be re-elected."*

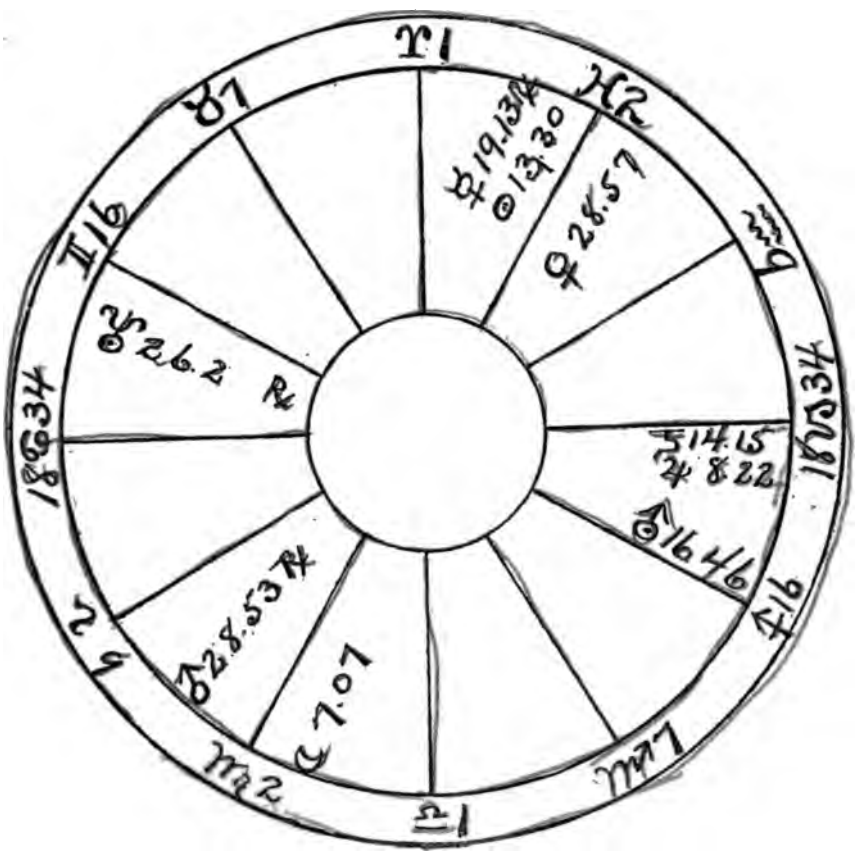
The reader will note that all were fulfilled to the letter:

The foregoing predictions were made in March, 1897, two days after McKinley had been inducted. The prediction was copyrighted, March 8th. We were at peace with the world, the war with Spain had not cast its shadow o'er the political horizon, and the politicians of the land believed that McKinley would never be re-elected. Thus Astrology survives, and I apprehend that it will continue to, until some dilletante philosopher arises in his supereminent might, and waging a Quixotic warfare against it, crushes it to earth once more, when I suppose it will retreat only to arise at some other time.

Astrologists maintain that a horoscope cast for any very important event occurring, such, for instance, as the moment of birth of a child, or commencement of any important national work, not entirely controlled by will, will in general reveal the events likely to transpire during a certain period. Assuming that to be the correct astrological method, I have erected the following scheme, or horoscope, of the heavens for the

*See METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE for August, 1897.

moment when President McKinley took the oath of office, succeeding himself, and I subtend my judgment thereon:



HOROSCOPE OF PRESIDENT M'KINLEY'S INAUGURATION.

1.17 P. M. March 4th, 1901.

Longitude, 77° W.	Latitude, 38° 35′ 39″ N.
1.17 P. M.	S. T. 22.47
6.52 N. K.	No. Hrs. 1.17
6.25 No. Hrs.	T. of H. .04

"Full often learn the art to know
Of future weal, or future woe,
By word, or sign, or star."—*Scott.*

At the moment President McKinley took the oath of office, the planets had assumed the positions indicated in the accompanying diagram of the celestial dome. The 18th degree of the sign "Cancer," which the Moon rules, was rising. The Moon is, therefore, the President's ruling planet during this term, and is fortunately placed in good aspect with the lordly "Jupiter," who rules the house of commerce and trade; a very fortunate testimony for the people; and for the President also, as it denotes that *he will be very successful in carrying out his ideas.* It also denotes that the people (as the Moon is general ruler of the public) *shall thrive* and have *abundant crops,* and meet with *much success* from all natural sources. Saturn is usually author of misery and woe, but as he is so very strong, and in good aspect to the Sun (the Sun is the President's general significator), I look for marked and unusual success in all our foreign relations; but as the Sun is afflicted by "Uranus," ruler of the 8th house (commonly understood to be the house of death), from the 6th house, it denotes a very serious illness for the executive and grave danger of death. He will be in grave danger of accident or some such event while on a long journey. The aspect of "Mars," practically in the 3d house, indicates some danger of a tremendous strike on some railway, which will probably cause Congressional action in the way of adopting some labor legislation. The civil service will also be subject to violent attack, but with no success. The aspect of "Mars" threatens some breach with a near neighboring nation, and we shall be in danger of rupturing pleasant relations with some foreign power, drifting into another war. I do not, however, believe it will culminate. The same position is also a very distressing one, as it denotes many bitter, acrimonious debates and feuds in the Senate and Lower House. The aspect of "Uranus and Mercury" is also very evil; it denotes a sort of uprising or protest by the general public directed against the powerful landed interests of monopolists, hence disastrous disputes between labor and capital may be looked for ere long; in this controversy labor will win a notable victory. Our foreign trade will increase by leaps and bounds, far overshadowing the past. The opposition of the Moon and the

Sun will cause much annoyance to the President, for he will suffer much criticism and lose considerable prestige and popularity; there is also a strong probability that some of his friends in Congress and other personal ones will be likely to prove recreant. As Venus rules the 4th house, which denotes the party in opposition to the goverment (the Democratic, etc.), is afflicted by "Mars," it denotes that they are still like a ship at sea, without pilot or rudder; however, they will make strong gains in the Congressional elections two years hence. An epidemic of some strange disorder will infect many of our people; it behooves our health authorities to be on constant guard. A grave accident to one of our men-of-war is also denoted. An especially vexatious and serious time may be looked for during the early part of June, 1901. The President will be in danger of illness or accident about that time; in fact, the President is under aspect somewhat similar in nature to those in operation when Lincoln and Garfield assumed office. The President's present Cabinet will not all serve their full terms, for a radical change therein is denoted. The present high rate, bullish stock market will suffer a disastrous reverse, destroying some powerful commercial combination and a serious, though short-lived, panic will swamp many speculators. Much difficulty will be experienced regarding important treaties and trade agreements with foreign countries, but as the Sun is in favorable aspect with Saturn (ruler of foreign relations), we will bring all such matters to a gloriously successful termination. A Treasury scandal is likely to startle us, or else some concerted action by some commercial powers on the Treasury will be made, and continued appropriations for increased military maintenance may be looked for. A frightful holocaust in some mine will horrify the country. Toward the close of this administration the Democratic party will make almost superhuman efforts to heal all past wounds, but it will avail them naught. The Republicans will preserve much harmony in their ranks, and in 1904 they will place a notable man in the palaestra of political contest, who will go in with a tremendous majority of the popular vote, greater, in fact, than any ever before cast.

JULIUS ERICKSON.

THE SYMBOLISM OF THE EUCHARIST.

BY EUGENE A. SKILTON.

All religions have their elements of mystery, and their success or failure depends to a great extent upon the faith with which its devotees assume that such mysteries are plausible and absolutely requisite. For illustration, note with what faith the Children of Israel revered the Ark, which was claimed to be the abode of God; the initiations to the Mysteries of the Pagans, the more marvelous the effects, the greater the faith; with regard to the belief in transmigration, a system which, by the very transcendentalism of the theory, allows of no visible manifestations, is devoutly upheld by hundreds of millions; while with savages, the greatest element of their religion is their superstitious dependence on fetiches.

The great mysteries of Christianity are, the essence of the Trinity and the sacrament of the Communion. Over these two principles the early Church wrangled until it nearly lost sight of the true elements of the faith. Councils assumed the debates and by majorities worked into a state of human frenzy and prejudice, cast the die of the future orthodox belief. The elements of the Communion may be divine, but they are not so because of the proclamations of human councils and Popes.

The primal Supper was nothing more nor less than the commemoration of the Passover. We have no testimony from any of the disciples stating that Christ declared it to be the inauguration of a new sacrament. As the blood of the lamb was merely the sign used in saving from the Angel of Death and not divine in itself, so the wine represented the blood of Christ which would save the world; but the human blood of Christ is not divine; it is merely the symbol of God's covenant. "This is my blood *of* the covenant;" not *the* covenant. We must remember that Christ and his disciples were Jews of the strictest sect, wishing to show God the Father their gratitude for the preservation in Egypt. It was merely a Thanksgiving celebration. It cannot be pointed out that Christ instituted, at any time, formalism of any sort

whatsoever. It was not He that instituted Baptism, but John. Although Christ said, "He that believeth not, shall be damned," He does not say, he that is baptized not shall be damned.

We have no more foundation for celebrating any form, but the worship of God, than we have for observing the feasts of the Passover, Pentecost or Tabernacles. When Christ broke the bread and blessed it and gave thanks He did no more than we should do at every meal, and what every rabbi does at Passover. There is no objection to doing this in remembrance of Him, but why should we take His words literally, "This is My flesh and blood," when he, in the original Supper, in his flesh and blood was standing before them. He must have inferred rather, this do with me. Would not Peter have objected if he had not thought Christ was speaking figuratively? If they had understood that Jesus was instituting a sacrament, do you not think they would have asked something about it? How could they partake of his physical flesh and blood in bread and wine, while he, humanly alive, was in their presence?

Long before this Passover, Christ had said: "I am the living bread or manna, which came down from heaven. Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink his blood, ye have no life in you. Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day." Many of his disciples murmured at this, and would have no more of him from that time. But, as always, Christ was speaking figuratively of great spiritual truths; explaining, he said, "It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing; the words that I speak to you, they are spirit and they are life."

The Communion is observed in several functions; as a social communion of the communicants, by most sects, simply because it is a sacrament of the Church, as an act of obedience, as a thanksgiving in commemoration of Christ and lastly as a covenant or continual sacrifice, as with con-substantialists and transubstantialists.

The Church promotes social intercourse, which is right, but in the act of Holy Communion, there is no "communion of the saints" one

with another; that can be had better at a love feast or in a social way. True communion is prayer with God, the soul face to face with its Maker, pouring out the longings of the spirit to embrace the Universal Spirit, an expression of the deep gratitude of soul, a plea to the Omnipotent for help and strength, faith and love. It in no way extends to the social gathering of the Church. Prayer may ask help for others, but communion is soul to soul, with God.

To observe Holy Communion for the simple reason that it is a sacrament, is worshiping human edicts—the commands of Popes and Councils. Christ expressly states that the *flesh* profiteth nothing. Faith in God is one thing, but there is no efficacy in formalism. There is a mystery in God, no one knows all His Attributes. We cannot judge of His ways, we are human, He is Divine. Reason proves that there must have been an agency to create the universe, but we must have faith to believe in a Spirit whom we do not see. Faith ends there. All of God's commands have reason in them. We were given an innate conscience that recognizes morality and commands a decision between virtue and evil. The day of sacrifices, sacerdotalism, formalism and sacrament and the necessity for it is long since passed away.

As an act of obedience, if we take the words of Christ *literally*, or as Luke and Paul give them to us, we are commanded to "This do in remembrance of me." It is strange that Matthew and John, although close disciples of Christ, do not specify this injunction. Matthew describes the Lord's last Passover just as accurately as Luke, but he nowhere makes reference to such a command. Mark, who was supposed to have received his material from Peter, is equally accurate as to the proceedings at this Passover, but makes no mention of the command. John, the beloved disciple, he whom Jesus held most in his confidence, would certainly have written the command if Christ had made it and so intended. John, in the fullness of his life, long after the three other gospels had been written, in the latter part of the first century or early part of the second, wrote his gospel in order to correct many misintepretations. His is the spiritual gospel, depicting

Christ as the Word revealed in flesh. He discards the formalism of the sacrament of Baptism for the spiritual baptism of fire, the baptism explained to Nicodemus, and utterly omits all reference to the feast by others called the Lord's Supper. He had the other three gospels before him, and must have known from his position of love with the Saviour and by the spiritual significance that he gave to the philosophical character of the gospel, that his work would be accepted as the most trustworthy. Surely if Christ wished us to observe the Passover as a sacrament of the New Testament, the disciple whom Jesus loved, who lay on his bosom looking into the eyes of the Divine, would not have omitted to repeat the command. As to Paul's words, "I have received of the Lord" the command, "This do in remembrance of me," we know not but that he takes the gospel of Luke as being "received of the Lord." As the first epistle to the Corinthians was written about 57 A. D., John must have known of it when he wrote; and all of Paul's instructions concerning the communion, John passes by, as not being the meat and drink, but the Word, that is spirit and life. John loosed himself from Hebrew traditions, sacrifices and forms and quoted: "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life." If we wish to obey to the letter, however, we should make every meal a sacrament.

The element of thanksgiving is a most essential part. If Christ ever asked, "This do in remembrance of me," he probably requested it to teach them his grace in thanking God for everything. In this regard the command would be more in keeping with Christ's teaching than in meaning the institution of a new formalism. In the second century, most of the Fathers regarded the Supper as a thank offering. The word Eucharist is taken from the Greek εὐχαριστια, thanksgiving, and the Supper was so called because of our Lord's thanksgiving at the Pascal. Chrysostom said, "The awful mysteries (communion) are called Eucharist, because they are a commemoration of benefits and remind us to be thankful."

As a commemoration of Christ's Last Supper upon earth, no one can object to its service; we can as Christians think of Christ at every

repast, and in imitation can ask a blessing of God. But to ask or expect God to convert the bread and wine in any manner into the spirit of the Lord and then for human beings to partake of the divine essence is nowhere intimated in the words of Christ or his disciples. Because he made the comparison, on the eve of his death, that this Supper was a symbol of his life—taken for the benefit of the world—that at any time after man can so convert bread and wine into his Being, or his Being into bread and wine, or in any manner whatsoever, is an assumption of the Black Art that can only be attempted on the most gullible of mankind. Rome teaches that the bread and wine are transubstantiated into the flesh and blood of Christ, and every Holy Communion is a propitiatory sacrifice for the sins of those who partake and for all mankind.

Cyprian, 250 A. D., and Cyril, 350 A. D., interpreted the Eucharist as a sin offering, and from Tertullian down it is so regarded. The Fathers acquired the idea of it being an offering from the practice of Jewish thanksgiving sacrifices. There is only one offering, that is the crucifixion. The communion is not a covenant. Its reception is by no means a saving grace. The partaking of physical elements, no matter how much blessed, will not save the hardened sinner. If Christianity requires initiating ceremonies, baptism is sufficient. In the early secrecy of Christian worship, communion came to be considered a rite, a mystery, a sign of the fellowship of the Cross, as such it is harmless for those who wish so to partake of it, but as a sacrament it is sacrilegious. The writer of Hebrews controverts the theory of the covenant in the Eucharist, "Nor yet that he should offer himself often, as the high priests enter into the holy place every year, with the blood of others; for then he must have suffered since the foundation of the world; but now once in the end of the world hath he offered to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself." "Through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all." The Presbyterian Church of Scotland believes it is a commemoration and not a sacrifice.

Luther believed in consubstantiation, or in the presence of Christ's flesh and blood *together with* the bread and wine, in some mysterious

manner. It is here that Melancthon and Zwingli parted from him, reasoning that it is merely a commemoration and food for the soul.

Communion with Christ is not confined to this sacrament, nor do all who partake of it really or truly commune. The priestly blessing is of no avail, merely imitation of Christ. It does not aid or strengthen faith, but is merely a testimony; a commemoration, not a repetition of Christ's sacrifice.

EUGENE A. SKILTON.

TELEPATHY.

BY KARL H. VON WIEGAND.

The modern Goddess, "Science," is the essence of conservatism, cautious and slow to admit within her domain anything that cannot in some way be cognized by one or more of the five objective senses of mankind.

It is a question whether there is not in many a niche of her magnificent Temple, properly classified and recognized, forces and powers that do not come under the above ruling, of which we at present know little or nothing, and that her devotees and votaries at her Altar have not, and cannot see until the scales of prejudice fall from their eyes.

There is still much doubt among those of her votaries, the scientists of the four elements and their indivisibilities, or the scientists of the five objective senses, whether she has admitted into her wonderful domain something so indefinite and elusive as "Telepathy," or thought transference from Mind to Mind and Soul to Soul; nevertheless, I believe it can now be safely said that it is not only a scientific possibility, but also a scientific fact, that has occurred and does occur, whether we are objectively aware of it or not, and that these faculties can be trained and used at will.

It existed, was known and utilized by the Ancient Mystics of Atlantis, the Sages of the old days of splendor in Egypt and Persia, and later by the Rosicrucian and Hermetic Philosophers of the so-called "Middle Ages."

Modern Mystics, Occultists and Psychologists are rediscovering many of the "Lost Mysteries" of the Ancients, buried deep under ages of superstition, ignorance, perversion, priestcraft and neglect in that indescribable Temple of Knowledge in the Universe within, the three worlds, Mind, Soul and Heart, as the cities of those days lie buried beneath the surface of the earth—hidden, forgotten, unknown.

Scientists of the objective or external world are exploring, delving into the past and conquering the forces of nature, while their brother scientists, the Occultists and Psychologists, are turning their atten-

tion to the world within, of which so little is known, which has neither North nor South; neither East nor West.

There, in a little corner, long forgotten, covered with the dust of centuries of neglect and disuse so far as the objective man was concerned, was found that wonderful Key of Communication to a telegraph whose invisible lines run from Temple to Temple in the Units of the human family, from planet to planet through the starry space, and whose language is the Universal language, "Vibration" spoken and understood wherever Soul and Mind exist, regardless of creed, color or race.

Those who first rediscovered this instrument or faculty, whatever you may wish to call it, attempted to be heard among the scientists who are cognizant only of the external world, but in vain for many years, for none are so blind as those who do not desire to see, nor can a pathway be shown to those who insist upon looking in an opposite direction.

Thus little progress was made in its research for a time, as sneers and ridicule are like the orthodox hell—they burn, but consume not, though they often drive into their retreat of silence those that would like to be heard.

Even now, with all the recent years of study and research in Occult and Psychological fields, comparatively little is known regarding the possibility, limit, practicability and utility to the objective man. It is not the purpose of this short paper to give a history of this faculty of the Mind, nor to show where the line is between the telegraph of the Mind proper and where it merges into that of the Soul. I simply desire to show that it is not at all unreasonable to presume that information and communication can be had Mind with Mind and Soul with Soul, and that it can be developed and trained to the extent that it can be used at Will and with knowledge of the objective senses.

There are certain conditions and requirements that necessarily must be complied with. You cannot go to a wire fence and expect to send a telegram simply because it is a wire, neither can a child talk until it has been taught.

When the subject of thought transference is broached, people who claim to be intelligent and intellectual remark that if such a thing were possible it would do away with the mail, telephone and telegraph, quite forgetting that the discovery of steam has not done away with the slow road wagon, nor the invention of the telegraph and telephone entirely displaced slower methods of communication. Can a person who has not studied telegraphy sit down to a wire and telegraph? No. Neither can he use the Mind Telegraph objectively for the same reason until he has complied with the requirements and conditions. These are, first, to learn how, and, second, to make, develop and train the necessary instruments or faculties which are within himself. It required years of experimental study and research in the evolution of the electric telegraph from the first Morse register of its utmost capacity of 15 words per minute and short circuit of 200 miles, to the modern systems of Simplex, Multiplex, Duplex and Quadruplex telegraphs and circuits of 3,000 miles in length, where from two to eight messages can be sent simultaneously over the same wire in opposite directions. The same careful study and research in the field of the Mind and Soul telegraph will bring equally astonishing results.

As magnetic and electric vibrations are the basic principles of the telegraph, magnetic, electric and molecular that of the telephone, and magnetic, electric and etheric that of the modern wireless telegraph, so are etheric, astral, mental and auraic vibrations the basis of the telegraph of the Mind, which is simply another form of wireless telegraphy.

My many experiments have demonstrated that, as in the electric telegraph, a much more delicate instrument is required for receiving the signals than for transmitting them, so in telepathy a much more delicate and sensitive instrument or mind is required for receiving the thought waves so that they are intelligible to the objective mind; but, again, as in the electric telegraph, the proper and correct reception and reading of the signals in a large measure depends upon the skill and care of the transmitting operator, this same rule applies in telepathy with even greater force.

In learning telegraphy, it is usually very much easier to learn to transmit than to receive and read the signals, the same is again true of telepathy. I am well aware that the subjective mind and Soul often communicate without the objective mind interfering or knowing of it; but that is of little use to us, practically, and I am now speaking of its use at our will and pleasure, by training the objective and subjective minds to work harmoniously together, one being the instrument of the other.

The most interesting and successful experiments that I have had, were with a fellow student, a young lady about 25 years of age, well educated, refined and accomplished, of a gentle, calm disposition, far above the average so-called "subject," both intellectually and morally.

In the house where she resided was one telephone for four families, and which was frequently used by all but this young lady, whom I will call "Trofa." After a number of experiments, I noted her susceptibility to thought waves or vibrations, so resolved to try the following experiments without advising her of my intention:

Arriving at my office down town, I for a moment concentrated upon her, saying mentally, "Trofa, call Mr. W. up on the telephone at once." A few moments later my office telephone rang and upon answering it I was gratified to hear her say: "I heard you tell me to call you up; what do you wish?"

After that I tried a large number of experiments, varying them as much as possible, but always with results.

A number of times she was out calling when I sent her a telepathic message to ring up my office, but each time she received my message and called me up as soon as she returned home, once sending me a telepathic reply, which I received, but rather felt it than heard it. Once she was asleep, but my message promptly awakened her. I questioned her very closely as to how she received these waves, to which she replied: "I have noticed three distinct modes, when one who desires to communicate with me, whether you or some one else, though I hear you better probably because we have experimented so much, and so to speak are in harmony or in tune with each other; when

the sender or transmitter of the message concentrates his mind upon me well, I hear his words as plainly as if he were present in person and had spoken orally instead of mentally. It comes with a sort of 'crash' that is quite startling at times. It is not necessary for me to be quiet, as some state; I often receive your messages when I have callers and am busy talking to them, but I find I do get them better when I am alone, either reading or busy at my work. I believe that is telepathy proper. The second is, I feel you wish me to call you up, or whatever it may be that you desire of me, but hear nothing. The third is, I see you and intuitively know what you desire of me. Sometimes I see you walk to the telephone, ring up our number, though you do not send the mental message until after you have rung."

I agree with the young lady that the first of these three is really telepathy or thought transference proper, while the other two begin to emerge into "intuition and clairvoyance."

In our experiments we have demonstrated that distance seems to be no factor, that our messages come and go with the same distinctness regardless of the intervening space between us.

We have tried it repeatedly from a few blocks to 500 miles. After having practiced and experimented for a few weeks, Trofa soon was able to receive messages from almost any one who would go to the trouble to make the experiment with her, and frequently, when some of her friends were thinking about her, she would receive the thought waves, though they had no intention or knowledge that she did, and a number of times she repeated several sentences of conversation in which her name was mentioned, and which was afterwards verified, to the wonder of those who had done the talking. There were four of us who conducted these experiments, I being the only one who found it hard to train my mind to "receive" thought messages consciously. I say consciously, because I frequently received them from the other three, unconsciously carrying out the instructions and suggestions made by them without being aware of these messages until informed by those who had sent them. This lasted for a time, until I became conscious of the waves, and it occurred so frequently that it could not possibly

be explained upon the grounds of "coincidence." For that matter, "coincidence" is little better than no explanation at all of anything that may occur, and is principally used by the skeptic and others through ignorance. My strict investigation into so-called cases of coincidence has always revealed that they took place in conformity with the Law of Cause and Effect.

The other three fellow students made much more rapid progress than I, and often held entire conversations together in this manner. This was partly due to the fact that they experimented and practiced for hours, whereas I had but little time to devote to it; none, however, reached that degree of proficiency and accurateness that Trofa did.

My little daughter, a child of 5 years, recently received a telepathic message intended for me, and which came over three thousand miles. She was playing with her toys, when suddenly she ran to my bookcase, thrust her hands under a lot of magazines and papers, jerked out a number of papers, brought them to her mother in great haste, exclaiming, "Papa must send these right away, must send them right back; the man is just wild about it, 'cos you have kept 'em so long." Repeating over and over that they must be sent "right away," she would not return to her play, or return the papers to the bookcase until she had been assured that they would be forwarded to the owner at once.

As she was never permitted to touch anything in my bookcase, it was very unusual for her to do so. Upon looking at the papers she had pulled out, they proved to be some pages from a manuscript that had been sent to me by an Occultist of considerable fame in Boston. They had become buried underneath a lot of papers and magazines, and I had failed to return them to their owner.

I was not at all surprised to receive a letter from the gentleman a few days later, requesting the immediate return of the manuscript. He had tried to impress upon my mind his desire for its return, but the child received it, intuitively finding the manuscript, though she did not know where it was, nor could she tell it from any other papers that

were in the bookcase. It was one of the most conclusive cases of telepathy that has ever come to my attention.

It was nothing unusual for the little child to receive and deliver a telepathic message from me to her mother, such as "Papa will not be home to-night," but it was the first time that she had ever received one from someone outside the family.

There are those who claim to be able to explain almost if not all phenomena upon the theory of telepathy, but they are as far at one end of the pole as the skeptic is at the other. It is often hard to determine the dividing line, but the sincere investigator will find many things that cannot be explained upon that basis; however, that will be made the subject of another paper. Telepathy should receive the same careful attention of advanced thought students that has been given Hypnotism, Suggestive Therapeutics, Mental Science, etc., for it is only by a knowledge of the Law that governs it that successful absent treatments can be given, which is one of the many practical and beneficial uses to which it can be put.

KARL H. VON WIEGAND.

THE WISE MAN AND THE SEA URCHINS.

(XIII.)

On the beautiful day that followed their talk about the Eternal Pilgrims who had learned to build better and better houses for themselves, the Urchins entered the cave to find the goldenest sunshine that ever made its way through a convenient fissure in a rock, spreading itself all over a breadth of fine mosquito netting held in place at seven different points by cords, which reached to as many chairs arranged around the side walls of the cave.

After the usual cordial greetings, the Wise Man bade each child take his or her position at the places where the seven cords joined the netting, which was stretched about four feet above the floor.

"Perhaps you can surmise what all this means, my Urchins?"

But silence held each wondering child.

"Here you see a collection of threads so twisted and interwoven that a great number of meshes are formed. 'Mesh' is from an old Danish word, meaning 'to weave nets'—'to knot' threads so as to leave an open space in the centre of each weaving.

"Now, let us imagine that these meshes represent people; that the threads that encircle the meshes are the differing personalities, or those which, in appearance, makes you yourselves, and me myself."

"Pretty much all alike, sir, aren't we?"

"To the eye that views the whole expanse 'in general' and in its entirety, yes, Goldie, pretty much all alike. But there really isn't one mesh there identical with any one of its fellows."

"Oh!"

"I think I can prove it to be so to even so skeptical a crew as you, my hearties. Here, Violet, is a powerful glass; look through it at a number of the meshes in your section of the net, and tell me if there are differences, not only as to size and shape of the threads, but as to the manner of weaving; that is, in their relation to one another."

"I see," began the girl, after a little pause, during which she had gazed through the double lenses of the little aluminum-cased glass she held, "big threads and little threads; thick threads and slender threads; some have tufts of downy stuff clinging to them in little bunches, here and there, and these, projecting into the open spaces the threads encircle, make some of the meshes smaller than others—crowd them into nearly half their rightful dimensions at times, and so making them different from their neighbors. Then, some of the threads are discolored —or not so purely white as others; but where this happens I see that all the discoloring is confined to a certain area, running from one mesh to another, then gradually fading off into the pure white again, as if it was all a sort of——of—of——"

"Local coloring, let us call it," suggested the Master, seeing that the girl hesitated for a word. "That is to say, the coloring belonging to that *locality*. But we'll return to this later. What other differences do you observe?"

"It is wonderful how one thread goes on and on and on, and through all its turning and twisting is never lost sight of, but can be followed continuously—why, I wonder where it *does* go at last?" And the girl smiled up into the fine eyes of her teacher.

"That *is* the question," he replies, with an assuring smile.

"And there are decided differences in the very twist and loops of the threads themselves, although I can see that the loom upon which the netting was woven meant every thread should turn and twist itself exactly in one way always."

"But they do all turn in one way."

"Yes, sir; they creep around each other in the same direction, but some are loosely looped together, and some are twisted as close as close can be. If we look at them without the glass they seem to make identically the same figure; but by its aid I see the little open spaces are never quite the same shape. See, Brownie, if it isn't so with the meshes near you."

The boy looked through the glass, and declared it was all as Violet had said; then sent the magnifier around the circle of seven. The

younger children, having been instructed as to what they were expected to see, were, thus aided, as quick to discover the differences as were the older Urchins.

"But what does it all signify?" asked Blackie.

"You have all seen that the strands which compose the net, although made of the same material—cotton—differ in many ways," replied the Wise Man; "and that each mesh is not a perfect likeness of its neighbor—indeed, that no two are exactly alike, in all this broad expanse? Yet one of the very same threads, thickening and thinning, tufting itself, or drawing itself out to almost dangerous slenderness, may be followed from mesh to mesh clear across the net to the selvage —the fabric's own 'self edge'—and stops there, only to turn right about face, and go clear back across the width again, forming, with its companion threads, another series of meshes, which join those just fashioned in the preceding row. And this new touch changes in just so much the shape of the meshes it passes a second time.

"Let us imagine these threads represent *life threads* encircling the individuals of this world; holding them each as differing meshes in their places; joined, each to each, by the eternal strands of existence, whose beginning and whose end only the Mystic Weaver knows."

"But, sir, the meshes between the threads are just *air*—just nothingness; how can that represent individuals?"

"It could, if we imagine each individual to be that 'invisible man you couldn't see, Brownie, boy. Now, here is an illustration of the One Life. In this air we recognize there can be no difference—just as the air inside a bubble is the same as that outside of it. That which fills the meshes is all one and the same, and knows no change or variation. It represents Spirit, the Divine Reality, the Source of all that exists or THAT WHICH IS.

"Were the strands which surround the meshes to crumble into nothingness, that is, cease to exist in a form our eyes could distinguish, the air, which represents to us the IS, would still BE, would it not?"

"Is that which the air represents *always* in existence?"

"That is a word, Snowdrop, needing an explanation. What do you mean by 'existence'?"

"I mean being alive."

"The word is from 'ex,' meaning 'out,' and 'sistere,' 'to cause to stand; to set forth; or place in position. When the net has quite perished, the air, the Invisible Reality still IS, and cannot be said to exist, that *is*, to cause to stand forth in manifestation of itself. THAT WHICH IS eternally IS, no matter if this world and all the other worlds were tumbled into chaos, and everything in the universe was without form and void. No, my child, 'existence' will apply to these temporary tenements in which we dwell for a little day—to the perishable particles—but not to the IS with which the invisible Man is One.

"But one net 'exists' for the time being, and holds us all enmeshed within our appointed places. These threads of life—who spun them, do you think, Blooy?"

"Fate?'" ventures the boy.

"Fate? Well, perhaps; but by whom do you think fate was created —your own particular fate, let us say? Is the riddle difficult? Suppose I should tell you that your own imagination, aided by will, had much to do with it. You fancied this or that or the other in regard to yourself, let us say, and your very busy, never idle creative will, took your thought (which was a something in a state chemists would call 'in solution') and by a mysterious process crystallized it—gave it form, and, after form, life; and, lo, a something you helped to make good or evil spins for you the very threads for whose spinning you yourself furnished the material.

"And, doubtless, you imagine that this 'fate' is your master for all enduring time; that you are subject unto it; that you must watch it spin the dark threads of sorrow and despair, nor dream for a moment that it is your slave if you so will it, and that it must spin radiant strands if the material you bring to it be fair and fine and touched with the gold of living light."

"Then, there's no such thing as being doomed?"

"Doomed? You mean passed sentence upon?"

"Yes, sir; like at the Day of Judgment."

"I'm going to answer that by a little story. Come, children, let us sit here on this big rug, and see if we can't help Blooy to a solution of his riddle. Are you all comfortable?

"Once upon a time there lived in a city on the other side of the world a youth named Hadto—that is, his name meant just that, 'Had to,' in the foreign tongue he spoke, but which I shall not attempt to pronounce. It was a very appropriate name; for, whenever his parents or friends asked him why he had done or acted thus, and so, he would always answer 'had to.' So they grew to not only calling him that, but to imagining that he was a lad of very weak character—and it wasn't entirely imagination on their part.

"Well, my Urchins, it seemed that he had to do this, and he had to do that, and, although these performances of his were at first simply weakly-indulged-in errors, they grew, in time, to bear a decidedly evil complexion. The natural anxiety Hadto's father felt, at first, concerning his son changed, at length, to anger, and, so enraged did he become, that the gentle mother, fearing personal violence, besought her irate husband to take their son to the Grand Corrector of Youths, who lived in an immense stone temple, a long day's journey down the Tidal River.

"Now, it chanced that they were thus conferring together when Hadto ran in, red-handed, as the saying goes, from some worse deed than he had ever committed before—a really criminally wicked deed this time—and one which he himself greatly feared would, if discovered, cause his immediate execution (for the laws were very strict just then in that far-off country).

"In his terror he confessed his evil-doing, and at the mother's loud wail of inquiry, answered, as usual, 'Had to.'

"Then the father, in no gentle tone, told his son that he must go with him to the Grand Corrector of Youths. To this Hadto eagerly consented, for there he would not suffer death, he knew. So, early the next morning, the two men set out upon their journey along the banks of the Tidal River, and in due time reached the temple.

"It was dusk when they arrived, and the weary father was glad to remain over night with the hospitable Corrector before making his return journey.

"All through the dark hours Hadto clung close to his father's robe, clutching for comfort at its hem, and in the morning, shaking with fear at what was to come, he bade his father farewell with pale and trembling lips.

"The Grand Corrector of Youths then questioned the frightened boy, and, after the examination, told him that he must appear before an assembly of stern men and tell his story to them.

"Hadto obeyed. After the recital each man in turn arose, came forward to where the lad stood, and, in passing him, paused and, looking sternly into his eyes, repeated some words foreign to the trembling culprit, yet whose real import he caught through all the unfamiliar jargon. He knew that they, stern judges as they were, gave him over to a sterner justice—a dread Pronouncer of Judgment, who, he was made to understand, would come to him all alone, and at a day and hour when he, the sinner, would be least expecting it, and by his awful sentence the punishment of the doomed lad would be made known to him.

"Hadto gathered from the very intonation of the whispers in which this information was imparted to him that it was the most fearful of fates which might be expected to await him.

"That night, a little after twilight, the stern men, with Hadto in their midst, marched solemnly to a very large circular building that stood under its alabaster dome in the centre of the great inner court of the temple. The Grand Corrector of Youths himself opened the ponderous door of the windowless house, which, indeed, was built to resemble a very large circular tomb, and, uttering a solemn prayer, in which he commended the youth's soul to the DEITY WITHIN, he motioned the boy to follow him.

"Hadto had to. And when once within the dark and lonely place the Grand Corrector told him he would be a prisoner there until such time as was necessary to allow the Pronouncer of Judgment to come

to him. Hadto was informed that the time of his arrival varied with the different wrong-doers; but that, be it hours, days, weeks or years, *he never failed to come at last.*"

"When he had finished this explanation, the Grand Corrector lifted his torch, and showed him around the great circular building, which possessed but one apartment, a large, high-ceiled room without windows, but with very tall, very narrow, and very ponderous-looking doors, each one, seemingly, a fellow to the one by which they had entered the place. The heavy casings touched each other, making an endless ring of doors, and numbering as many as there were days of the year; while each one bore in distinct lettering the date of the month it represented in its proper succession.

"By way of explanation, the Grand Corrector told Hadto that on the day the Pronouncer of Judgment came, the awful judge would enter by the door that bore its date, and that Hadto would leave by it and go to meet his punishment.

"A bell far up in the dome—a huge metal thing whose burnished clapper shone in the torch-light like a fiery planet—would toll at intervals, and at these signals Hadto was to open the door by which they had entered (and which bore no date and so was easily distinguishable from the others), and find in the little outer vestibule food and drink, and whatsoever was needed for his daily comfort. On a broad circular table in the very centre of the room were piled a lot of colored blocks, as many as there were days of the year.

"These, the Grand Corrector told him, he must place before the doors, one every day, as the time passed, and as he so placed them he must repeat the particular verse inscribed on the block, and which it was his duty to learn by heart before it grew too dark to see to read it. This was to be his only amusement and occupation.

"'It depends upon yourself, my son,' said the Grand Corrector of Youths, as he placed gentle, kindly, yet firm hands on the boy's trembling shoulders, 'how early or how tardily the Pronouncer of Judgment will arrive. He is a most fearful, stern, and unmerciful judge; but let me comfort you with the assurance that had I a hun-

dred sons I would ask no better boon of fate than that I might put each one here in turn a prisoner. Farewell, my son, and may strength be yours to bear the awful ordeal.'

"And Hadto was left alone.

"That night was a terrible one to the boy. There was no ray of light anywhere to cheer him, and as he lay upon the low, narrow couch provided for him, he shook it, because of his trembling, so that the light wooden legs made short, unearthly shrieks as they moved on the polished marble of the floor. Hadto had never been left alone before, and the experience was a most trying one to him. He was so affrighted that he actually forgot why he was there, and the crime he had committed was lost sight of in his immediate personal fear.

"With the dawning of the morning light, which crept in somewhere away up in the lofty dome—the beautiful dawn that sent only a dim, fearful shadow of itself down into the circled apartment, Hadto fell into a heavy slumber. From this, however, he was suddenly awakened by the sonorous tolling of the great brazen bell overhead, whose tones seemed to go through a sieve, and leave him vibrating.

"All that morning, and for many mornings that followed, Hadto sat on his couch, his eyes fixed upon the door-of-the-day, his frame shaking with fear, lest the dread Pronouncer of Judgment might now —*just now*—be about to open it. The anxiety grew intolerable, and to relieve its tension Hadto picked up a colored block nearest him, and began to learn its message. Over and over he repeated the few syllables it bore, until (and long before it was time to place it before the door-of-the-day) he could repeat it unfalteringly:

"'Thou shalt by no means come out thence till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing.'

"And so the long days passed.

"As he watched for the opening of the doors-of-the-day, his mind gradually became a little dulled to its keen, early apprehension of coming punishment; and then Recollection came to be his guest. She was a welcome spirit, and brought, to beguile him, great canvases which she covered as he gazed with the loveliest landscapes ever seen in the

Land of Memory. There were beautiful yellow paths stretching away and away through emerald meadows; the slanting bars of gleaming gold where the sun shot its living arrows through the dusky shadows of the wood; purple mists that wreathed the highlands where the hardy wild flowers blossomed, and the low, broad valley with its silver threads of shining streams; these Recollection painted for him with a hand as swift as thought itself, never refusing one demand upon her.

"When it was that Hadto first noticed that the colors Recollection used were losing their early lustre and darkening in tone, he could never have told himself. But that the vivid tints did pale, the glowing pigments lose their glow, he, at length, discovered. He himself was always—had always been—in those wonderfully depicted scenes, but now he began to notice that his form was gradually being outlined in cruder guise, in darker tints, and in more brutal action. And, as he watched, he would start up suddenly in a perfect agony of fear, and, fixing his eyes on the door-of-the-day, he seemed to see it tremble upon its hinges, and imagine he heard approaching footsteps.

"But no door swung open; and no feet crossed the threshold. Only the solemn bell overhead tolling at intervals; only Recollection painting the ever blackening forms in the dim, half-twilight of the room relieved the monotony of his watch upon the doors.

"Blacker and blacker (for the first block seemed as pearl placed beside ebony) grew the painted forms, until Recollection had no pigment dark enough to use; so, one day, she drew a broad sable brush across her canvas, and there was—nothingness.

"'Oh, this is terrible, terrible!' cried Hadto, as he saw himself blotted into that which knew nothing of brightness or sweetness or anything fair or desirable. 'It is more terrible than the dread which has ever seized me at the thought of the visit of the Pronouncer of Judgment. The very blackness of it all has killed fear itself. My dread seems leaving me. I do not tremble as I did. Is it because I am beginning to realize that, whatsoever it may chance to be, I shall merit the punishment meted out to me? That I shall be glad to suffer if it will wash my sin of its blackness? Is it possible for the Pronouncer of

Judgment to be more unmerciful to me than I am to myself this hour? Can he condemn me to a punishment as dire as that I myself know to be my just desert?

"'I am done with fear of him—let him come! See, I will kneel and pray that he come to me—now—now—now!'

"And Hadto, throwing himself upon his knees, prayed aloud in earnest supplication.

"But silence, awful and profound, alone answered him.

"Hour by hour, day by day, many it seemed to him, few it seemed to those of the outside world, the youth passed in profitable meditation; and one morning, after a long and wakeful night, he, in desperation, ran to the door-of-the-day, and sought to catch hold of the great bronze knob with its gleaming dragon's head, and turn it.

"To his intense surprise he found that there was no knob—that the massive lock was but a deftly painted thing whose black shadow, spreading from knob to floor beneath, deceived the eye by its intense relief.

"With a strange cry, born of a new and indescribable emotion, Hadto flew from door to door. All were painted panels, flat and smooth as the marble beneath his touch!

"Breathless and panting he began a vain quest for one portal which might, among the false ones, prove genuine, only to fall at last prone upon his couch, exhausted, his wonder growing with his weariness.

"What did it all mean?

"Fear in all its many hideous guises had left him entirely. He marveled that he had ever known and felt affright. He fell to questioning himself concerning the great mystery of the doors, and, at length, answers to his queries came in the wordless language spoken only by the Soul, which sang to him in tones of light, and he knew that the doors were the false doors of Apprehension, through which nothing could ever really enter.

"And when he cried to the Invisible Answerer:

"'Oh, who, then, shall judge and pass sentence upon me?' these wordless words replied:

"'Conscience, thine own conscience, which shall bear witness against thine every thought and deed; which shall show the work of the Law written in thy heart, and which shall make thee a law unto thyself.'

"'For just and stern is the Voice of Conscience.'

"'For just and merciless is the Pronouncer of Judgment.'

"'For just and pitiless is the decree of the Self-Accused.'

"'Each day shall be as a Day of Judgment, and each Soul shall pronounce sentence upon itself.'

"'Whosoever sins shall suffer for sin at his own just hands.'

"'Unmoved by its own grief shall be the heart of the evil-doer, beholding, at last, the blackness of evil.'

"'Unforgiving to itself shall be the heart of the wicked one realizing its crime.'

"'Himself and not another shall be his inexorable judge.'

"'Himself and not another shall pass sentence upon him.'

"'Before himself shall his soul stand naked and shivering, and thus shall it stand until the repentant one shall clothe it anew.'

"'Deathless and unslumbering, Conscience shall awaken the sleeping god who alone hath power to make atonement.'

"'Condemn, nor spare thyself!'" EVA BEST.

(To be continued.)

Not everything in the world of Nature is held fast by Fate. On the contrary, there is a principle of the Soul which is superior to all that is born or begotten, through which we are enabled to attain communion with superior natures, rise above the established order of the universe, and participate in the life eternal and the energies of the heavenly ones. Through this principle we are able to set ourselves free. For when the better qualities in us are active, and the soul is led again to the natures superior to itself, then it becomes separated from everything that held it fast to the world-life, stands aloof from inferior natures, exchanges this for the other life, abandons altogether the former order of things, and gives itself to that other. —*Iamblichos.*

EASTER WINGS.

My Soul
Hath its own joyous Easter day;
From doubt,
From care, from evil, and from brooding fear,
Without
A thought of sorrows past or trials near,
From the dark tomb from which for many a year
No ray
Of heavenly comfort came, my soul doth rise,
Filled with a sweet and sudden, glad surprise
To-day!

And now
I feel the strengthening of wings
Of light;
From the drear charnel-house of time,
Of night,
Of superstition, ignorance and crime,
My soul soars upward to the heights sublime.
I see
What possibilities for good each true soul hath;
I see there can be now no other path
For me.

The stone
Of dark foreboding rolls away;
The sting
Of death, its agony of doubt, now disappears;
I sing,
And add my song to music of the spheres,
While from my eyes the dark cloud lifts and clears;
Above
The heavy mists that shrouded mortal sight,
Above all things my soul sees with delight
His love!

EVA BEST.

The World of Thought.

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

"MEDICAL MONOPOLY LEGISLATION" UNCONSTITUTIONAL.

The Chicago *Post* of March 8th has an editorial on the legislation to curtail the rights of many of the citizens: "To circumvent constitutional obstacles," says the editor, "there is a little joker in the bill declaring that 'it is not intended to prohibit gratuitous service to and the treatment of the afflicted.' This at once exposes the hypocritical and selfish motives behind the bill. Christian Scientists may treat, but they may not ask or receive pay. What becomes of the public health protest? If faith cure is dangerous, how does the fact that it is rendered gratuitously remove that objection, the sole ground of State interference? In truth, the bill is self-contradictory and grossly invasive. It cannot be constitutional in any American State." The question is becoming a political issue.

Bills to do away with compulsory vaccination have been introduced in the Legislatures of Massachusetts and some other States. Such a bill passed the Legislature of Utah, but was vetoed by the Governor.

A bill to bring the practitioners of Osteopathy under the State Board of Medical Examiners was passed by the Legislature of Washington. The Governor returned it with a scathing rebuke. He called attention to the fact that all discoveries and improvements in medical practice had originated outside of the medical profession.

VACCINATION NEVER KEPT OFF SMALL-POX.

It is well known that the first patient that Edward Jenner vaccinated afterward contracted small-pox in the confluent form. In places where vaccination is most thorough, the disease recurs as severely as ever, while with ordinary sanitation all have a good chance to escape. Vaccinated persons, having been thus diseased, are made thereby more liable to other disorders.

"I have no faith whatever in vaccination with small-pox virus," declared Dr. C. F. Home, Health Officer of Atchison, Kansas. "Dr. Fuller, of Lenora, contracted cow-pox while working in a vaccine laboratory. He believed he was an immune, but when exposed to small-pox, contracted it, and died of the malignant form. Dr. Drower, also of Lenora, died from the same cause, after being many times vaccinated, and freshly vaccinated when exposed this particular time!"

"What fools these mortals be!"

SMALL-POX NOT CONTAGIOUS.

Dr. M. J. Rodermund, of Appleton, Wisconsin, denies the existence of contagion in small-pox. He placed upon his hand a quantity of pus from a variolous patient and mingled freely with persons in the street and others in private houses. He also traveled in the cars, visiting different towns. Word got out about it, and a loud hue and cry was raised by doctors and newspapers. It was all in vain; nobody caught the disease. The test appears complete; small-pox is from a condition, and not the result of contagion.

THE RIGHT ROAD.

Canon Knox-Little told a story at a church gathering in England. He saw a lych-gate in front of a beautiful church-edifice that had been recently restored. Over the door was the legend in imposing letters: "*This is the Gate of Heaven.*" Underneath was the direction in large characters: "Go around to the other door."

ABSTEMIOUSNESS.

The miraculous effects of abstemiousness to produce extraordinary spiritual acuteness have often been noticed. Gorging and indulging in drink, or the using of gross and unwholesome food close up the interior faculties. It will be borne in mind that many of the distinguished teachers and sages were more or less ascetic. Yet all that abstinence can do is to remove obstacles to the free action of the mind; it can produce no faculty or quality that does not exist. A. W.

BOOK REVIEWS.

VACCINATION A CURSE AND A MENACE TO PERSONAL LIBERTY, with Statistics Showing its Dangers and Criminality, by J. M. Peebles, A.M., M.D., Ph.D., Battle Creek, Mich., 1900.

Dr. Peebles, like the Hebrew Prophet, lifts up his voice like a trumpet, and it gives no uncertain sound. "I know I am right," said William Lloyd Garrison on an analogous occasion, "and I will be heard." And he was heard.

He states the matter in plain terms. In San Diego, Cal., two years ago, the public schools were closed against all children who did not show a certificate of vaccination. Dr. Peebles at once set himself by tongue and pen to procure a repeal of the senseless provision, and persevered till it was repealed. A bill was presented to the Legislature of California to protect the people from a repetition of such an abuse, and barely failed of enactment.

The purpose of this book is to arouse the attention of the general public, of parents and guardians, to open their eyes and rouse their conscience, and discover to them a cruel and insidious enemy where they have been cajoled into the belief that they have a friend. "There is not an intelligent medical practitioner in the land who will unqualifiedly risk his reputation upon the statement that vaccination is a positive preventive of small-pox. Volumes of statistics as well as the highest medical science of this country, Canada, England and the Continent would be directly against him."

Dr. Peebles knows well what he is talking about. He has been in public life under a Republican administration; he has traveled several times around the world; he is a careful observer whom nothing escapes; and these (his conclusions) are from critical observation and personal experience. He may be personally aspersed, or his opponents may seek to divert attention from him by a stubborn silence, but his facts

and reasoning they can not refute. Vaccination owes its present standing in no respect to scientific principles, or physiologic truth, but to unscrupulous falsehood and the brute force of lawless legislation. It is financially profitable.

Itself a disseminator of disease, it cannot avoid opening the door to a swarm of its kindred, many of them worse than itself. Erysipelas, lockjaw, cancer and the various results of blood-poisoning are its natural sequences. This very Winter, despite the careful efforts to hide the truth, the sufferings which have been inflicted have been most cruel, and actual death from lockjaw has resulted. Cancer has been rapidly increasing as vaccination has become general. Tuberculosis has also multiplied, while small-pox is as common as it ever was.

The "calf lymph" which has been lauded is shown to be only so much animal pus, a putrefying serum invariably containing a septic poison. Its mode of procurement at one vaccine farm is described. The udder of a heifer is wounded or bruised, and suffered to fester. The product of the sore thus produced is the "vaccine lymph." The stuff called "animal lymph" is violent, causing troublesome ulcerations, and sometimes eruption over the whole body.

One case is recorded by a medical journal where a man was inoculated with the "glycerinated lymph" and the result was small-pox. It is not denied that animals are inoculated for vaccine virus from the small-pox pustules.

Dr. J. W. Hodge was appointed public vaccinator in the city of Lockport, N. Y., in 1882, there being an epidemic of small-pox. A general vaccination was ordered, and it was made his duty to go from house to house to vaccinate all who could not show the scars, and revaccinate all who had not been vaccinated within the last two years. He operated upon nearly three thousand "victims," using the so-called "pure calf lymph," obtained every third day "fresh" from the vac-

cine farm of the New York City Board of Health. To the disgust of the people, and to his own surprise and chagrin, he was confronted with a large number of cases of vaccina-erysipelas, as well as several cases of phlegmonous axillary abscess as the results of his work. One death occurred from blood-poisoning, the result of vaccination. This was not all. A number of those vaccinated were attacked with confluent small-pox at periods varying from twelve days to three weeks, after having been rendered "immune" by small-pox.

In the American army in the Philippine Islands the soldiers are vaccinated perforce, and revaccinated, yet the deaths from small-pox are almost as many as from all other diseases. This has been the experience with the armies of Europe. In June, 1888, there were over two thousand small-pox cases in the pest-house at Strasburg, every one successfully vaccinated for the third time. The physician himself also was laid up five weeks, although he had been vaccinated the seventh time. But it is usual in the German army to enter small-pox cases under some other name to hide the fact.

The author appeals to the scholarly men, the cultured, independent physicians to speak out plainly against this baleful scourge—to take a brave stand for the right, and defend it, though the bigot's fire be kindled or the crimson cross be built.

"Compulsory vaccination is the most flagrant, the most dastard crime ever perpetrated against the liberty of the citizen, and its permission of toleration on the statute-books of the States of the United States raises a serious query whether democratic populations are intelligent enough to govern themselves."

He exhorts readers to think, study, pray, write, vote and remove the compulsory curse from the statute-books. Then the delusion will disappear, and Americans enjoy the freedom for which their foremothers prayed and their forefathers fought and died. A. W.

THE ADIN BALLOU MEMORIAL.

Such is the modest title of a little volume by the Rev. Wm. S. Heyward, of Dorchester, giving the account of the ceremonies at the unveiling of the statue of Adin Ballou. The proceedings which it records took place at Hopedale, Massachusetts, on the 27th of October last, and were appropriate to the occasion. Adin Ballou was an apostle to his time. He was an enthusiast for humanity, profoundly religious, earnest, just, and devoted to the right as he saw it. His influence was felt where his name was hardly known. He was the introducer of the dogma into the Universalist belief of a continued probation, with final restitution of the human soul to integrity. He was, however, far more than this. He was an early advocate of the temperance cause, a zealous abolitionist, a champion of woman's equality in sacred and religious functions, and the exponent and exemplifier of Non-Resistance as it is taught in the Gospels. He regarded it as his special mission to set forth the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. He believed in Socialism and founded the Hopedale Community, a co-operative society, as the proper way to make it effectual. The abrupt failure of this enterprise was the grief of his life, and till his death in 1890, at the age of eighty-seven, he described himself as living in the shadow of his disappointment. But he was always cheerful. His will was wilfulness, but his purpose was just, his heart tender, and his manner sweet and gentle.

The memorial was a labor of love. It was first proposed and set on foot by William Tebb, the English philanthropist, in so many respects his counterpart and successor. The whole matter was under the supervision of Mr. Heywood, the author of this volume, and an appropriate tribute is paid which has been richly deserved. A. W.

The Religion of Democracy. By Charles Ferguson. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co., 1901.

This work suggests a new departure in matters of belief which many have supposed were settled long ago. The writer is a clergyman, but with a strong philosophic turn, and he endeavors to give a common-

sense view of facts and principles, while attempting to solve the problems of why and whither. But he disturbs common notions reverently, yet without mercy. For example, he sets forth the "Original Sin" of the Hebrew story as being the rejection of the real world and a flight to dreamland, and the penalty to be the hard necessity that should draw the man and the woman back to the firm, resistant earth—Labor.

"Behind mass and motion is Mind," is one of the dogmas, and he adds that "the beginning of Science is in congeniality with God. The larger word for Science is Conscience."

"The children of the spirit of the age are passing the timid and halting creeds, and professing their confidence in the possibility of Science. Mystics? Transcendentalists? They will believe what they cannot prove, if only it is reasonable; and they will deny what seems most obvious, if it is absurd."

"Civilizations are destroyed by great ideas apprehended, but not lived up to."

"The business interests of the country—mysterious, intangible thing! Do the business interests require that people shall be fed and clothed and housed? And does the doing of business mean that things worth doing shall be bustle and running to and fro, with infinite complication of accounts, and in the end that somebody shall—make money?"

The book is made up of bold utterances like these. One cannot go to sleep while reading them; and each is a complete sermon in itself. Its phisosophy is the philosophy of the Twentieth Century, its religion a religion of energy, spirit and life, of love, justice and truth. It is like breathing ozone to read it. A. W.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

HYPNOTISM. By L. W. DeLaurence. Cloth, 256 pp. The Henneberry Co., Chicago.

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF HUMANISM. By Henry Wood. Cloth, 319 pp., $1.25. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

TO NAZARETH OR TARSUS? Cloth, 217 pp., $1.00. J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co., New York.

THE LIFE BOOKLETS. By Ralph Waldo Trine. 3 vols., 16 mo., per set, $1.00. Separately at 35 cents per volume. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

In politics and religion we have less charity for those who believe half our creed than for those who deny the whole of it. —*Colton.*

Can any one name a good cause which, not locally, but in the world at large, has perished and had no resurrection? Intervals of suspended animation there may be, but the final mortality of the "better part" I must utterly disbelieve. When we say of the baffled reformer, "He was born before his time," we confess our assurance that his time must come, and betray the fact that for us at least it has already come.

—*James Martineau.*

The Bible is the utterance of a period of law and wide-spread civilization in the East. It is founded on politics and religion, and requires but a correct knowledge of the ancient language, philosophy and Semitic history to enable us to comprehend the purpose for which it was written, the theology it inculcates, the theocracy it supports, the philosophy on which it depends—and particularly, the form of causation that it teaches. —*Samuel Fales Dunlap.*

When my "Eternal Hope" was published I lived for weeks and months amid a hail-storm of anathemas. Strange that Christians can really believe that a God of love can be happy while the creatures of his hands are writhing hopelessly and forever in unutterable material torments. There has since been, however, a decided and blessed change of view as to these cruel imaginings. Now the majority of thinking and educated Christians hold the view which I then maintained—that sin, indeed, is always punishment. —*Dean Farrar.*

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THE

METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE.

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PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

BY T. WATSON BROWN, B.A., L.L.B.

I shall first point out the mutual relations of Philosophy, Science and Religion, and then proceed to consider the relation of certain specified philosophies to questions of religious belief, viz., (1) the relation of Hume's philosophy to Atheism, (2) that of Kant to Agnosticism, and (3) that of Hegel to orthodox Christianity, Hegel himself being of opinion that the result of his philosophy was entirely in accord with the Christian Sacrifice. You will observe that I do not propose to traverse the vast field of thought covered by the subject-matter of this essay. My object is to conduct you to a spot whence you may observe how Philosophy, Science and Religion are related and harmonized, and realize how inaccurate is the theory that they can in any way conflict, for God cannot be divided against Himself, and in Him, and in Him alone, is the absolute knowledge of Philosophy and Science, as well as of Religion. Conflict is the child of Human Error, not of Divine Truth.

But men's minds run in different grooves and the differences are further emphasized by difference of books read, and differences of environments. Having arrived, therefore, on the scene, we must assume that we are surveying it at great distances from each other, and from different points, though able to converse, but chained each to his place by his own identity. Behold, then, the mountain ranges of Philosophy, and, towering over all, Hegel's Peak. At the base are the mines of science, whence is dug, with infinite labor, the world's intellectual wealth. Far below, and in the full sunlight of Heaven is

the fertile and lovely Christian vale teeming with life and beauty, though unaware of its debt to the bleak hills in the rich alluvium they have given it. Flocks and herds browse on the green pastures, and drink at the still waters, and, nestled in a fragrant grove, is the church, with spire pointing heavenward, thereby indicating her union with the Most High, and her supremacy over the beetling crags; for she is the Bride of Christ, and Mistress of the World.

The spot to which my identity chains me has in its foreground a grove of Aspens, which looms largely to my eye, and to which it appears to me the lanscape owes its chief beauty. The rustling of their leaves is as the sound of many waters, the birds in their branches sing low and sweet, and a great calm falls over my spirit, for I think that I see the Truth. Wishing to show it to others also, I say to my friend on the far South, "What a lovely view, and how much it owes to the Aspens!" "Lovely, indeed," he replies, "but, as to the Aspens, I can scarcely see them; the oaks in front of me are the principal feature, and you are wrong." Perplexed, I refer the differences to a friend on the East. "You are both wrong," he says, "the Beeches in *my* foreground are the *principal* features; but our friend on the South is certainly not so far wrong as you, for, compared with his Oaks, your Aspens are simply nowhere." I make similar further inquiries, with similar results, and, at length, the truth dawns on me that we are all right and all wrong; the view of each is falsely true. Physically and mentally the objects in each foreground appear larger and more important than they really are in relation to those in the background. But I find that if I keep my mind open to the views of others on the same subject, but without sacrificing my own, I get a nearer view of the true relations of things, but never can reach the absolute truth. To know the absolute truth would be to know it from infinite aspects, which a finite mind cannot attain; but, as I am compelled to ***believe*** in the unity to which I perceive all aspects converge, I am equally compelled to believe in a Being to whom the infinite aspects are ***known***, and from whom proceed all those rays, some only of which a finite mind has the capacity to reflect.

Though, however absolute identity is beyond us, relative identities are essential to thought. To think of a thing is to class it, for the attributes of an object link it to other classes of objects, of each of which classes it is a particular. Thus, a horse is equally horse, quadruped, mammal and thing. It is identical, as Horse, and different as this or that horse; different from cow, but identical with it as Quadruped; different from Whale, but identical with it as Mammal; different from grain of sand, but identical with it as thing; or in ordinary language experience shows that when there are two *admitted* things that can be distinguished, it is a necessity of thought that they should also be capable of being generalized. Now, if we come to two ultimate thoughts, *both* admitted, that we cannot generalize, the inference appears obvious that finite Beings *must* come to this position if they do not claim to be *God* Himself. We are bound to admit both the infinite and finite, but cannot reconcile them, for if the finite were *a part* of the infinite, there would be no infinite for it would be divisible; but it is indivisible. It is, therefore, an obvious inference of thought, and as such inference our belief, and not our thought that the Supreme Mind generalizes or identifies in one thought the infinite and finite. This may be carried further. We cannot understand why it is that virtue is inconceivable without the possibility of falling into vice, for without the latter we would be as the beasts, neither virtuous nor vicious; neither can we reconcile predestination and free will, the latter of which we *know* we have, and *must* admit the former. Again the answer is obvious, that ultimate differences are a corollary from finite intelligence, and are reconciled by the Supreme Mind. Again, though the fact is obvious, we cannot explain the three in one of the dimensions of space. Why then doubt the Trinity? It does not *contradict* the reason. To us Thought and Being abound in perplexities; but perplexities are unsolved truths.

As we must presently consider the ground taken by Hume that unrelated impressions on the senses are no proof of an outer world, it will now be convenient to show from the point of view hitherto taken, whence the belief in objects is derived. It has been shown that

God alone can have absolute knowledge of the true relation of things. In like manner it may be shown that He alone can have absolute knowledge of each individual thing, and that our conviction of their objective existence arises not from knowledge but from belief in the identity of ultimate differences in thought.

It may seem self-evident that the book I hold in my hand has an absolute existence, apart from everything else in the universe. If, however, we analyze what we *know* of it we find it is a particular of a class. The term "book" means a class containing more books than this one. The term "this book" means that this particular belongs to the class "book." The individual book is only conceivable as the union of the particular and universal of the bounded particular and the boundless class, of the finite and the infinite. We reach here the ultimate difference, the reconciliation of which, as an individual thing, every one, whatever his theories, is bound to take for granted, but for which reconciliation no finite thought can account. Now it is from the very fact unconsciously acting on the mind that our ultimate thought does not account for, though it necessitates what we are bound to believe, that the difference between the thought and the object thought of is so firmly grounded in the popular mind, and that the study of the relation between thought and things is slighted as a mere exercise of subtlety having no practical bearing; for, whereas our thoughts of any and every object are limited, yet we are bound to believe that it transcends our thoughts, and is, therefore, something beyond us, not ourselves or thoughts, but objective. The object *as* thought of, is all we know about it; but this is identical with the thought of the object, consequently one phase of philosophy maintains that the unit of thought, being the subject-object, self and object are but two aspects of the same thing. But common sense, without knowing why, yet right in the result, as it often is, insists on the absolute reality of the object, but wrongly infers that it *knows* the absolute reality. All we know of it is as a particular of a universal or class, and it is because we do not know it absolutely that we are able to distinguish between the *absolute* reality *believed,* of which we only *know*

something as *relative* and limited, and our thought about it which the absolute unlimited reality transcends.

The preceding may be thus summarized:

Of all things conceivable we may know something about them, but God knows all about them. To believe in the existence of any individual thing is to believe in God. For our thought-of-the-object is identical with the object-as-thought-of. But the object *as-it-is* which transcends our thought is God's thought-of-the-object.

Having established our point of view, we must now hasten to the detail of our subject, which this introduction will condense, and, it is hoped, place in a clearer light, the three Branches of which may be defined as follows:

1. Philosophy analyzes Mind and Being and their relations to each other, and includes Belief and Knowledge.

2. Science apprehends the action of Thought on Being, and includes Knowledge and not Belief.

3. Religion believes in the Divine Mind and its relation to Being as expressly revealed, and in Divine knowledge of such relation.

It will be convenient to take Science first, as it contains the simplest relations.

If Science is confined to its proper sphere a conflict with Philosophy or Religion is simply impossible. It is concerned with the intellect only, and not with the mind, of which the intellect is only a part. It proceeds from given data to quæsita on strictly logical lines, and has nothing to do with the transcendental basis of such data. Given thought, what are things, is its sole question. A man may use his spade well, but how it is manufactured and under what mechanical forces it acts has nothing to do with his skill. A scientist may consider himself a developed piece of protoplasm or think with Fichte that nature is only conceivable as the objective aspect of his subjectivity, but neither theory affects his opinion that the salt on your table is chloride of sodium whose elements may be separated and re-combined as chloride of potash and carbonate of soda. Again, the development theory in no way affects philosophy or religion. Let it be conceded

that everything from a mosquito to an archangel was developed out of a single cell. The inferior could not develop *itself* into the superior, and development implies order and arrangement and, therefore, mind. What does it matter, therefore, whether the Deity created something at once, or gave something else the power to develop into it.

Next, as to Philosophy, no one doubts the fact that if you touch a thing you are absolutely certain that your sensation indicates an outward object. But the fact is one thing and the reason another, and the question is not what is the result, but what is the reason of it. To answer this the Mind must reflect on itself and Being in their relations, and this capacity for self-reflection belongs to man alone. We are familiar with the notion in the term "self-control," which implies self-apprehension.

Whatever position Philosophy takes up it pursues to its ultimate results, and allows no interference from Religion. To Religion itself this is beneficial, for, though religion, as it is, must always conquer error, yet it is always in the minds of those who cherish it, mingled with misconceptions which dim its brightness, but have no more connection with religion than have mists and clouds with the sun's rays. Philosophy, however, has passed through phases which appeared to attack religion, when the question really at issue was whether a philosophic solution could be found to our current notions of self and nature as well as of God, and no special attack on religion was contemplated. Such being the case it will be convenient to combine a very brief indication of the recent course of philosophic thought with the atheistic and agnostic, consequences of the philosophies of Hume and Kant.

Though we assume the independent reality of objects, all we know is our sensations and notions. This is no proof, as we cannot get out of ourselves to compare with reality and test them. "Everybody thinks so" is no proof, for other people's notions carry us no further. Hume adopts and purifies, from inconsistencies, Locke's assumption that the mind is a blank sheet of paper, receiving from Things impressions from without, through the senses. This is an unproved assump-

tion, for we only know the impressions. But it is a wrong assumption, for we can only apprehend an object as unity in multiplicity, as something with attributes, and only the mind can impart this relation. If, then, we are wholly dependent on particular impressions there is no objective proof of things, and our notions of them arise from custom, imagination or convenience. Again, particular thoughts, emotions and volitions are no evidence of a self that has them and *a fortiori* there is no evidence of God. We know nothing of anything. This is the result *if* it be true that our knowledge of existence is derived solely from impressions made on the senses, as common opinion assumes. In fact, Hume showed, though he did not assert, that the basis of Philosophy then currently accepted led to a *reductio ad absurdum.* For disbelief of everything includes disbelief of your own grounds for asserting disbelief, and thus scepticism is of necessity suicidal. Yet a flood of Atheism swept over Europe by the use of a philosophic position, which, taken as a whole, was self-destructive. Hume's deductions are admitted to be the most perfect chain of reasoning that has ever appeared.

Kant thought Hume unanswerable, and reconsidered the basis of Philosophy. The net result was that we knew nothing but our own notions, and had no evidence that they truly indicated reality. True, we could only apprehend objects under relations, but this was the work of the mind; we had no warrant for asserting that what appeared to us was what actually is. Though a stepping-stone in philosophy this unsatisfactory position could not be and has not been permanent. Everything, God, Nature, and Self, was an unknowable thing in itself. Hence arose agnosticism. But let the Agnostic bear in mind that according to his notions his new winter overcoat is an unknowable thing in itself.

When, therefore, the object is made the unit of thought we cannot establish a relation between it and the mind or subject. Descarte made the mind the unit of thought, but could not establish a relation between it and the object *(Cogito, ergo sum).* In fact, you can't take out of a bag what you do not put into it, and the only course re-

maining is to make the subject-object (Self-and-Not-Self) the unit of thought. Your thought must be a thought of something (Subject-Object), for a thought of nothing is no thought. On the other hand, an object is inconceivable, except as apprehended (Object-Subject), for, being a thing with attributes, implies that unless clothed with the form given to it by our intelligence it is inconceivable. Thus, as indicated above, the subjective and objective aspects of the subject-object as the "Thought-of-the-Object" and "the Object-*as*-thought-of" coincide, but the unity of the object *as-it-is* (the one manifested in the All, not in the finite Many that implies but does not realize it) transcends finite thought, and must be the *thought* of the Supreme Mind; but of the Finite Mind, only the *belief*.

Next, as to Religion, which, though of the highest importance, requires here but brief notice. It permits of no argument as to its direct mission from Heaven, though, as to the interpretation of the mission, there may be much to discuss. It demands obedience to the revealed Word as a first principle that may not be denied. As, however, a similar message comes from Buddha, Brahm and Mahomet, it is right that Soul should sound herself, apart from the command, to find what response she can give, and to what message. Hegel deduces, from his Philosophy, the principle of self-sacrifice as the root of all that is manly and noble in human nature, and as its distinguishing mark. The beast has no self-control, but, in man alone, is the faculty of giving himself to find himself, of sacrificing his lower self to his higher self. This passes, in order of merit, through gradations of self-control, for the sake of self, to self-sacrifice for the sake of others, till it culminates in the self-sacrifice of the God-man—the perfect type of man—the most human, though divine. Thus Religion and Philosophy meet on common ground, and cry, with one accord: "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." The soul abhors coercion, but yields herself a happy captive to the golden chains of Love, and lends a willing ear to the music of the spheres that heralds her advent at the Golden Gates.

T. WATSON BROWN, B. A., L.L. B.

THE SOUL OF CHINA.

BY ANDRÉ CAMILLE FONTAINE.

"While your father is on earth inspire yourself with his wishes, and after his death inspire yourself with his example." This maxim, taken from the teachings of Confucius, may be justly considered a summary of the soul of China. The moral, religious, intellectual and political life of the subjects of the Celestial Empire is based on the one sentiment—the respect that a son owes to his father. On this one virtue the Chinese have erected a civilization that has existed for about forty centuries; while other civilizations, other nations have come and gone, China has remained. It is unquestionable that if this civilization, instead of being based on one of the noblest instincts of human nature, had been founded on human passions, always easily awakened in the heart of individuals, it would not have withstood for so long the attacks of time. Unhappily, virtues themselves can sometimes contain germs of decadence, when their primary efficacy becomes blunted by superstitions and time. There was, for instance, in the beginning, no manifestation of filial love and devotion more worthy of respect than the desire to safely and surely put out of profanation's way the remains of a dead father; yet to-day this sacred care has become a hideous speculation through the steady efforts of adventurers whose services were at first reluctantly accepted, but who later on became a powerful association. The *geomancer* is a person who, for a sum more or less important, has taken it upon himself to indicate to the children the place where they may bury their father without exposing him to the fatal influence of the evil spirits. If one so often meets, when traveling in China, dead bodies that are awaiting interment, sometimes at the cost of great danger to public health, it is because these charlatans wish to speculate longer on filial love by enlarging their gains as they lengthen their search for a good burial place. As long as the geomancer hopes to receive money from the family you may be sure that none of the chosen spots for burial will be

safe from the hauntings of the spirits who trouble the sleep of the dead.

Barring the official ceremonies that the Emperor celebrates himself every year, to call upon the earth the gifts of Heaven, the intercourse which formerly existed between the hierarchy of this world and that of the other, lost a great deal of its mysterious power, as it became accessible to all classes of the population; but, on the contrary, the worship of ancestors, which, from time immemorial, was compulsory for all Chinamen, no matter what their rank or fortune, has continued to be practiced with a fervor that, far from being lessened by centuries, has practically absorbed all the religious life of the Celestial Empire. Unfortunately, as this cult of the dead became more and more hampered with ceremonies and superstitions it became less and less disinterested and the Chinese, lacking any religious dogma which clearly teaches how the soul lives after it has become separated from the body, attributed to their dead fathers all the opinions, passions and hatreds that had characterized them while living. Their homage was no longer inspired by a sentiment of respect or love, but by the hope of obtaining the material advantages that a dead father could bring upon his living posterity. They are convinced that if by chance they neglected to properly celebrate the day set aside by the state calendar, for devotion to the deceased, these members of their family would be exceedingly angry and would inflict frightful punishments upon their ungrateful descendants. Thus the Chinaman does not expect happiness in this world and in another, as the result of personal virtues and qualities, but as a fitting reward for his devotion to the dead. Moreover, to obey the rigorous demands of logic, the worship of the dead necessarily extended at first from parent to parent, and later on to far-away relations who gradually have become the common ancestors of all the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire. This cult of ancestors, this intolerant religion which did not admit as possible any compromise with the evolutions necessary to the forward movement of civilization, has resulted in causing the Chinese literature to be absolutely sterile. In China a true scholar is one who sees in

wisdom and in science a cultured way of honoring ancestors by drawing from their lives examples of virtue. He professes an absolute disdain for inventions that do not help to make man a better being; inventions for which Chinese civilization has found no need in the thousands of years that it has existed. The scholar's main ambition is to possess a thorough knowledge of the old classical books where he finds an abundance of lessons in virtue. Outside of plays and novels, which, in China, are not considered as worthy of the attention of good writers, the works that are destined for the intellectual élite of Chinese society should reproduce as faithfully as possible the style of the oldest classics, abound with wise quotations and use expressions that are absolutely obsolete. In the highest society, that of the mandarins, a book is all the more appreciated when it is nearly incomprehensible. It is now easy to explain how a body of officials, brought up in the exclusive study of books, where is condensed the marrow, so to speak, of Chinese conservatism, should be reluctant to admit any innovation; it is easy to understand why all efforts to introduce "new methods" have been so unsuccessful.

This is even better understood when one considers that there is in China an old doctrine of public right that is no less disastrous to all efforts of individual enterprise.

Here, again, we listen to Confucius, and in his maxims we find a résumé of all the constitutional rights of the Chinese. In one place we read: "The prince is prince, the subject is subject, the father is father, the son is son"; and a little further on, speaking to the Emperor, the illustrious philosopher says: "It is sufficient that you wish for the good in order that your people become good; the man at the head is the wind, the common people are the blades of grass; when the wind blows the grass must bend under its influence." The Chinese obeys his sovereign as a father, not only in the execution of laws, but also in his home and in the most insignificant details of his daily life. The Emperor publishes under the form of an imperial calendar a manual in which the occupations of his subjects are appointed for every day of the year. This document indicates the days on which a China-

man should shave his head, buy new clothes, begin building a house, etc. Under such a fatherly régime which looks out for the serious, as well as the futile, details of life a Chinaman has but one care: obey and buy the new calendar every year.

To this day Confucius still has a tremendous influence over all his countrymen; his teachings are at the base of all Chinese institutions, and the reason of this is that Confucius, more than any other philosopher, was a personification of all Chinese sentiments and ideas. The wisdom of this great philosopher lacks elevation, but it has a practical character, which puts it within the reach of all understandings. His judicious counsels have been transmitted from father to son for many centuries, and yet to-day they excite the admiration of wise mandarins. But now the period of decadence has come, and it is evident that China will not find in her cult of ancestors, or in the teachings of Confucius the germs of its regeneration. Christian civilization was the best remedy, but the Chinese have already lost faith in this cure, thanks to the doings of the so-called Christian nations. Where then shall China find the impulse for her rejuvenation? Probably as a result of a long effort to keep out the armies of that very civilization which she needs so badly.

In the struggle for their independence and for the integrity of their country, the Chinese may get rid of all the disadvantages of inactivity. Their long patience, which still seems to hold out, will, when once exhausted, reveal a terrible strength that will do away with all superstitions, all antiquated ideas and customs; they who, for so many years, have clung to old teachings and beliefs will, when this tenacity be directed in the way of progress, astonish those nations that are now disregarding the rights of China, and calmly considering what part of that vast empire will next satisfy their greed.

ANDRÉ CAMILLE FONTAINE.

THE MESSAGE OF TOLSTOI'S "RESURRECTION."

BY AXEL E. GIBSON.

> The mind may ponder its intellect for ages, and yet not gain so much self-knowledge as the passion of love will teach it in a day.
>
> —EMERSON.

As novelist Count Tolstoi is undoubtedly one of the boldest realists of our age. Thus, while in no way less realistic in his portrayal of human nature than a Dumas fils, Paul de Koch or Emile Zola, yet the character of Tolstoi's realism differs widely and fundamentally from the realism of the French authors. The realism of the Russian sage is dominated by a high moral purpose, systematic and vital, and may be termed the *physiology* of the soul, while the realism of the French sensationalists is moved by accident, and external impulse —the *pathology* of the soul. The author of "Anna Karenina" is realistic, because his subject demands it; the authors of "La Dame Camille" and "Nana," because they demand it of their subjects; the realism of the former being the unsought-for expression of natural conditions, reveals a pure motive and appeals solely to the moral nature of man; while the realism of the latter is the result of artificially created conditions, untrue to the natural order of life and not infrequently based on impure motive. Descriptions of scenes and objects, which, if penned by an author actuated by less sincere motives, would tend to arouse sensual instincts, become, under the inspiring genius of a Tolstoi, and impelled by the tremendous seriousness of his motive, divested of every vestige of obscenity and indelicacy. Tolstoi's realism is stirring into action, not the animal, but the God in man. He is a Shakespeare in prose-fiction striking terror to the souls of the wicked, and compassion and love to the souls of the good. The scenes in the swift-moving panorama of his narrative are freighted with that heart-rending expression of human tragedy, which "man's inhumanity to man" alone is capable of producing. *Sine ira et studio,* calm, serene and dispassionate, this large-hearted, deep-sighted philosopher, sage and seer, lays

bare the horrifying, almost incredible inner workings of the Russian Government—that terrible monster which, like a bloated boneless giant, is placed under the relentless sway of degenerating and dissolving forces. He adds no coloring to the lurid scenes he depicts, construes no forced situations to heighten their impressiveness—the author's love for truth breathes unmistakably through every sentence—and yet all the confidence his noble life is capable of inspiring is required for a belief in the reality of the picture-gallery of moral monsters he throws open before us.

"Resurrection" is Tolstoi's latest contribution to the literature of the world. The title of the book refers to its hero and heroine, who both, each in their peculiar manner, pass through a moral crucifixion and death, followed by the birth-giving in their souls to a new life, peopled with new and loftier ideals. And as the author, with keen, observing eye and steady hand, proceeds to trace the fall and rise of these two souls, he simultaneously invites the whole world in general, and the uncivilized world of the Tzar in particular, to witness a review of the operation of the maxims and principles underlying the official rules and practices of that ill-starred country.

The book, outside its value as a moral agent, possesses as a work of fiction all the interest necessary to fascinate the ordinary novel reader. The plot is carefully laid and worked out, and the action throughout the whole volume is intense. There is not to be found a page which does not furnish some new stimulus to the attention and sympathy of the reader. The book is written for all classes of humanity, young and old, cultured and uncultured, moral and immoral.

The life of Prince Nekhludoff—the hero of the book—dramatizes the struggles and shifting fortunes between the higher and lower natures of man. His early youth is spent in the purity and innocence of inexperience; his winter months in college, and summer months in happy forgetfulness in the country home of some relative. "He is an honest, unselfish lad, ready to sacrifice himself for any good cause"—and "God's world seems to him a mystery which he tries enthusiastically and joyfully to solve."

But the storms of life overtake him and sweep down the pedestal on which the youth has reared his ideals. Having finished his course in college he is assigned to a regiment in the interior where the influence of unworthy examples speedily changes his whole philosophy of life. The purity and simple faith of former days give way to feelings and mode of sensations which not improperly may be compared to that over-ripe condition of growth so often observed among plants which receive too much nourishment and sunshine, and too little proper gardening. Prior to this moral metamorphosis he "feels the need of intercourse with Nature," and loves to muse on the books of philosophers and poets; afterwards the importance of human institutions puts nature into the shade, and the sages and singers have to give way to the society of his new comrades. "Before, women seemed mysterious and charming—charming by the very mystery that enveloped them; now the purpose of women, all women except those of his own family, and those of his friends, was a very definite one; women were the best means to an already experienced enjoyment. Before, he looked upon his spirit as the *I;* now, it was his healthy, strong, animal *I* he looked upon as himself."

The author tells us that all this horrible change comes about by the youth losing belief in himself, substituting for it a belief in others —it being "too difficult to live, believing one's self." For the belief in one's self requires that the questions of our moral activities be not decided "in favor of one's own animal life, which is always seeking for easy gratifications, but almost in every case against it. Believing in others there is nothing to decide; everything has been decided already, and always decided in favor of the animal *I* and against the spiritual. Nor is this all. Believing in his own self, he was always exposing himself to the censure of those around him; believing others he had their approval. So when Nekhludoff had talked of the serious matters of life—of God, truth, riches and poverty, all around him thought out of place, and even rather funny; and his mother and aunts ed him with kindly irony *notre chere philosophe!* But when he read novels, told improper anecdotes, went to see funny vaudevilles in

the French theatre and gaily repeated the jokes, everybody admired and encouraged him."

And, though Nekhludoff at first struggles boldly against the tide, it finally overcomes him, and shifting his center of gravity from his own individuality to that of others he loses the sense of moral responsibility. The leaders of society become his gauge of conduct, and he judges the movements of his *animal I* according to the standard of morals accepted by this society. The result could but be disastrous. Placing his lower nature under the administration of irresponsible rulers, he soon becomes the sport and victim of every passing gust of animal appetite.

In the hands of such maxims he decides to pay a visit to one of his aunts at her country estate, where some three years ago he spent a very happy vacation. What made his stay at that time particularly pleasant was the presence in the household of a young girl, Katusha Maslova, whose simple faith and pure, innocent nature attracted the corresponding qualities in his own nature and made her society interesting and dear to him. He was at that time in a mental and moral condition which permitted him to enjoy purity of soul in every form it manifested. At his present visit he looks upon Katusha and her virtues from another point of view, measuring his conduct towards her with quite other standards of value. The feelings that give lustre and warmth to his first acquaintance with her expressed chaste admiration and love, while those by which he is at present actuated express sensual admiration and passion.

His present visit is short—only two or three days. Yet these few hours are big with destiny. They serve as material for the author to paint a picture of life more bold than Lord Byron's "Don Juan," more irresistible in its awful fascination than the nocturnal tragedies set in scene by the morbid imagination of a Zola—and yet withal more morally edifying and strengthening than a chapter of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

It is on the eve of the second day of Nekhludoff's visit—the eve of Easter. Darkness reigns on earth. Something demoniacal is

brooding in the air; the spirit of the second act of Macbeth passes through the night. Macbeth—Nekhludoff—paces up and down the dark back yard, waiting for his victim. He is fortified by the consciousness of sure and easy victory. One first glance at Katusha suffices for him to realize that the impressions left on her from three years ago have not weakened during his absence. Impatient of waiting, he determinedly enters the house, and makes his way to Katusha's room. He finds the girl sitting at the table with her head resting in her hands, and with eyes bathed in tears. She weeps because the young man has acted so strangely towards her during his present visit. She feels the presence of a great fear and of approaching calamity.

Stepping quickly over to her place as she makes sign of leaving the room, the Prince "caught her up and kissed her."

"Oh, what are you doing?" she cried, in a tone as if he had irreparably broken something of priceless value.

Nature outside is in a state of turmoil. Laborious efforts are made to break the bonds and fetters forged by Winter. "There on the river, beneath the white mist the unceasing labor went on and sounds as something sobbing, cracking, dropping, being shattered to pieces, mixed with the tinkling of the thin bits of ice as they broke against each other as bits of glass."

The description of this Nature's turmoil intensifies the impressiveness and dramatic force of the hour, producing the same feeling of anguish and horror as experienced the moment Macbeth enters the sleeping-chamber of the King to "murder sleep."

And truly, Dmitri Ivanowitch Nekhludoff "murders sleep."

This episode constitutes the nucleus to the entire narrative. Principally and ethically all the subsequent events have their incipiency and root in this scene. It occurs on the Easter eve, the emblematical day which in Christian minds points out the two pivotal points of faith, the crucifixion and resurrection. Since that first great crucifixion of Christendom innumerable others have followed, and to Nekhludoff and Katusha this eve is the crucifixion of the soul by the lower instincts of their natures. What follows of the book leads up to their resurrection.

The day following, Prince Nekhludoff returns to his regiment, and in the swirl of social events and orgies he has soon forgotten all about the poor Katusha and the wreck and ruin he left in his wake in the quiet and peaceful country home.

Katusha, however, goes to face sterner realities. In a letter written to Nekhludoff by his aunt the latter tells him that the girl "had been confined somewhere or other, and had gone quite bad." Her fate is terrible and swift. The descent of life is steep and rapid. Once a "fallen woman," her self-respect is gone, and vice—the canker-growth, festering on every mind which loses faith in its own moral strength and integrity—swallows her up in its hovels, and she soon finds herself an inmate in a house of ill-fame.

The threads, linking together human destinies are wrapped up in mystery, yet as effect follows cause, so punishment follows crime. "Punishment," says Emerson, "is a fruit that unsuspected ripens within the flower of the pleasure which concealed it." For several years they two have lost sight of each other. Yet invisible and inscrutable ties have held their souls inseparably connected. Under the mysterious rule of fate and destiny their orbits again crossed each other. The workings of the implacable law of recompensation, veiled for a few years, suddenly unfolds into broad daylight.

Katusha is arraigned in the court of justice for having poisoned and robbed a rich traveling merchant, and as fate will have it Prince Nekhludoff is serving a term as juryman in that very court. Though time and circumstances have wrought changes in her looks, the Prince at once recognizes her, and, overcome by memories of the past and not without feelings of regret, he proceeds to fill his duty as a juryman. The trial seems to have proved to the satisfaction of the entire jury that the woman is innocent of the crime of which she is accused. The powder she administered to the merchant was handed her by her mistress under the pretext that it was a mere sleep medicine. Owing, however, to a confusion of terms among the jurors, they pass the verdict "Guilty," but without intention to *rob*— by mistake putting the word *kill* in place of *rob*. As the court in Russia never examines

a case on its merits, the result is that Katusha, innocent as she is, finds herself sentenced to the horrible punishment of fifteen years' penal service in Siberia!

Convinced of her innocence, Nekhludoff when this atrocious sentence is passed feels a rude electric shock leap through his conscience. The inner man awakes. His moral nature is thrown wide open, and the currents of pity, compassion, sympathy and of desire to help at any cost spring up in his heart. A healthy action of his moral conscience being thus brought about, Nekhludoff begins to recognize himself as the real cause of the whole calamity, the evil genius of that unfortunate woman's life. Captured by this new force, he follows its injunctions unreservedly and resolves to spend all his time and energy in effecting a reconsideration of her jury trial and restoring her womanhood and self-respect.

Thus having "cleansed his soul," as he terms it, he sets himself vigorously to his new task, which brings him in immediate touch with the fearful and wonderful machinery of Russian jurisdiction, furnishing the author a well-employed opportunity to lay open before the world the incredible carelessness and criminality—not of the prisoners as much as of the very authorities themselves. With keen, observing eye and steady hand he moves the pieces in this ghastly game of chess, in which the issues involve the lives and fortunes of innumerable human beings.

Nekhludoff's first move is a visit to the prison in which Katusha, together with a host of other convicts, is kept awaiting the departure of the train which is to carry them to far-off Siberia. Here he readily becomes acquainted with the character of a Russian prison, and the mission which that institution performs in the fashioning of Russian society and general state of culture. . . . "The solitary cells were a row of dark closets locked from outside, and there were neither beds nor chairs, nor tables in them, so that the inmate had to sit or lie down on the dirty floor, while the rats, of which there were a great many in those cells, ran across them. The rats were so bold that they stole the bread from the prisoners, and even attacked them if they

stopped moving." . . . As he passes along the dark, musty corridor, on either side of which the cells are lined, separated by heavy iron bars, the prisoners yell like hungry dogs in a pen, drowning each other's voices in their attempts to state their grievances, in hope to get him to assist them. From the accounts they give of themselves, he finds, to his amazement and horror, that most of these poor, ill-fated wretches have been arrested either on mistake or on loose suspicion. A young peasant, whose wife had been abducted by a wealthy saloonkeeper, has been arrested on a suspicion of having set fire to the saloonkeeper's house, while every person in the village has positive reasons to believe that the deed was done by the owner himself, who was known to be a bad character, and besides had his property heavily insured immediately prior to the accident. The poor, outraged peasant did his utmost to prove his innocence. "I tried to get justice by all sorts of means, but everywhere the saloonkeeper managed to bribe the officials and was acquitted."

"Can this be true?" Nekhludoff asked.

"God is my witness, it is true. Oh, sir, be so good!"—and Nekhludoff had some difficulty in preventing him from bowing down to the ground—"You see I am perishing without reason." His face quivered and he turned up the sleeve of his coat and began to cry, wiping his tears with the sleeve of his dirty shirt."

Advancing a few steps Nekhludoff is stopped again by another set of victims. There are some forty or fifty men held in prison because of their passports being a fortnight overdue. Such an occurrence amongst travelers, however, is not infrequent. Often before they have happened to omit the renewing of their passports, and no one has ever said anything; but this year they are taken up and kept in prison, now on the third month, being dealt with and treated as ordinary criminals. They should have been sent back to their respective governments, somewhere in South Russia, but the prison there is burned, and the local authorities care not to receive them. Now they are lingering in prison, having been forgotten by the officials and left helplessly to waste away in the terrible cell.

The one who tells the story is an old man, and Nekhludoff listens to his tale of sorrow, while hardly able to fully understand him, as his attention has been riveted to "a large, dark-gray, many-legged louse which was creeping along the good-looking man's cheek."

"How is that? Is it possible for such a reason?" Nekhludoff said, turning to the assistant official.

"Yes; they should have been sent off and taken back to their homes," calmly said the assistant, "but they seem to have been forgotten, somehow."

Nekhludoff hardly has time to realize the whole bearing of this grim statement, for new scenes of increasing woe and misery stare him from all sides in the face. A small, nervous man presses himself through the crowd of the fenced-in convicts, and "strangely contorting his mouth, he begins to say that they were being ill-used for nothing."

"Worse than dogs," he began.

"Now, now; not too much of this. Hold your tongue or you know——"

"What do I know?" screamed the little man, desperately; "what is our crime?"

"Silence!" shouted the assistant, and the little man was silent.

Through the openings, of the gratings hundreds of eyes are anxiously fixed on him, sending a storm of emotion and a bewilderment across his mind, and he moves out of the way with a feeling very much like "running the gauntlet."

The pages are crowded with incidents of similar kind and character. Hundreds of guiltless people are brought to suffering and disgrace, brutalized by inhuman jailors, "simply because something was not written on paper as it should have been." All the prisoners here are sentenced to Siberia, and as soon as the cells are full the inmates are marched off to the railway station to start their *via dolorosa* towards that Russian *inferno,* the name of which alone, even at the distance of thousands of miles, produces a shudder.

Every day occur separations of wives from their husbands, and

the merciless breaking up of whole families, scattering the members in all directions. Wives and husbands thus separated are frequently forced into the most mortifying relations with other separated husbands and wives, and habit and custom gradually wear off the resistance and propriety of shame, and pure, faithful lives are thrown open to vice and wickedness—followed either by utter apathy and indifference or heart-fretting despair. Young, innocent people are brought together with old convicts, hardened in sin and crime, and partly from the infections of such comradeship, partly from the consciousness of being unjustly treated, these young people are offered a fair chance to develop themselves into real criminals.

The very possibility of such a state of affairs has, according to Count Tolstoi, its explanation in the complex sliding-scale of authority through which the orders have to travel from the highest to the lowest officials, the burden of responsibility thus being shirked by each individual in turn. Mere wheels in a huge juggernaut-machine, these officials are unsusceptible to any "compunctious visitings of nature," and can with easy consciences inflict the most excruciating tortures for mere trifling offenses. The Crown vested with Divine authority extends absolution for any and all such ill-deeds. If these officials, cruel and brutalized as they are, were to act as private individuals, performing their official duties, not gauged by the judgment and conscience of the state, but by their own, their conduct towards the convicts would soon change. Their inner nature would at once assert itself, and make them realize that men are more than things, and must be handled with compassion and sympathy.

"It all lies in the fact that men think there are circumstances under which one may deal with human beings without love. One may deal with things without love; one may cut down trees, make bricks, hammer iron without love; but you cannot handle men without it. If you feel no love, sit still, occupy yourself with things, with yourself, with anything you like, only not with men. You can only eat without injury to yourself when you feel the need of food, so you can only deal with men usefully when you love them."

For Tolstoi, love is the saving genius of humanity; the only legitimate manifestation of life, and the only safe guide in social perturbations. "Love cannot be stupid." To demonstrate its great force as a morally constructive factor, capable of transforming and transfiguring the lives and motives of humanity, is the object of this narrative.

Terrible, indeed, are the struggles fought and won in Nekhludoff's breast. His determination to redeem the victim of his youth has to face and to overcome almost superhuman trials. His family and aristocratic friends and relatives cover him with ridicule. Nor is Katusha the innocent, trusting girl of the past. The years she spent in ill-fame have not passed by without leaving ravishing changes, both in her soul and body. His first meeting with her is a terrible humiliation. He has to talk to her through an iron grating, with a number of rude prisoners listening to the conversation. He asks forgiveness for the past. She scorns him. He pleads; she is immovable, and looks at him with distrust. Finally a thought strikes her; she will utilize the opportunity. Nekhludoff is a rich man, and she will ask him for money. She wants money to buy drinks.

"Ten rubles. I don't want more."

"Yes, yes," Nekhludoff said, with a sense of confusion, and felt for his purse."

"This woman is dead," Nekhludoff thought, looking at this once sweet and now defiled, puffy face, now lit up by an evil glitter in the black squinting eyes which were gleaming at the hand in which he held the purse.

At this moment conflicting voices are heard in his soul. A whisper reaches him: "You can do nothing with this woman; you will only tie a stone round her neck which will help to drown you, and hinder you from being useful to others. Is it not better to give her all the woman that is here, say good-by and finish with her forever?"

The situation is critical. Certainly a host of persuasions can be brought up in favor of taking such a step. Nekhludoff, like Hercules, stands at the parting roads; the nymph has pleaded and he has listened.

"But here he felt that now at this moment something most important was taking place in his soul; that his inner life was, as it were, wavering in the balance, so that the slightest effort would make it sink to this side or the other. And he made this effort by calling to his assistance that God whom he had felt in his soul the day before, and that God instantly responded. He resolved to tell her everything now at once."

And then he tells her that he determined to atone for his sin, not by mere words but in deeds, and that if she consents he will marry her.

An expression of fear suddenly came over her face. Her squinting eyes remained fixed on him.

"What's that for?" she said, with an angry frown.

"I feel that it is my duty before God to do it."

"What God have you found now? You are not saying what you ought to. God, indeed! What God? You ought to have remembered God then," she said, and stopped with her mouth open. It was only then that Nekhludoff noticed that her breath smelled of spirits.

"You do not believe me?" he said.

"That you mean to marry me? It will never be. I would rather hang myself; so there!"

"Well, I shall still go on serving you."

Nekhludoff can stand this humiliation, for the day before he prayed and asked God to help him, and the powers of his divine self awakened in his consciousness. "He felt himself one with Him, and therefore felt not only the freedom, fullness and joy of life, but all the power of righteousness. All the best a man could do, he felt capable of doing."

From now on he does not waver. The angel conquered, the demon fled. His resolve to devote himself in the service of this woman is unshakable. He has already determined that if his petition to the Court of Appeals for the reconsideration of Katusha's trial is left unheeded, he will follow her to Siberia, and to share all the hardships there awaiting her.

The feelings prompting this sacrifice are of no ordinary charac-

ter. Purged from everything personal, and from everything that could cater to his own personal interests, his sole object is to change the unfortunate woman's nature and restore her to that state of purity and self-respect in which he once found her. "He knew that he must awaken her soul, that this was terribly difficult, but the task attracted him."

He loves her soul; loves her as he remembers her, and as he resolves to restore her, and this love fills him with courage and joy, and turns his thought and mind full of overflowing love towards everybody. He realizes with a sensation of strange, never-before experienced peace, serenity and lofty triumph, that nothing can turn his affections from his voluntarily assumed charge. "He loves her, not for *his* sake, but for *her* sake and for God's."

"Katusha," he whispers to her through the iron bars some time afterwards when he somewhat succeeded in softening her heart, "Katusha, you are more to me than a sister."

"That's odd," she said, and turned away from the grating."

Love is like fire; it turns everything it touches into a character and nature of its own. Love is a miracle-worker. Subjected to its sacred flame earth has no baseness which does not yield to its purging influence, and even Katusha has to yield to the noble, unselfish affection streaming out from Nekhludoff's whole nature. Gradually she feels the grosser elements within her melt down and give room for feelings of nobler birth. Katusha is on the verge of being born anew —approaching the resurrection from a moral death.

And as the master-hand of love shows the effects of its grand strokes in the increasing refinement in Katusha's nature, its work is not less visible in the moral changes springing up within the Prince himself. He is caught by a sudden passion for doing good. Humanity looms up before him with a new significance and meaning. Formerly all his joys and interests were centered in himself, depending for their strength and endurance on the alertness of his senses. Unless the latter were constantly toned up by new sensations, their action became dull and the joys edgeless and weary. At present his

interests are related to the suffering world around him—the poor, outraged prisoners for whom he tries to arouse the interest and sympathy of the prison authorities. The joy and happiness this work affords him is something never before experienced. New worlds swing into existence; from being morose and irritable, he becomes glad, joyous, obliging—a bliss to himself as well as to others. Working unselfishly for others he feels the reaction on himself of all the hopes and delights aroused in those he helps. And it is through his unselfish love for Katusha that all this marvelous change, with its exquisite delights, is brought about.

"Love took up the harp of life
And smote its chords with all its might;
Smote the chord of Self which trembling
Passed in music out of sight."

However the time for the departure to Siberia is approaching, and Nekhludoff starts to arrange his affairs in view of his voluntary exile. A landed proprietor and owner of large estates, his first step is to make satisfactory arrangements with his peasants. Having, after patient study, come to the conclusion that Henry George's single-tax system is the only true solvent to the agrarian question, he decides to turn the whole of his landed property over to his peasants and agree upon a fixed tax to be paid for its use. But here he is met by a difficulty. The poor peasants, who had never been used to anything else than oppression and abuse, look upon Nekhludoff's proposition with suspicion. Unable to realize that a man can do anything for his fellow-beings without being urged by selfish motives, they refuse to listen to their would-be benefactor, and preferred to remain in their wretched, half-starved condition. Their ignorance and slavish dejection render all attempts at rational reform of their condition impossible.

Returning to the city, he resumes at once his mission of assisting those who were innocently kept in prison. One of the prisoners interests him particularly. It is a peasant who is in prison because of having read and discussed the Gospels publicly. Suspecting a mistake to

lie back of this, Nekhludoff went to see a prominent lawyer—a personal acquaintance of his—to whom he reports the case. The lawyer, however, gives him scant hope.

"Do laws really exist that can condemn a man to Siberia for reading the Bible with his friends?"

"Not only to be exiled to the least remote parts of Siberia, but even to the mines, if you can only prove that reading the Bible, he took the liberty of explaining it to others not according to orders given by the Church. Blaming the Greek Orthodox religion in the presence of the common people means, according to statute—the mines."

"Impossible."

"I assure you it is so. I always tell these gentlemen, the judges," the advocate continued, "that I cannot look at them without gratitude, because if I am not in prison, and you and all of us, it is only owing to their kindness. To deprive us of our privileges and send us all to Siberia would be an easy thing for them."

The lawyer advises him to visit Toporoff—the Minister of Public Worship—and try and win the attention of that gentleman. Nekhludoff makes the visit, only to find that the case is hopeless. Toporoff, like the rest of the officials, is a part of the governmental machine, and sees every occurrence in the light of established, time-honored order. The idea of spiritual equality and brotherhood of man has no meaning to him. "His feelings towards the religion he was keeping up were the same as those of the poultry-keeper towards the carrion he fed his fowls on. Carrion was very disgusting, but the fowls liked it; therefore, it was right to feed the fowls on carrion. Of course, all this worship of the images of the Iberian, Kasan and Smolensk Mothers of God was a gross superstition, but the people liked it and believed in it, and therefore the superstition must be kept up."

Instructive, indeed, is Nekhludoff's conversation with some of the leading heads in the Tzardom. Katusha's case demands a call on the President of the Senate. Count Ivan Michaelowitch, who holds a great influence in the Imperial Court. The Count has once been Minister of State, and "the chief qualities that enabled him to reach this position

were his capacity for understanding the meaning of documents and laws, and of drawing up, though clumsily, intelligible state papers, and of spelling them correctly—and the absence of any general principles or rules, either of personal or of administrative morality which made it possible for him to agree or disagree with anybody, according to what was wanted at the time. As for his actions being moral or not in themselves, or whether they were going to result in the highest welfare or the greatest evil for the whole of the Russian Empire, or even the entire world, that was quite indifferent to him."

Having stated the case for the Count and received a very uncertain promise, Nekhludoff makes his way to the next in degree of influential authority, Senator Wolf, of whom Tolstoi furnishes another excellent pen-picture. "Vladimir Vasilievitch Wolf was certainly *un homme tres comme il faut,* and prized this quality very highly, and from that elevation he looked down on everybody else. He could not but esteem this quality of his very highly, because it was thanks to it alone, that he made a brilliant career. * * * By honor he understood not accepting secret bribes from private persons; but he did not consider it dishonest to beg money for payment of fares and all sorts of traveling expenses from the Crown, and to do anything the Government might require of him in return. To ruin hundreds of innocent people, to cause them to be imprisoned, to be exiled because of their love of their people and the religion of their fathers, as he had done in one of the governments of Poland when he was Governor there, he did not consider dishonorable, but even thought it noble, manly and patriotic action."

The Senator listens attentively to Prince Nekhludoff's statement concerning the misunderstanding on which Katusha's sentence was founded, but evinces not the slightest sign of astonishment or emotion.

Looking seriously at the ashes of his cigar, he remarks that the Senate cannot decide the case on its merits. The Senate only considers "the exactness of the application of the laws and their right interpretation." As to the justice or injustice of a case, however open and unmistakable clear to every sane mind, this august body takes no meas-

ure whatever, even if, as in this case, several years of a person's life to be spent in Siberia depends on it.

Belonging by birth and rank to the Russian aristocracy, Prince Nekhludoff is by force of circumstances again and again brought in touch with this gilded class. His relation with Katusha has brought him down to a lower level of life and placed him between the two extremes of human society. A few steps take him from the one to the other; from depths of incredible wretchedness and squalor up to gilded palaces flooded with insane luxury and profuseness. But, though the outer attire and costume presents such impassable barriers between these two levels of life, their inner natures, when divested of their elusive veneer, reveal very much the same fundamental characteristics. One of the most widespread superstitions—Tolstoi argues—lies in the belief that every man has his own special definite qualities. He contends that in no human nature either unmingled good or unmingled bad is to be found. One may be more good or more bad than another, but they all spring out from the same root. Comparing the minds of men to the flow of a river in which the water is everywhere the same, yet differing in rapidity of flow, in degrees of temperature, in size of channels, etc., he finds similar characteristics among men. "Every man carries within himself the germs of every human quality, and sometimes one manifests himself, sometimes another, and the man often becomes unlike himself, while still remaining the same man." The man on the top of the social ladder indulges in the same vices as the man at its foot, only the former cloaks his with an outer decency which the latter disregards. Immorality in all its guises, love intrigues, side-wives and side-husbands constitute the theme in the ever-varying melodrama of all classes of society in Russia, as well as in all the rest of the world; but when these vices masquerade in gilded attire and enticing mien they are doubly demoralizing and destructive to character. Vice in squalor shows its own grim features and pretends not to be anything but what it is. "This woman," Nekhludoff soliloquizes, referring to two incidents happening to him one night returning from the theatre, "this woman of the street was like smelling,

stagnant water offered to those whose thirst was greater than their disgust; that other one in the theatre was like the poison which unnoticed poisons everything it gets into . . ." "The animalism of the brute nature in man is disgusting, but as long as it remains in its naked form we observe it from the height of our spiritual life and despise it; and—whether one has fallen or resisted—one remains what one was before. But when that same animalism hides under a cloak of poetry and aesthetic feeling, and demands our worship, then we are swallowed up by it completely, and worship animalism, no longer distinguishing good from evil. Then it is awful."

True to his resolve, Nekhludoff escorts Katusha on her way to Siberia. During the journey he forms acquaintances with a large number of convicts, especially among those who belong to the political class. Readily he gains their confidence and learns their histories. When one reads these plain, simple statements of indubitable facts; when one reads of the infinite trials and hardships suffered by these unfortunate men and women—who for years have been escorted in chains from one prison to another, often for no other reason originally than the mere shadow of an unsubstantiated suspicion, until finally, after their lives have been wholly poisoned by wrongs done to them by the Government, the force of their righteous indignation, no longer governable, sends them into the arena of active agitation and plotting against existing order; when one reads of how one after another of these once promising, innocent, pure souls, through reasonless, unscrupulous, all order and justice-defying prosecutions by a cruel, heartless, inhuman governmental machine—one becomes overpowered by the conviction that this government of the Tzar has tremendous accounts to settle with the moral forces of the world.

In this sombre train of exiles proceeding along their *via dolorosa* towards the abode of indescribable, unmatched tragedy, are found characters, male and female, of infinite beauty—true, loving, unselfish hearts, ready to sacrifice themselves for the ill-treated and oppressed. Few types of noble womanhood have ever surpassed the exquisite sweetness and self-forgetting devotion to her fellow-sufferers as the

one portrayed in the character-sketch of Mary Pavlovna. She is tireless in her cares of the sick and ill-treated in the gang, and as the author expresses it "devotes herself to philanthropic recreations."

At the moment we form acquaintance with her she is busy nursing a little child separated from its father, who, because of the chains around his wrists—put on by a caprice of the jailer—is rendered unable longer to carry it.

Though having always been in sympathy with the revolutionists because of her affections for the unjustly treated of all classes, Mary Pavlovna has never taken part in their propaganda. A club of revolutionists met in the same house where she was rooming, and one evening when the police broke in, she was present. A shot was fired in the dark, and Pavlovna pleaded guilty. The sentence is labor in the mines in Siberia.

One after another of the actors in this weird, soul-stirring drama is introduced to the reader. With a few exceptions, they all hold strong claim on our sympathy. Here is Kryltzoff, a young consumptive idealist, whose original crime consisted in having lent money to a friend, who, without the lender's knowledge used it for revolutionary propaganda. A note is found issued with Kryltzoff's name. Sentenced to imprisonment in Moskwa, the wanton ill-usage of his fellow-prisoners so revolted his sense of justice that on his release he became an active propagandist. Two years later, when implicated anew, he was sentenced to life-long labor in Siberia. He succumbs, however, to the hardships of the transport and dies of quick consumption on the road.

Here is Voldemar Simonson, a calm, stoic philosopher, who subjects every occurrence in the life of his fellow-convicts to a mental analysis for the purpose of constructing a true philosophy of life. He falls in love with the reformed and "resurrected" Katusha, gains her affections in return, and thus releases Nekhludoff from his noble resolve. Here we meet Emily Rantzowa, a young, pleasant, highly-educated and refined lady of nob[illegible]el Kondratieff, who "would not alter the elementar[illegible]

break down the whole edifice, but only alter the inner walls of the beautiful, strong, enormous old structure he loved so dearly; Nabatoff, who, in spite of the terrible earnestness of the situation, always finds a word and a way to cheer up the heart-broken and the downcast.

With few exceptions these men and women are true, good, thoughtful, unselfish souls, who never aimed at the destruction and cessation of government, but merely its remodeling. They do not belong to the anarchist category of reformers; they are inspired in their propaganda work not so much with hatred for the oppressors, as with love for the oppressed. And the scenes by which they are constantly surrounded are not of a nature to cool off the white heat of their enthusiasm for "the great cause." They see all around how human beings are subjected to every mode and manner of shame and humiliation; see how all sense of modesty and bashfulness as to sex is violated; see how the sense of manhood is crushed out of the poor wretches by arranging their bodies in shameful clothing and by shaving the one side of their heads; see them "deprived of the chief motives that induce the weak to live good lives—the regard for public opinion, the sense of shame and the consciousness of human dignity." Furthermore, as if determined to undermine and infect the moral consciousness of the entire people, the authorities force convicts of good character and morally healthy minds to associate with others who were particularly depraved, partly by life and partly by the wrongs inflicted on them by governmental institutions; force them to live with rakes, villains and murderers, to act upon and exert their baleful influence over the not yet corrupted "as leaven acts on dough."

"These people were dealt with as fishes caught in a net; everything that gets into the net is pulled ashore, and then the big fish which are required are sorted out, and the little ones are left to perish unheeded on the shore. Having captured hundreds who were evidently guiltless, and who could not be dangerous to the government, they kept them in prison for years, where they became consumptive, went out of their minds or committed suicide, and kept them only because sweetness and self-forgetting devotion. The fate of these persons,

often innocent, even from the government's point of view, depended on the whim, the humor or the amount of leisure at the disposal of some police officer or spy, public prosecutor, magistrate, governor, or minister."

To the reader, brought up under and surrounded by the beneficent sway of republican institutions, these statements read like fragments of a nightmare tale. Yet we must believe them. The unimpeachable character, the love for truth and justice of the man who stands back of them offers sufficient guaranty, even to the most skeptical.

The author admits freely that the Russian Government, like all others, is not without its large contingent of really desperate criminals, but the way this government tries to remedy the evil, rather increases than decreases its size. All the dreadful wickedness displayed in prisons and gaols, and the quiet self-satisfaction of the real perpetrators of it is, according to the author, "the consequences of men trying to do what is impossible; trying to correct evil, while being evil themselves."

In this serious predicament, our noble, warm-hearted author sees only one way out; to fall back on the old heart-doctrine, and to bring into living practice the Scriptural injunction of the great Nazarene: "Love thy neighbor as thyself." A devout believer in the Bible, Tolstoi draws from its sacred text the theme for his entire philosophy. Four statements collected from the Bible serve him at once for motto for his present work, and as remedy for the evil described in it:

"Then came Peter and said to Him, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me and I forgive him? Until seven times? Jesus saith unto him, I say unto thee, not alone until seven times, but until seventy times seven."

"And why beholdest thou the mote in thy brother's eye, but considereth not the beam that is in thy own eye?"

"He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone at her."

"The disciple is not above his master, but everyone when perfected shall be as his master."

These maxims, if properly understood and practiced will illumine the understanding and open the mind for a higher consciousness able to grasp and solve all the appalling intricacies and disorders rising up in the lives and relations of humanity. Here in this simple statement he finds deeper thoughts, clearer arguments and sharper logic than in all the elaborate philosophies of Lombroso, Gorofalo, Ferry, List, Moudsley, Tard and others. In this statement of Christ he finds the key to the social mystery; finds the word, the sound of which shall roll the stone from the tomb in which our better, our true selves lie buried, to call the Christ-ideal to life within us; which means the ressurrection of the true life of humanity. It is the adherence to the principles contained in these statements that resurrects Nekhludoff, changing his personal life into a life universal and eternal, awakening within him a sense of calm and serene certitude as to the realities of life, and as to what this life demands of him. A peace such as he never felt before fills his soul, as he proceeds to practically develop the seeds of truth thus sown in his soul.

"And a perfectly new life dawned that night for Nekhludoff, not because he had entered into new conditions of life, but because everything he did after that night had a new and quite different significance."

AXEL E. GIBSON.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SOUL.

A Story of Reincarnation.

BY DOCTOR EMMA SEELEY STOWE.

I had climbed to the summit of a lofty mountain; and, sinking down to rest beneath the shadow of a projecting cliff, I immediately felt the inspiration of a holy presence in the towering solitudes. The sublimity of silence, like a mantle, enveloped and lifted me from the embrace of Nature to angelic heights. My joy was overwhelming. How long I remained in this ecstasy I know not, but the night began to settle around me, and, one by one, the stars came out with their usual monotony, save one, which glowed and scintillated, becoming every moment larger and larger, nearer and nearer, until I became unconscious of my surroundings. How long this continued I knew not; but my return to consciousness was a stupendous revelation. I was still alone, but marvelously changed. I had no recognition of my personality. I was stripped of all the habilaments of earth; my flesh was as fair as alabaster; my raiment was as white and fleecy as the imagination could picture; my body was light; my footsteps were noiseless, and my feet sank into what seemed to be a bed of fragrant moss.

I remembered my experience upon the mountain in the silence of nature, and my ecstasy; it seemed but yesterday—I had no means of measuring either time or space. I knew not when or how I had reached this glorious place, the atmosphere of which was freighted with silence.

The silence of nature was a thought that kept revolving in my mind. In the silent depths the seeds germinate and reach forth to the light, noiselessly unfolding their hidden beauty, silently fulfilling the mission of their lives, dropping back again to the silent earth, until again sent forth by the creative hand.

Behold! what beauty, what power, what utility in their silent mission! All nature germinates, grows, ripens and dies in the glory of silence.

As I caught the vibrations of the silent atmosphere my whole being thrilled with delight. Every faculty seemed quickened with new life, and, with every inspiration, I drank in a greater abundance of life, until my body became buoyant and semi-transparent. In an ecstasy of delight I lifted my eyes and beheld a group of beautiful beings floating in the ambient ether directly towards me. As they drew near I arose and was wafted to them without an effort of the will. As the tiny fish swims in its native element, so this seemed to be my natural method of movement, and caused me no surprise. Gradually, faces and objects with which I came in contact became familiar to me. The faculty of memory was quickened, and a flood of recollections swept into my mind, regarding this my native planet, the planet of silence; the planet of all others most glorious—the home of the human soul—the abode of the Infinite.

"Oh, the home of the soul,
In my visions and dreams,
Thy bright jasper walls I can see;
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
Between that fair city and me."

Such had been my earth dream and, doubtless, in a similar ecstasy the author had written these beautiful lines while peering beneath the veil. Now, I stood gazing into the azure depths with the "jasper walls" encircling me, at home in my father's house.

Well I remembered the morning of my birth. The veil of time was swept back to that eventful hour when the hills of silence vibrated with a new joy, and I was sent forth as a seed of love to germinate in the abodes of darkness, to help redeem and immortalize the worlds which the Creator had planned.

The kingdom of Silence is the birth-place of all forms of life. All created beings come forth from the depths of silence and go forth to assert their life-giving powers in the bustling worlds; worlds disintegrating because of the noise; noises producing discord, inharmony,

disease, and death. Even in the high altitudes of intellection, argumentation shatters and destroys.

The soul is a principle of life that goes forth and puts on a body. The body must necessarily be composed of those elements which the soul can attract. There are therefore souls of different magnitude; as one star differs from another star. There are souls of different kingdoms and orders; souls of different degrees, different ages, and different experiences. Hence the differentiation of all species.

The kingdom of Silence is the Buddhist's Nirvana and the Christian's heaven; where all power, all knowledge and all life are in the atmosphere. Every faculty is intuitive, and perception and understanding are instantaneous. There is no need of conversation there, for no one can teach another, knowledge being free as the air. Every idea of mind is the universal property of all; for all are as one. This is the truth of being absorbed in God. Here is the "Holy of Holies," wherein dwells the Most High, and in this sacred silence the Son of Man is lifted up and draws all men unto him.

Out from this kingdom of silence go forth the creative angels, incarnating among conditions that need life and power; laying down the ecstasy of their high and holy state, to aid mankind to ascend from lower to higher planes.

It is not that one individual (whether it be a Jesus or a Buddha, or any or all of the great ones of the past) has alone made a sacrifice for the upliftment of humanity, but that all souls in the silence, after having once relinquished the self-life and awakened to a consciousness of real life (whether embodied or disembodied), give themselves in a labor of love, a ransom for others.

The subject of reincarnation has long been a disputed question and has been rejected by many, because they could not comprehend the advantage of returning without a conscious knowledge of their past existence.

It must be taken into consideration that all mankind manifests a dual nature. Two impulses possess every individual; one carries them up, the other would hold them *in statu quo*. Now, what are these con-

tending forces, and why are they necessary? This is the lesson that I hope to bring out by my experiences during the earth-life with the many individuals with whom I was reincarnated and to whom I gave my soul-life during ten successive decades.

When I came to a consciousness of myself on the planet of silence, I knew not of the dual existence necessary to lift a soul out of the animal condition which is the heritage of all the inhabitants of earth; neither did I know that this was the divinely appointed mission of all those who have attained to high estate; but when the faculty of memory was quickened, immediately after I reached the kingdom of silence, all these things were brought distinctly to remembrance, and I knew that for thirty consecutive years upon the earth plane my individuality had been merged into that of Marion White, unconscious of my birthright in the kingdom of silence and my relationship with the creative angels.

Marion White was a wayward girl prone to evil, rather than good, the lower nature distinctly predominating in every action, from the time her tiny feet first began to patter upon the bare floors of her God-forsaken home. Marion was beautiful of face and form, unlike any of her family, and this attracted to her the notice of well disposed (as well as evily disposed) people, which drew around her a different class of influence and led her away from her family, and sometimes gave her a momentary desire for a higher life. This called to her aid the creative angels, and the thought inspired by them took root and made it possible for her to be gathered to the heart of the silent host, and I became her guardian angel, dwelling in her individuality for thirty years of her life, until the desire for the best and highest predominated, and she no longer needed a guardian.

When it was brought to my recollection that I had brought Marion White to the summit of the mountain, and had there lost all remembrance of her or of anything else on the earth-plate, I became possessed at once with a desire to return and ascertain her condition since she was thrown upon her own resources. I now knew that only a very short time had elapsed since I had been translated from the

earth-plane, and I therefore sought Marion upon the mountain top and found her still reclining beneath the shady cliff, fast asleep. Her hands were clasped together, and her face still upturned towards the heavens, in the very posture that I recollected while in the ecstasy of the charm of the silence of nature. After watching her for a quiet moment I touched her upon the organ of sublimity. She immediately awakened and reached out her beautiful hands towards me, as though recognizing the close relation we had borne to each other. The day was just breaking, and beckoning her to follow me I conducted her home; and remained with her throughout the day. Her every thought was elevated, and there seemed to be an innate consciousness that a new life of higher and holier aspirations had been awakened in her soul through her immediate relationship with the kingdom of silence.

As I contemplated the marvelous change that had been wrought in this once wayward girl, who now loved that which was highest and best, I lost all desire to return to the planet of silence, to the pure and beautiful association of my home, and I sought at once to find some one else who needed a guiding hand. The first one whom I saw was a young man, by name Douglass Cliff, a university student of high possibilities, the only son of parents of high standing in church and state.

This boy had been the sorrow of their lives; being both intemperate and profane. There were periods when he remained sober, and then his progress along intellectual lines was rapid. There was then a yearning in his countenance that seemed to indicate a desire for a better life. I remained by the side of this young man for several days without revealing myself, but I saw at the outset that he was not entirely responsible for his actions; that his own individuality was under control of some power of which he had no knowledge.

A higher influence is not coercive, but simply seeks to lead a person up to himself; while a lower seeks to monopolize the entire individuality to its own ends and purposes.

I remained by this young man but a few weeks; he turned from his previous life, and I spent many hours of silent conversation

with him, and found him responsive to every good influence, with a fixed purpose to remain steadfast to the renewal of his own true life.

From this time on my work was rapidly performed. My love for the erring grew more and more intense. I rescued the Magdalen from the streets. I entered dens of infamy, sowing seeds of discontent. I went from city to city, and from nation to nation, over the entire civilized and uncivilized world. I visited kings upon their thrones, and prisoners in their dungeons, and millions looked up and blessed the unseen power that helped and encouraged them, more firmly believing in the Omniscience, the Omnipresence of God, and the fullness of immortality.

Thus grows and ripens the love of man, his soul enlarges, his aspirations are enlightened, his consciousness made more keen and receptive to the truth of the *oneness* of all things, universality of all worlds, all loves, all conditions, all aspirations, and the final triumph of all power, and all glory, when the awakened and perfected consciousness reveals the God within the individuality of man, and the kingdom of Silence descends to the level of a universal comprehension.

EMMA SEELEY STOWE.

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

HIGH AND LOW LIFE AMONG FLOWERS.

(An Allegory.)

BY MRS. FERDINAND DUNKLEY.

The dreamy strains of the waltz float through the crowded ball-room, and the air is fraught with the essence of languid exhilaration.

Of all the beautiful daughters of humanity gathered in that brilliant throng, there is one who by her imperial beauty outshines them all. She is the belle, and against the dazzling snowdrift of her bosom rests a spray of flowers.

The night advances. The heat and glare of the room begin to tell upon the floral decorations.

"This is insufferable, I am stifling," sighed a violet in the bouquet of the belle.

"The air is foul, though the heat is agreeable," responded a gardenia next her.

"The heat agreeable! It is parching," moaned the violet. "I am becoming weak and limp; it is draining my vitality."

"The impure atmosphere and glare are tarnishing my beauty; I feel my petals begin to shrivel," bewailed the gardenia.

"O, for the cool, green glade of my birth," murmured the violet.

"O, for the unsullied warmth of my hothouse home," groaned the gardenia, "that I might once more nestle my pearly petals among my parent's glossy leaves."

"You surely cannot pine for warmth! Pine rather for the cool, invigorating breath of the fresh, young wind; or for the clear, life-renewing dew which settles in delicious drops upon one's parched and weary frame. The hothouse? Bah! Why pine for that? You have a hothouse here."

"A hothouse here! Poor flowerlet, you cannot know of what you speak. Have you ever breathed the air of a hothouse?"

"Never, nor do I ever wish to," responded the violet. "I have heard many a time of your greenhouses, with their hot, suffocating at-

mosphere and pale, languid beauties. The shady vale and cool, brisk breeze for me. I wish not for the listless life of you sickly aristocrats."

"Sickly aristocrats, indeed! You speak in ignorance, poor, lowly blossom that you are. But how should you speak otherwise? What know you of the luscious intensity of the lives led by our higher grade of flowers? What do you know of the delicate perfection of our tint, the transparency of our forms, and the refinement and delicacy of our scent? We are, indeed, the aristocracy of the floral world."

"I know that, with all your delicacy and refinement, your pale beauty cannot compare with the rich tints of many of our members, the perfection of their forms, or the sweetness of their perfume. Nor can you, with all your cultured breeding and luxuriance, outshine the general loveliness of our class."

"Nonsense! Pure nonsense! Yours is but a coarse, plebeian beauty, very good in its way, I daresay, but not to be compared with the delicacy and refinement of ours."

"Not so. Ours is not a coarse beauty; it is vivified with a rich coloring which your pallid loveliness lacks."

"We are not pallid, we are a fair and palely-tinted race, our color etherealized and spiritualized to a glow of wondrous beauty. Our very scent is delicate, and steeps the soul of mortals in infinite delight."

"Your fragrance is overbearing, and mortals find it so; different to ours, which gladdens the heart of man and sweetens every passing breeze."

"Nonsense again! Your perfume oft grates upon the sense, and in some of your members it is indeed obnoxious."

At this moment a cold draught of air blew upon the limp, emaciated flowers, and immediately afterwards they were crushed beneath the heavy folds of a wrap. When again they were uncovered, it was to be plucked ruthlessly from the bosom they had in their beauty adorned and carelessly cast aside to ebb out their fleeting lives in the cold grey dawn of morning upon the bejeweled dressing table of the ball's fair belle.

A garden, beautiful as a dream. Its balmy air fragrant with the breath of every species of flower that grows.

A hazy radiance spreads over the confines of this enchanted region in which each season has its own domain and reigns with perpetual, uninterrupted sway. It is the pleasure ground of Flora, into which the disembodied spirits of the two contending flowers are being wafted.

As they reach the borders of this radiant land, they are enveloped in a thick white mist, then caught suddenly in the arms of the wind and ushered unceremoniously into the domain of Spring.

Hardly have they entered before their attention is arrested by a faint chime of bells, and they come upon a group of little snowdrops, their white blossoms gracefully suspended from their fragile stems above the hard, brown surface of the earth.

But on they are borne, past banks of sad-eyed primroses and gaily-colored crocuses, on into the seclusion of a green and mossy dell.

"My home," murmured the shade of the violet. "Ah! me! the breath of my sisters is upon the gale, their deep, royal purple is decking the grassy banks. How sweet and how secluded is this spot—ah, me, that I might lay my restless spirit down upon the bosom of my parent sod!"

But on, on, they are borne, on into the summer sunshine. Here many and varied are the flowers that meet their view, and every turn brings fresh species and wonders to their astonished sight. The tall, graceful lily here blossoms in its sweetness and purity, breathing to the wind its gentle whispers of chastity and truth; the queenly rose blooms in its rich voluptuousness, diffusing upon the air around the flood of its identity—warm, profuse, intense; the blue-eyed forget-me-not, the innocent daisy, the hardy wallflower and delicious mignonette bloom in careless profusion and fill with wonder and contrition the conscious spirit of the gardenia.

"That so much sweetness and beauty should exist without one's knowledge! How ignorant and foolish I have been in my boastful arrogance. Here are hundreds and thousands of flowers and plants

of whose species and very existence I was totally ignorant. Among this middle or lower grade of flower-life I find distributed a loveliness and a fragrance unsurpassed. But, ah! whither are we wafted? I breathe my native air—these wax-like blossoms are familiar, these dark, green glossy leaves—it is—it is my home!"

"How exquisitely beautiful! What world is this?" exclaimed the violet beside her, pausing before a richly blooming orange bough. "And, O, whence this delicious perfume? What tints, what glorious tints are these, ethereally transparent in their flesh-like hue?"

She gazed about her in bewilderment. On every side new loveliness met her view; the wax-like camelia, the rich-scented petals of the stephanotis, the delicate, fantastic orchis; the pure, rich tints of the begonia; the stately caller lily, the azalia, the sensitive mimosa, and many other floral gems too numerous to name.

A sweet flowering myrtle next attracted her.

"Ah, beauteous flower, thou, even as our rose, the type of love. Ah, shame to me, that with untutored mind I scorned in ignorance the surpassing beauty and merits of you unknown tropic flowers. Our common parent is most wise. In ignorant, boastful pride we ridiculed each other and our different orders, till by a kindly hand we were guided hither to be cured of our wilfulness and pointed to our error."

"You are right," replied the contrite gardenia, "ours it is to bloom in our allotted sphere, one not better than another, all living our flower-day life, simply, cheerfully and contentedly."

She ceased, and darkness wrapped the spot.

The following day the dead flowers were picked up from the dressing table where they had lain and were thrown out of the window into the garden below.

MAUD DUNKLEY.

THE WISE MAN AND THE SEA URCHINS.

(XIV.)

After a short period of silence Goldie spoke. "That was a good story," said he; and the others agreed to this.

"The scariest part to me," began Pinkie, "was the dreadful lot of doors Hadto had to watch, not knowing which would open first; nor when, nor what an awful thing he'd have to see when one of 'em *should* open. My, that was just *terrible,* I think!"

"And yet these doors are the very same sort of doors we all of us watch every day of our lives."

"*We* watch *doors* like *Hadto* did?"

"Every one of us, almost every day."

"Tell us what you mean, *please!*"

"They are the false doors of Apprehension—the unreal doors of Dread, through which nothing can ever really enter, yet which we tremble to gaze upon, fearing, dreading, until every painted 'make-believe' seems about to swing upon its hinges. 'It's conscience that makes cowards of us all.'"

"That's so! Even little children have found *that* out," declared Blackie.

"We have sinned, and, therefore, we, who are born to reason, look for penalties to pay, all affrighted, at first, at the thought of having to pay them—all affrighted, at last, at the doubts that arise within us as to whether we shall ever be able to pay them, and so be forever unable to win back our lost peace. So 'at one' is Conscience with Divine Justice that even in cases of little moment no rest is allowed the wrongdoer until he remedies, as far as he is able to do so, that unrighteous act of his."

"Does no one escape *ever?*"

"Does night ever fail to follow day?"

"It is quite as sure as that?"

"Quite as sure."

"Then why don't folks be good? Why don't they try to always do right?"

"Perhaps they don't quite understand what 'good' and 'right' is, and have to learn that it is the opposite of evil or error. Perhaps evil, or error, is meant to be a teacher of lessons—just as tumbles and bruises and bumps and scratches are the portion of that baby who tries to climb up the fence where the raspberries grow. The child is after the luscious fruit; but it has to suffer some to even get one berry. Mortal man is bent on getting something to please himself—something that will gratify his senses, add to his creature comfort, cater to his vanity, feed his pride, pander to his appetite—and always does the much coveted fruit grow among the thickest briers. As he, the earth-child, climbs the palings on which the brambles grow, he receives his full share of tumbles and bruises and bumps and scratches before he has appeased his appetite.

"Dame Nature is a wise and cunning mother. She tempts her children; and then makes it a thing of some real effort to reach the clusters of fruit she has hung as high as she dares (to make climbing for her youngsters possible) above the level of the earth.

"She knows that only by effort will any wisdom be gained for the child. A tall tumble—and the tumbler takes a little time to think over several matters brought to his notice. He is made to learn the feeling of pain, and just how a blow he may, in a sudden fit of anger, be tempted to give, will hurt his little brother. The bumps and scratches are simply varieties of the one lesson of experience, and point out, with thorny fingers, the errors to be avoided in future efforts. And, oftener than not, my Urchins, the beautiful, tempting fruit is, after the first mouthful, discovered to be bitter to the taste."

"Oh, but that isn't fair!"

"You think not, Blooy? But suppose there was a way to sweeten that bitter fruit?"

"*Is* there, sir?"

"A simple and unfailing way, my boy. But the earth-child seldom cares to learn how it may be done. He is such a very greedy child, you see; and when he sees his little brothers all pushing and climbing and enduring all sorts of suffering to reach the fruit first, he (bitter

as he has been warned that it is) grows wild in his desperate efforts to secure all he can to himself before the others have reached it.

"Sometimes he is enabled to pick off every berry growing on one particular section of the vine before the others wake up to the fact of their loss. Then he coolly tells them that all the plunder he has managed so cleverly to lay hands upon is his, and if they want any of it they'll have to obey him, serve him, work for him, and he'll pay them just so much for their toil.

"Now, this fruit is very bitter, and of most unwholesome flavor when packed away in this manner. It sours quickly; but those that serve him for their small share of it know some mysterious process by which it may be sweetened; and what *they* use of it is a thousand—a million times more palatable than that his own tongue tastes."

"Is this 'earth-child' a man?"

"Yes, an avaricious man. Selfishness sends him into the berry vines early in the day. The berries the earth-child picks are dollars. He tumbles many times, is bruised, bumped and scratched by circumstances before he succeeds in reaching the harvest of riches which he, at length, by 'right of might' (and that 'might' is a living product of pure greed) makes all his own.

"Then he tells his less greedy, less grasping, less crafty brothers, the late-comers, that, as I have said, they will be obliged to serve him if they want some of this great wealth he has made his own. They accept his terms, because they must do so or starve; and, for the money he doles out to them in as small a quantity to each as will suffice to keep life in the bodies of these, his brother men, they toil for him through the long hard day.

"But, as I have told you, the berries he has gathered are sour and bitter to the taste. Yet, for all their bitterness and sourness, he notices that the few he pays out to his laborers do not cause them to make the wry face *he* must make at every mouthful. The while he wonders at this strange truth he hides from them all the fact of the (to him) unpleasant flavor of the fruit."

"But what makes this very same fruit, which is so bitter to

the greedy man, so pleasant to the others who get such a wee little share of it?"

"The sweetness of love, Snowdrop. The man of wealth, grasping his miser's hoard in his greedy clasp, has no knowledge of the miracle love works for the sacrifices of self. The toilers spend their meagre wages generously, cheerfully, gladly upon their wives and children and less fortunate friends who need their aid; while this man spends it only upon himself. Upon the laborer's mite that goes to make happy and comfortable others than himself falls a blessing; upon the rich man's hoarded treasure rests a curse."

"But you say he could lift the curse, sir? Could sweeten the bitterness of it all? Tell us how."

"Have you not already guessed the fact—solved the mystery? What blesses the generous sharer of his pittance would, since it is the law, as surely bless the sharer of great treasures. He will find this out some day, and gather no more berries than he needs or than he can sweeten by pure, disinterested love."

"But suppose some folks don't have to try to get rich; suppose they happen to be born into families that have plenty—so much, indeed, that their wealth just doubles itself without their doing anything—what then?"

"Let us say that they deserve what people usually call such 'good luck'; that it is theirs by karmic law; but even these picked berries (which have been gathered from briers that perhaps scratched their fathers or fathers' fathers pretty severely will grow as bitter and as unpalatable as the greedy man's if they do not prove good stewards of their treasure."

"What must they do with it? Ought they to give it all away to poor folks—go around everywhere and give money to everybody that needs it?"

"No, Blooy, I don't think that would be the best way to do good with it; and, dear children, right here and now I am going to ask, as a very great favor, that you *never* use the word 'give.' Let's *share* with each other—that's so much sweeter a word—that's what sweetens

the toiler's portion—he *shares* his little wages—only the rich man *gives*. The word I am asking you to use has such a different and such a loving meaning. The 'giver' stands on high and pours his benefits down on the crowd below him; the 'sharer' is in the very heart of that crowd, touching elbows with his needy brothers. He is down on a level where he can see what kindly things he may carry, and (if he be a 'true brother') *must* do to help those who fill the little corner of the word he inhabits. And he is truest helper who helps his brothers to help themselves. But, come, let us go back to our neglected net. We've more to learn from it, my hearties!"

There was a merry scramble for the abandoned positions around and about the net. Each pleased Urchin was then handed a darning needle threaded with a long thread of bright wool.

"Run the needle in and out of the meshes until you have some sort of an enclosed place just before you in the net, no matter what shape it may happen to take—round, triangular, oval or square."

There was a ripple of laughter as each Urchin rather awkwardly began his and her unusual task; and when it was completed the ripple grew to a flood-tide of merriment—such odd shapes were darned into the netting!

"Now, my children, you are all princes and princesses, and these wool outlines are boundaries of your dominions. You rule over these spaces. Your subjects look pretty much alike, but we have proved that they are not so in reality. Let us suppose some one of your subjects living at the extreme edge of your boundary line should take a notion to do some wicked thing. What is the tendency of wrong-doing—a lifting up, or a falling down?"

"A falling down!" This in chorus.

"Well, let us see what this bad fellow can do to our little realms. Choose him from among the others, and, after you have made a big knot in the end of the piece of wool yet in the needle, push the needle through and pull the knot down to the net—there—you have your wicked gentleman.

"Now a doing evil is a falling from grace, you say. Suppose the

fall was not so *very* great, and, reaching your hand under the net, you give the wool in the needle just a slight downward pull, making just a little depression, because this fellow has only just begun to be bad. What does this slight fall from grace bring about?"

"*I* know what you mean!" shouted Goldie, triumphantly. "If I draw him just the least little bit in the world there's a lot of other fellows that have *got* to go part of the way with him!"

"That's the idea, Goldie. We are all enmeshed together in this world; and what each of us does cannot fail to affect those who are closely bound to us. Now, push the fellow up."

"Ha—he's lifting the whole community!"

"It's a mighty poor rule, Blackie, boy, that won't work both ways. But think, children, how fine a thing it is to know that we, the 'free choosers,' may decide for ourselves whether we will be helpers or hinderers in our own little worlds. Nobody can keep us from choosing; it is our *divine right.*"

"Then why doesn't everybody choose to be a helper?"

"Ah, my boy, *'why'?* Perhaps it's because people haven't quite realized yet the existence of this mighty truth. You see, the average mortal doesn't look one thread beyond his own small mesh, which, tiny as it is, holds all his little personal interests, and he is too absorbed in them to note if even his own mesh is a hair's breadth higher or lower, day by day, much less if he himself is raising or lowering it for his immediate neighbors. Why, one of these 'free choosers' may not only move the principality over which you each and severally rule, but may raise or lower all of them, although he dwells in but one—that is, to-day, one man in any one country may add to the weal or woe of the world."

"The whole world? *One man?*"

"Let me prove it to you. Come, Snowdrop, choose a very wicked man who has committed a great crime in your particular principality. Hands off the net—eyes on! Now, my dear, drag your villain down to the low level of his dastardly crime."

The girl's hand drew the knot close against the mesh, which grad-

ually, under a steady pull upon the wool, was lowered nearly two inches.

"Now, will your highnesses kindly look at your own principalities? What do you see?"

"Why, every thread in *my* circle is inclining downwards toward Snowdrop's criminal."

"And mine!"

"And mine!"

"Now, Violet, show us what a good man can do for the world. See, the meshes all rise; every thread in the net runs upward to where Violet's good man stands above his fellows—one with them, yet helping them to approach his own lofty level; for you notice that his next door neighbor is almost as high as he, so powerful, let us say, is the example he has set his community. Indeed, the truly good man (if he be as wise as he is good) does not care to rise unless he can take his race along with him. He knows that so long as they are in error—and, therefore, in need of him—he cannot rise to heights they may not gain; for the meshes are too closely interwoven to allow one individual to lift itself entirely above its fellows; nor out of its sphere of usefulness to its kind. We are each and all of us needed in the great economy of the universe, else we should not be—each is an important and necessary factor."

"And it takes us all to make up the world of people? Just as it takes all these meshes to make the net?"

"Exactly, Brownie. One mesh wouldn't be of very much use by itself, would it? But come, children, let us go down to the big bowlder and sit in its shadow by the shore."

"Was Hadto a 'hinderer'? And could he have been a 'helper' if he'd have wanted to?" asked Pinkie, following with the others.

"Yes, he had the right to choose which he wished to be."

"Why didn't he, and why doesn't *everybody* choose *right?*"

"I think it is chiefly because they haven't quite 'come alive' yet. It's queer, though, how *nearly* they have come alive; how *nearly* their consciences are correct and reliable guides and monitors. Don't you think Hadto came alive in the temple prison? Don't you believe that

his conscience waked up and became the active ruler, the absolute monarch of the boy after he had undergone that experience?"

"It ought to have become so, sir, *surely*. I happened to remember something I wrote in my school copy-book last year—wrote it just twenty times on the twenty lines of the page; but I never thought just exactly what it meant until you told us about Hadto."

"What was it, Blackie?"

"This: 'A guilty conscience needs no accuser.'"

"A true saying, as Hadto discovered for himself. And he might well have said with one of Shakespeare's characters: 'My conscience hath a thousand several tongues, and every tongue brings in a several tale, and every tale condemns me for a villain.'"

"Do you think Hadto was good after he went home again?" asked Brownie, as he threw himself on the sand at the master's feet.

"I believe he tried to be. If he succeeded, it was a pretty wonderful thing to do, even after he had fully come alive; for he had so many goblins to kill, you know; goblins of habit that mortal man finds so hard to put to death."

"'Goblins of habit'? Where did they come from?"

"They didn't 'come from' anywhere. He made them himself out of his own weaknesses, and then gave them the breath of his own life. It doesn't take long for such a goblin to get about, first on all-fours, then on feet that seem winged. And they seldom, alas, desert him to whom they owe their existence!"

"How terrible!"

"That depends, Snowdrop. If these goblins were all necessarily goblins of evil habits it would, indeed, be 'terrible.' But there are those of good habits fashioned just as easily, and which, in due time, and given opportunity to work the beautiful miracle, turn man into an archangel. And here's a secret, my Urchins; if a man only fashioned enough of this latter sort the evil ones couldn't come into existence at all."

"Tell us all about them—both kinds," pleaded Pinkie. "Does everybody alive make them, and have them all the time with them?"

"No soul lives that does not form habits. There's a story of a great king I want to tell you—a king who found out how to kill his goblins of evil habit, of which he had fashioned far too many to allow the goblins of good to help him to be happy. But that is quite a long story, and must be told some other day. Suppose you all ask permission to go with me for a sail in John O'Connor's boat, and we'll have the story then; would you like that, my Urchins?"

The shout that followed had no syllables; but it was altogether intelligible speech to the smiling man of wisdom. EVA BEST.

(To be Continued).

The True, the Good and the Excellent are always simple; error is elaborate.—*Goethé.*

In politics and religion we have less charity for those who believe half our creed than for those who deny the whole of it.—*Colton.*

To be able to practice five things everywhere under heaven constitutes perfect virtue. Gravity, generosity of soul, sincerity, earnestness, and kindness. If you are grave you will not be treated with disrespect. If you are generous, you will win all. If you are sincere, people will repose trust in you. If you are earnest you will accomplish much. If you are kind this will enable you to employ the services of others.—*Confucius.*

Considering the soul to be immortal and able to bear all evil and good, let us always persevere in the road which leads upward, and by all means pursue justice in unison with prudence, that we may thus be friends both to ourselves and the gods, both while we remain here and when we afterward receive its rewards, like victors assembled together; and so, both here and in that journey of a thousand years which we have described, we shall be happy.—*Plato.*

THE SERMON AND THANKSGIVING OF TRISMEGISTUS.

[Taken from the Treatise of Hermes, called "The Poemander" (Shepherd of Men), and adapted from the two (prose) translations of Dr. EVERARD and Mr. G. R. S. MEAD.]

BY MRS. E. SAGE.

Thus spake the Shepherd, and my mind was filled
With his immortal and live-giving words;
So that I rose (enabled by his power,
And with that fairest spectacle inspired—
Which taught me e'en the nature of the all)
To give due thanks and blessings unto Him,
The Father of all universal powers;
Who had to me such understanding given
That I might be a leader of the way
To others, wanderers, of my human kin;
That I should point them to the highest Good—
E'en on this earth to be at one with God.
Therefore, I rose, full of the Shepherd's lore;
To preach to men I made no more delay,
But shewed to them the Gnosis' loveliness.
"Ye people, born of earth, who give yourselves
To surfeiting and foolish drunken slumber,
Who wrap yourselves in ignorance of God,
Be sober now, and cease to fall a prey
To blind excess, and from you shake away
The foolish glamour of unreasoning dreams
Which casts its spell upon the sleeping mind!"
I spake again, and lifting up my voice
I cried: "O Men, ye offspring of the earth,
Why will ye give yourselves quite up to Death,
While yet ye have the power of deathlessness?
Repent ye, now, and changing, turn your way;

Ye, who with Error walk as with a friend,
Who make of ignorance a welcome guest,
And wear his dark and spirit-blinding veil:
Arouse ye—get ye out from that dark light,
Forsake the path of death, leave swift decay,
And take your share in truth and immortality!"
Some that did hear me mocked and went their way,
And with a jest did yield them unto death;
While others yet again did cast them down
Low at my feet, imploring me to teach.
In these I sowed the Light of Wisdom's words,
Life's deathless water gave I them to drink;
And when they all had rendered thanks to God,
Each one to his own resting-place returned.
But I did write within my mind the grace
And goodness of the Shepherd of us men,
With great exceeding joy—all hope fulfilled;
(For that, e'en God-inspired, the Truth I knew)!
For which high cause, with all my soul and strength,
Thus gave I thanks to Him, the Father-God.

"Holy art Thou, O God,
The Universal's Father,
Holy are Thou, O God, Whose counsel perfect is;
Whose will is still performed
And done by His own Power
While all the things that are are in Thy Reason sealed.

"Holy art Thou, O God,
Who to be known determines,
And who in truth art known of those who are Thine own;
Thou art that Holy One
Whom Nature doth but image,
The Holy One art Thou Whom Nature hath n[illegible]

"For Thou, O Holy One,
Than any power art stronger,
And any excellence, Thou still transcendest it;
O Thou beyond all praise,
Accept my reason's off'ring,
Sent pure from soul and heart for aye up-stretched to Thee.

"Give ear to me, O Thou,
Whose praises can ne'er be uttered,
Whose Holy Name we can in silence best express;
Give ear to me who pray
I ne'er from Truth may wander—
That vision of the Truth that man is one with Thee!

"I pray Thee with this grace
Illuminate my brethren,
Who, sunk in ignorance, yet still are sons of Thine;
I trust Thee, e'en for this,
(For that Thou art our Father)
And testify for Thee, Thou Who art Life and Light!"

Let God the Father be of all men blessed;
And man be holy, e'en as He is holy,
For God doth yield him power so to be.

It is by the goodness of God that in our country we have three unspeakably precious things: Freedom of speech, freedom of conscience, and the prudence never to practice either of them.—*Wilson's Maxims.*

No man can learn what he has not preparation for learning, however near to his eyes is the object. Our eyes are holden that we cannot see things that stare us in the face until the hour comes when the mind is prepared; then we behold them.—*Emerson.*

The World of Thought.

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

HOW LONG MAY WE LIVE.

"The days of our years are threescore and ten," says an ancient Hebrew psalmist; and he adds a doubtful extending of them to fourscore. Yet if the same ratio of the age of maturity to the term of life exists with human beings as with the animal tribes, then the normal period of human life should exceed a hundred years. Indeed, there are examples sufficiently numerous to indicate that there is no arbitrary limitation. For example, one Sunday morning in March the newspapers gave many instances of what is termed longevity. A clergyman of Exeter, New Hampshire, at the age of ninety-one, saws his own wood. Mr. Daniel Wark, of Frederickton, New Brunswick, a Senator in the Dominion Parliament, had just celebrated his ninety-seventh anniversary. A wedding took place at Allegheny, Pennsylvania, in which the bridegroom was a full hundred. John Tubbert, of Syracuse, New York, "the oldest inhabitant," celebrated his one hundred and second birthday on St. Patrick's anniversary. He never wore an overcoat or overshoes, or carried an umbrella. He once rode on a railroad, but never on a trolley car. Though a native of Ireland, he never drank whiskey till he was sixty-four. Mary Stewart, of Argyleshire, in Scotland, reported to be the oldest person in the Kingdom, and speaking Gaelic, is one hundred and ten. James Garrison, a colored man, was found dead in a stable in Port Richmond, Staten Island, whose age was one hundred and twenty. A colored woman in Western Pennsylvania had also just passed her hundred

and forty-sixth birthday. All this was for a record of the seventeenth day of March; and there are numerous other centenarians yet to be counted. We are evidently nearing the life-lines of Methuselah and the Wandering Jew.

Man, after all, is something beyond the animals. His life is more than biology includes; even his diseases transcend physical conditions, and his very insanity is something else than disease of the brain, which sensual reasoners prate about. Standing on the summit of the material world, he is capable of a spirituality that exceeds corporeal structure. He may gaze into the beyond. He may recruit his life-forces therefrom. The individual who is depleted or of failing strength, can add to his forces by the transfusion of blood from the body of another, or from the subtile auras and emanations of other persons. The same reasoning, and, we may add, the same law, will admit of the enhancing of our strength and even our natural force with the probable length of life, by opening a communication with the world and fountain of life. As it is our interior nature which is essentially vital and vivific, the adding and replenishing come by that medium. It is not merely food that enables us to subsist, but the *rema*, the outflow and energy of Divinity.

In regard to the body, it is proper to nourish it diligently, scrupulously avoiding unwholesome aliment and excess. The nerves should not be contaminated by improper association. Sobriety, purity, freedom from anger, grief and worry, as well as from selfish and ungenerous sentiments, are essential to health of body, and the receptivity of that higher principle of vitality which prolongs existence as well as sweetens it. That there is a culture, a discipline, a mode of living, which will enable all this appears reasonable; and that it has been attained and will again be enjoyed is very probable. The pure heart and strong will can even penetrate the House of Life.

Dr. Cheyne's version of the Book of *Isaiah* imparts a like conception, "I transform Jerusalem into exultation, and her people into joy; and I will exult in Jerusalem, and rejoice in my people, and the voice of weeping shall no more be heard in her, nor the voice of crying. There shall no more be born in her an infant of a few days, nor an old man that filleth not up his days; for he that dieth at a hundred years shall die a child; and the sinner that dieth at a hundred years shall be accursed. And they shall build houses and inhabit them, they shall plant vineyards and eat the fruit of them; they shall not build and another inhabit; they shall not plant and another eat; for as the days of a tree shall be the days of my people, and mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their hands."

We append the summary of the argument:

1. The exceptional longevity of individuals affords plausible reason for the belief that human beings are constitutionally, and may yet become practically, long-lived. The average duration of life which is steadily increasing in modern nations also favors this hypothesis.

2. A sober, temperate, upright, though not necessarily ascetic life, but strictly a life superior to passion, worry, and the like, is essential to this end.

3. Man, by virtue of his spiritual nature, as well as his rational endowment, is able not only to conserve his energy and maintain his physical constitution free from rapid impairment, but also to attain such a union and communion with the great Source of Life which is and which upholds all, that he may transcend ordinary corporeal and physical conditions, and so become more literally heir of the ages.

This is no incredible thing, no unphilosophic notion. It is possible and even probable, however, that we need certain conditions which do not now exist in our social, not to say physical, world. Among these may be instanced freedom, justice, probity, unselfishness—in a word, wholeness. A. W.

OCCULT RITES IN HEBREW LAND.

Every ancient and archaic people appears to have possessed a secret worship and doctrine which was kept more or less away from the knowledge of the laity and uninitiated. The Eleusinia, the numerous forms of the Bacchic rites, the arcane worship of the Great Mother, are more or less familiar to all classic readers. The Israelites, according to the evidence afforded in their own books, were no exception to the rule. They had a secret tradition, cherished by their prophets, scribes, and others who were in accord with them; and the Ten Words of Moses were inscribed like the mystic sentences of the Eleusinian rite upon tablets of stone, and enclosed in the Sacred Ark, where the profane might not look.

COLLEGE LEGISLATION.

The result of modern college legislation is that in future young men and young women of limited means will find it impossible to graduate in medicine. To practice medicine without graduating exposes to fine and imprisonment, and only the favored children of the rich henceforth may obtain the title of "M. D."

The Myth, the Drama, and the Initiatory or Perfective Rite are our legacies from the archaic world. They have, indeed, been transformed into newer legends and observances; nevertheless, somewhat of their aroma and spirit is preserved in the folk-lore and traditions which have retained their hold in popular remembrance. These were, accordingly, no idle tales with which to amuse children, but receptacles of the faith and aspirations of serious-thinking men; and, therefore, the vitality which abides in them has kept them from perishing.

A subject of study ought not to be abandoned because it is beset with difficulties, nor because for the time it may meet prejudice or encounter contempt.—*Berzelius.*

EVERY ONE HIS OWN PROVIDENCE.

I have a deep veneration for the Supreme Being, and a strong confidence in the good offices of spiritual agencies. But in many respects every one must be his own Providence, and spirits most readily aid with their work and bestow their energies where the individuals are doing their best in their own behoof. I would be no Jesuit, to place myself, as a corpse, at another's disposal, but a human being employing my faculties at their best, and open all the while to intuitions, promptings and even whispers from beyond. It is my function to be God's helper, and I am here because God has need of me. When we lay aside personal responsibility and relegate our work to others, whether to human beings, spiritual essences, or even to God himself it is time to die. A. W.

ACHIEVEMENT OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

The monistic revival of the Twentieth Century will achieve no less, I think, than the spiritualization of scientific research and the rationalization of religious fervor. Then science and religion will cease their conflict, and will peacefully flourish side by side, like two fruitful branches grown from the same Tree of Divine Knowledge. A great outpouring of spirit will pass over the earth, and the time of the Church Universal will be ripe, when the Christian and the Indian churches may meet as friends on the common ground of the Vedânts. The day will likewise come when another divine institution, the Mohammedan Brotherhood, will be incorporated into the Monistic Church, for Islam, too, has realized the "One without a second," thanks to the illumination of the "God-intoxicated." Supis, Sâḍi and Hapig have done for Mohammedanism what Eckart and Tauler did for Christianity, and the Vedânta for the religions of India. May the time soon draw nigh when we shall be ready to institute the Church Universal!—*The Theosophical Review.*

RENAISCENCE.

Dear friend, there's nothing new:
No song, or thought, or deed,
But what's sprung forth before
In answer to some need.

But each brave thought or deed
Or song that's born again
Is but another link
That's added to the chain

Which holds the world in poise;
And, in whose mind it lives,
That one gains even more
Than to the world he gives.

DOROTHY KING.

EARLY RACES CIVILIZED.

Reaching back as far as history and tradition can peer, we discover three regions—Chaldæa, India and China, wide alluvial plains—teeming with population. Nor are the remote men and women whom we find dwelling there, when first revealed to us, sunk in savagery and barbarism. As the veil is drawn away from the first scene in the annals of the race, we behold human beings enjoying the benefits of an established civilization.—*E. A. Grosvenor.*

RIGHTS THAT ARE NOT ABROGATED.

No law can be constitutional in our land which would debar a man from employing any one he might choose as his physician, his carpenter, his school teacher, or from attending on the preacher of his choice. These and all similar rights belong to the people individually, and were never delegated.—*Z. Hussen.*

THE LIGHT ETERNAL.

If a cloud should come between us
  And the splendor of the sun;
If the rays of golden sunlight
  Should be hidden one by one;
If across the stream and meadows
  Suddenly a darkness came—
Should we question for a moment
  That the sun shone just the same?

If we hold to wrong opinions
  Till they form a mighty wall;
If we harbor thoughts of error
  Till they form a sombre pall;
If we live in mortal darkness
  Are we not ourselves to blame,
Since God's truth beyond the shadows
  Shines in splendor just the same?

Although pain and sin and sorrow
  Seem to darken earthly days,
We may learn a simple lesson
  From the sun's obstructed rays;
And though life itself seems clouded
  With the darkness of despair,
Remember that the shadow
  Proves the light is always there!

EVA BEST.

When any one sect got complete dominancy in any land, the devil of persecution and cruelty took possession of that sect. A red line runs through the Church history for near nineteen hundred years—a line of blood. Not by hundreds of thousands but by millions must we count the slain.—*T. De Witt Talmage.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF HUMANISM. By Henry Wood. Cloth, 309 pp., $1.25. Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.

This interesting and practical work is made up mostly from matter, revised to date, which has passed through four editions under the title of "The Political Economy of Natural Law." Two new chapters have been added. The author states in his preface: "The general purpose of this volume is the outlining of a political economy which is natural and practical rather than artificial and theoretical. . . . As a treatise it is not scholastic, statistical, or historic, but rather an earnest search for inherent laws and principles. . . . The recognition of the universality of law is the greatest achievement and inspiration of modern times, and it is no less regnant in social economics than in physical science."

The above quotations will serve to stimulate the interest of thoughtful minds in all vital questions relating to the problems of humanity.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

PSYCHO-THERAPY, OR HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION IN THE CURE OF DISEASE, VICES AND ABNORMAL HABITS. By Jay Ross De Mude. Cloth, 135 pp., $1.00. Published by the author, Denver, Colorado.

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THE IMAGINATION.

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Our village postmaster was a man of very positive opinions, and in those days, what was called a Free-Thinker. I had been sent to his shop one forenoon, where he employed several workmen, and found him engaged in warm discourse with a neighbor. These words caught my attention: "The Christian imagines a God, an invisible spirit, and worships him; the Pagan imagines a God, carves an image to represent the idea, and worships that."

It was not hard to comprehend the full meaning of this assertion, and the assumption upon which it was based. It is the habit with many reasoners to rank that which is imagined as being essentially unreal. These fabrics of the mind, they do not hesitate to declare, are dreams and vagaries, things which have no substantial existence. Individuals of this class often claim for themselves the distinction of being practical, and set such matters contemptuously aside as not enabling the accumulating of wealth, or affording enjoyment. With them these things seem to constitute all that is worthy of regard. This sloth of mind is morally enervating, and is liable to degenerate into lack of probity and an impervious insensibility to right dealing.

There is also a second group of individuals who occupy virtually a similar plane of thought, though apparently transcending it. Their

notion is that only what can be demonstrated by logical or mathematical process may be accepted as truth. They often weary us by their discourse. They are generally talkative, drawing their utterances to an inordinate length, like the "wounded snake" of the poem. I have listened to them till I suffered from fatigue. I have read their argument, and tired utterly of their pictured universe so full of shapes, but destitute of souls.

It often seems curious that individuals professing scientific attainment, will pertinaciously maintain that the atmosphere and world about us are densely populated with living spores and animalcules that propagate disease and putrefaction; and, in the same breath, will contend the idea that spiritual essences are occupying the same region. Yet this is as plausible, if not as palpable as their own hypothesis. They insist that we shall accept the evidence of their microscopes, but are not willing to receive the testimony of philosophic perception. They talk fluently about Nature and Force, but zealously overlook the profounder view that thought and idea are real energies, and God the actual Intelligence within and beyond all, ubiquitous and supreme. Thus do human beings, the only race on earth that is able to form and entertain the concept of spiritual being and its essential immortality, often task that mental faculty to demonstrate that we can never know the truth of these matters. Yet a world of phenomena with no acknowledged noumena; of effects that have no recognized causes; of changes with nothing permanent to which they relate; of natural events without any efficient origin, thus ignoring the fountain of all evolution and the possible object or utility of that which occurs—such a world would constitute a very Babel of chaos; a dreary void; an omnipotent death; a hell in which faith, hope, love and everything divine or desirable, are consigned to utter darkness.

The "way of holiness," the redemption of human nature, the exaltation of human character to its ideal, must be found in the direction away from this. We will realize our own salvation in this very province of actual reality, which it is the office of the Imagination to open to our view and occupation. We shall find here no mere group-

ings of vagary or uncertainty, but the foundation-facts of our own being.

Ideality has been explained as vision of the mind.* This definition is an affirming of the fact that the mind has vision—that it can see. Being able to see, it can likewise give shape to what it sees. It creates. It can see only that which has being. It can by no possibility perceive or conceive of a nonentity. If the human soul imagines an immortal life, if it conceives of a Supreme Being who is essentially life, intelligence and goodness, then God and immortality are everlasting facts. Imagination has perceived them and given form to the conception. No matter, though what is real to one person seems unreal and even dogmatic to another; this is true alike of a toothache or a voice from the interior world.

Such imagination we find in Shakespeare, such vision and such power; and we have, as the result, that rare collection of dramas that will outlast the centuries. His figures of men and women, the scenery of the stage, the various everyday objects which accompany his representations are but temporary matters, not specially to be named or thought of; but the ideas which each drama expresses, and which it shadows forth and represents, are themselves the actual realities which have made Shakespeare's name immortal. It is of small account whether he himself appeared on the stage, or whether it was his vocation to till the ground, or to buy and sell in the market. His faculty to discern the inner heart of things, to learn its secret and to utter it in just the words that most forcibly express it, was the transcendent power. We are conscious while we are contemplating it that it was no chance development from a human brain; that it was no accidental concurrence of functions, but a mighty spiritual energy—a vital force, one and indivisible, which constituted Shakespeare himself, and which

* PLUTARCH: *Sentiments of the Philosophers*, xii.—"Phantasia or imagination is denominated from φῶς—*phōs*, which denotes light; for as light discloses itself and other things which it illuminates, so this imagination discloses itself and that which is its cause, . . . for to the imagination there is always some real imaginable thing presented which is its efficient cause."

evolved that insight and creative power which have been and continue to be the wonder of the world.

Imagination is the faculty to create something which we can contemplate; to develop a perceptible object in the mind; to recall a state of mind which has been experienced; to take such material as our experience or direct apprehension furnishes and construct it into new forms and images. It is the ability and disposition to form ideals for mental creations. The architect who plans a house does this very thing. He produces a design. In due time the house is built. Which is the veritable reality—the form of that house which had its being in his mind, or the pile of stone, brick or wood which was copied from it? We can quickly perceive the proper reply. The house is the shape which was copied from the form or ideal of the architect. It may be destroyed by fire or storms, so as to exist no more; but the design which the architect had created in his imagination, and which has also become depicted in the minds of individuals who have seen the structure itself, does not thus perish. It remains permanent, Any other notion is sophistic and absurd. If that which is made, which is an imitation, can be more real than the thought which gave it its origin, then the things which are created may be nobler and superior to their creator.

Ideas, then, are the original models and patterns from which everything is fashioned. They constitute the eternal laws by means of which everything is formed. Science, which is properly so called, the knowledge of things that *are* as well as of those which appear, is the cognition of these laws.

Phrenologists have endeavored to assign a region of the brain to the province of the imagination. There is an organ or department of ideality on each side of the forehead, they tell us, which embraces and exercises the sentiment of the perfect and beautiful, the noëtic inspiration. It embodies, as they assert, a disposition to embellish facts, to become dissatisfied with plain reality, to dwell in the realm of fancy. Indeed, in the popular and general conception the imagination is regarded as embodying unreal things—whatever is visionary. Thus we

are relegated to the world of ghost and goblin, the region of vagary and hallucination, and in short to everything that is considered frivolous, deceptive and illusory.

Without a reasonable doubt, many of the sights, voices and other phenomena, both of our dreams and fancy, are derived from our mental and bodily conditions. If an individual did not believe in such things he would not often be likely to see or hear them. We have no record before the discovery of America of the appearing or manifestation of any ghost or double of an American native. So, also, the likeness of strange birds and animals would hardly appear in dreams if the races had never been discovered. The Devil of the Middle Ages would never have been seen, with his peculiar decorations of horns, hoofs and tail, if the artists of ancient Greece and Assyria had not so depicted their cherub-sphinxes and the god Bacchus. Emanuel Swedenborg explained to Queen Ulrika that he was not able to hold discourse with deceased individuals, except he had already known them personally or from their acts and writings, so that he could form an adequate idea of them. According to this rule, many seers, ecstatics and inspired teachers would come under the denomination of prophets speaking a vision of their own heart.

Individuals affected by nervous disorders are more liable than others to behold these peculiar spectacles. The initiators at the ancient Mysteries administered beverages to the candidates on purpose to create an abnormal condition of the bodily senses. Mohammed, the Arabian apostle, was a sufferer from hysteria. We may not suppose, however, that the disorder created the visions. A person of acute or preternatural sensitiveness will perceive many things which others do not. Doctor Samuel Warren has described, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, an epileptic patient who told everything precisely which was taking place in another room at the very time that it was occurring, just as though he was present there, seeing and hearing it all. Did his epilepsy create these occurrences, or did it enlarge the field of his consciousness so that he was able to perceive them? Through my window or a break in the wall of my apartment I may be able to behold the

sky, the sun and stars. Does the window or other opening create these objects, or simply leave no obstruction to my sense of vision? In like manner may not a disorder affecting the nervous system, like hysteria or epilepsy, an agency like animal magnetism, or some other operation equally mysterious, remove the impediments to the action of the senses, or exalt the perception and so enable us to see what is within us or beyond, and to hear things of which the auditory apparatus is not usually cognizant?

The sensorial organism is undoubtedly adapted to this purpose. We learn from the observations of physiologists that our special senses of seeing, hearing and smelling are by no means functions of the eyes, ears and nostrils simply, but pertain to the group of nervous ganglia within the head from which those organs grow as roots and branches from a common point. These little ganglia or masses of nerve-substance receive the impressions from without and register them. Sometimes the presiding genius of the brain will make use of such impressions in the forming of thoughts or the beginning of voluntary action, and at other times it seems that these little ganglia operated without any perceptible direction of that kind. These things commonly take place on the instant. The seeing apparatus projects the sensation to an image and we seem to ourselves to be contemplating it at a greater or less distance in front of us. This, however, is an illusion; we are only beholding the reflection of our own optic organism inside of our heads. We hear, likewise, on an analogous priuciple.

We do not, however, complete the matter with a single manifestation which is thus produced. The impressions which are made upon these registering ganglia, like those on the sensitive plate of the photograph, are fixed there to remain permanent. They become vivid again in dreams, and are contemplated like actual occurrences. A similar manifestation may also take place in our waking hours. Sir Isaac Newton beheld the spectrum or visible image of the sun at midnight, and William Blake, the artist, made pictures of individuals who had sat for him on previous occasions, having, by an effort of his mind and will, placed their figures in the very seat and posture that he re-

quired. I have been told that an artist in the city of New York had the same power.

The imagination may also, through this peculiar forming energy, change these objective manifestations and vary the spectacles to an indefinite series. Nor do these transformations constitute everything of this character that may be observed. Ideas and thoughts framed in the mind are also inscribed upon these same sensorial ganglia, and are often produced objectively as part of the dreams and visions. Everybody is familiar with the phrase: "Seeing with the mind's eye." A dream or vision is this mode of beholding—a scene pictured as though it was outside of us.

It may be, likewise, that events, views and ideas belonging in the life and experience of ancestors are conveyed into our sensibility in some occult manner, and so influence our thinking and imagination. Heredity plays some queer pranks with every one of us. We look upon scenes and even recall the remembrance of events which we have an impression of having beheld at some former time, while yet we are aware that we have not. Is this an ancestor impressing upon us the sense of his experiences, or it is our own memory from some other term or form of existence?

The universe about us is populous in some arcane way, no doubt, with living beings that are not circumscribed like ourselves with corporeal matter. It may not be reasonably supposed that there are infinite numbers of races in range from man down to the monads while the region beyond him is a void. Even the masters of Unknowing acknowledge this. Herbert Spencer, pausing at the threshold of the Temple of Life, confesses the presence of an Infinite Something, the source of energy and its outcomes. Baruch Spinosa tells us of lower and higher faculties of mind through which we perceive truth in various orders. He treats of knowledge of the first degree which consists of notions from *single* things apprehended through the senses, without relation to the higher intellect; of knowledge of the second degree, which embraces adequate ideas of the *properties* of things; and of knowledge of the third degree, which proceeds from the adequate

idea of the formal essence of certain attributes of God to an adequate conception of the essence of things. This is entheasm.

With these two sublime possessions—faith in the Infinite One, and that knowing which proceeds from a certain adequate knowledge of His attributes to a proper conception of the essence of things—we are at liberty, also, to believe that there are living intelligences in the etheral atmosphere. It is neither impossible nor improbable that they impress themselves and their thoughts upon our consciousness. We may thus experience emotions and sensations, and may think, see and hear from their agency, when it seems to us all the while as being of our own motion. If, too, there is an all-pervading living essence in and about us which is substantially one and the same, our relations to it are analogous to those of branches from a common stem; and it will impart to us betimes more or less of a simultaneous consciousness, so that we may perceive persons and events, perhaps, at a great distance away, whether the distance be in space or in the time of actual occurring. Persons afar off can thus be audible or visible to us; and we may read as in a book of things now taking place or that occurred long ago, and

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

It is the province of the Imagination to gather up such matters, to shape them and thus adapt them for intelligent comprehension and consequent use. Another function is to preserve our experiences. Nothing that we have done, witnessed or endured will ever cease to be. Every Macbeth will see the ghost of his murdered Banquo; every Marcus Brutus the shade of the slaughtered Cæsar. The wrongs that we have suffered are present with us. With even greater vividness the better, happier, nobler acts and occurrences abide permanently in our consciousness. All these things are elements of our constitution, and we can no more escape them than we can become separate and distinct from our own selfhood.

To speak of these matters as unreal and unsubstantial would be to talk idly. They are far removed, it is true, from all the temporary and shadowy appearances that so many denominate practical everyday

life. Let no one boast, however, of such practicality. It is shared in common with the mouse and beaver and subserves as high uses with them as with the human being.

Our aspiration to an ideal excellence of conduct, our efforts to acquire more thorough knowledge, our eagerness to achieve any kind of eminent distinction, each in its way, is an endeavor to attain an exaltation which is nobler and permanent. Any moral force which impels in this way is as real, and must be so acknowledged, as the blow that makes us recoil or fells us to the ground. What we call *morality* is that idea about Right which the imagination has framed into a rule of action for us to embody in our lives as our very nature. It is an entity formed of the immortal substance—"the stuff that dreams are made on." Of this morality all our real knowing is born. In order to know anything it is first necessary to love it, to desire it and to be in sympathy with it. The truth which nature and the universe contain is but a sealed book to him who loves it not. His knowledge, or rather his conception of knoweldge, whatever pretension it may have to being scientific, is mean, superficial, small and serving only for the uses of the day. The man who does not love the eternal truth will never know it; and, as knowing is possessing, he will remain poor, ignorant, blind and naked.

The fact that the idea of truth, of order, of right doing exists in every person's mind is evidence that he is immortal, a partaker of the infinite and eternal. It is the office of the imagination to shape that idea, to make it perceptible to the mind, and to introduce it into the heart, the daily action and all the life.

Sir Humphrey Davy once breathed the nitrous oxide for experiment, and became insensible of the objects around him. When he had recovered from the trance he exclaimed, with emphasis: "There is nothing real but thought!" He had, indeed, come close to the eternal foundations of things. For it is upon thought, the living rock, that we build our permanent superstructure. We thus abide in the substantial, everlasting truth that there is God within and above all, an ever-present perpetual Life, and, of course, an eternity for human

beings—not in dens or palaces of selfishness and its consequent misery, but in the very bosom of the Infinite One.

Thus Imagination is among the most important of our psychic endowments. It "bodies forth the form of things unknown," constructing thoughts into principles and originating the achievements of intellect. It enables the accomplishing of all that is great and useful in the world, and allies man to the holier Self beyond.

ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

THE DREAM OF SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS.

When ordinary consciousness subsides, and one falls asleep and dreams, there often appears an imaginary self with which one's life seems identified for the time being. To this dream-consciousness this self and its experiences appear as real as do the personal self and experiences of the waking state to the self-conscious thinker. In fact, it sometimes happens that the dreamer dreams of having dreamed and awakened again, and fancies himself calmly and rationally contemplating the situations and incidents of the "dream within a dream." Yet in the light of self-consciousness one is amused at the absurdity, the grotesqueness, the incongruity, the self-deception of it all, and marvels at the readiness with which the dreamer was duped into accepting as real and inevitable such a fantastic, incoherent, unthinkable medley of ideas. To the matter-of-fact self-conscious observer the dream world seems, indeed, unreal, its conceptions fanciful, its sequences unnatural, its elements ill-adjusted, distorted, lacking in proportion, out of focus—because he recognizes a superior standard by which to estimate and compare. He attaches no value to such impressions, since reason dispels the illusion and enables him to understand their true character. He dismisses the matter, therefore, with the off-hand comment, "It was only a dream."

Any experience seems real or unreal, according to the standard which prevails in the consciousness which judges it. The dreamer fancies himself wide awake while reviewing the incidents of the "dream within a dream." Likewise the rational, self-conscious observer is fully persuaded of the sanity and normality of his own conception of life in general. By long continued repetition he has come to give credence to impressions which, viewed in the clearer light of Spiritual Consciousness, appear as groundless, if not as chaotic, as do the fanciful incidents of the dream.

The self-conscious observer seems to behold a universe of evolving forms, an endless procession of living things, each coming forth into

manifestation out of the unseen and disappearing again into the silence after a brief period. Of this evolving order he conceives man to be part and parcel. His life seems identified with its existence, superimposed on its structure, subject to its laws, at the mercy of its forces, inseparably linked with its movements. At a certain stage in the process a new factor becomes apparent. That which, in its beginnings, exhibited characteristics which are commonly described as "natural," comes, in its later development, to assume a moral aspect. Indeed, viewed in the light of subsequent revelation, the whole process seems to exhibit a moral significance; for the natural is seen to tend, from the first, toward a moral issue until, at length, it finds in that phase its fulfilment and consummation. As, on its natural side, creation seems to present two diverse appearances—matter and mind, existing as concomitants of Being, so, on its moral side, it seems to manifest the contrasting qualities of good and evil. Furthermore, the self-conscious observer recognizes a Supreme Being as in some way identified with this order which appears to him so real, either as its author and ruler, or, in a pantheistic sense, as its very substance.

As we attempt to look backward into the dim and misty past, toward the vanishing point of history and tradition, we recognize in men a general tendency to associate God with human passions and instincts. Their cruder notions led them to regard Him as arbitrary, cruel, terrible, vindictive, a Being of wrath and vengeance, a supreme tyrant, capable of being appeased and moved to compassion, in special instances, by importunity and sacrifice. He is pictured as inciting men to enmity and bloodshed, leading the hosts of His chosen followers to victory, smiting their enemies and visiting confusion and disaster on all who dare oppose them. Inasmuch as thoughts of force, conquest and material supremacy dominated the ideals of that period, men were wont to look for the manifestation of God in like expressions and to recognize His hand in events of that character, acting through such channels and employing such methods to compass the destruction of the wicked and promote righteous ends. Their interpretation of life in general was of such a kind that only a God of that type could be made

to harmonize with their ideals and fit into their scheme of the universe. It was the God of war, the sovereign ruler, the King of Kings, that appealed to their imagination and aroused their admiration and enthusiasm. This estimate of the Supreme Being is seen in the record of events of a minor and more personal character as well as those having to do with achievements on a grander scale. As earthly potentates were capricious, altering their purposes and attitude toward their subjects with every change of mood, those same characteristics were attributed to Deity. As the prevailing notions with regard to the universe were essentially materialistic, so was the conception of its sovereign, the director of its affairs. Even Abraham, despite his finer instincts, was led to believe that God desired the slaughter of his son. In fact, all sorts of barbaric impulses, motives and methods have been associated, at one time or another, with the idea of God. The standard of force, domination, arbitrary exercise of power, is a primitive one common to the least awakened minds; and it is easy for mentalities permeated with such ideas to find presumable evidences of their expression in natural phenomena. The superstitious mind has always been prone to look upon the elements of nature as vehicles of Divine favor or disapprobation. Tempest, lightning, drought, pestilence, bodily deformities, and misfortunes of every kind have been regarded as instrumentalities by means of which the Almighty sought to express His displeasure with human achievements. Men have assumed that God was acting in or through these phenomena, directing and using them as agencies by which to regulate and punish them for their weaknesses, follies and transgressions. They have presumed to find in them indications of the varying moods of an arbitrary Being whose principal occupation and chief delight consisted in governing his creatures and compelling them to obey his commands. Throughout the Old Testament God is represented as one counselling and enjoining deeds and courses of action which, to our more refined sensibilities, appear utterly revolting and horrifying. In the descriptive narrative Jehovah stands as the personification of the current ideals of the time. While occasionally a Moses or Isaiah rose to the heights of a more

spiritual perception, the prevailing tendency was grossly materialistic.

But as men become more normally self-conscious the attributes of Deity seemed to undergo a gradual metamorphosis. With the advance of human ideals and standards of conduct, their views of God and the universe showed a corresponding change. In these latter days life assumes a more orderly and coherent aspect. The purposes and pursuits of men are determined to a much greater extent by rational considerations. Their conceptions are becoming more highly organic and their endeavors more systematic. Investigation is undertaken in a strictly scientific spirit, and the correlation of evidence thus obtained is attempted throughout the entire field of learning. As might have been expected, the current thought of God has kept pace with men's views of things in general. He is no longer looked upon as a despot, an arbitrary ruler, a king of kings, but, rather, as immanent in creation, living and expressing Himself in and through the Cosmos—purposing, acting, feeling, working out a great comprehensive plan in the lives of men and nations. The universe is now commonly viewed as an orderly process through which the Divine ideal is continually unfolding along the lines of immutable laws supposed to represent modes of the Infinite Mind. Modern scholarship seeks to apprehend God rationally in a law-governed universe. It professes to have discovered in *law* a sufficient and satisfactory key by which to interpret the hieroglyphics of physical phenomena and account for the endless succession of Protean changes and the infinite variety of organic forms in which life manifests itself to mortal view. According to the generally accepted theory of to-day, universal and immutable law is the agency of His purpose. By a study of law men seek to read and comprehend His decrees. They aver that all that is comprehensible of His plans, from a human point of view, is revealed, primarily, through understanding of law—that this is the direction in which we should look for reliable information concerning Him and His intent with regard to creation. Yet, under the guise of law, atrocities and horrors of every description are still imputed to God and regarded as indispensable factors in the fulfillment of His plan. Men still continue to read their own notions

into the record of the open book of truth, and attribute to Deity the responsibility for any discrepancies they seem to find therein. But it is their manner of apprehending that needs correction. The beam is in the eye of the observer and he must cast it out before he can discern clearly the truth concerning the universe and its Creator. The order he *seems* to see represents not God's plan in its essential purity, but an imperfect human interpretation of it. Each one seems to find expressed just so much of Ultimate Truth as he is prepared to appreciate by reason of the more or less quickened state of his own perception. God's Universe, the Eternal Reality, remains unchanged, while increasing human perception causes it to appear as if undergoing a continual process of change.

Thus humanity groans and struggles under the weight of its own conceptions, awaiting redemption which can come only through emancipation from the bondage of belief in law as a fixed somewhat existing outside and independent of the interpreting consciousness.

To the casual observer, law seems to be an objective reality, fundamental and absolute. Yet, on closer examination, its existence is found to be merely relative and phenomenal. The belief in its absolute quality has its source in conditions firmly established in human consciousness; and with the modification or removal of any of those conditions the external fact seems to change correspondingly. Natural processes, which appear to conform to a fixed objective standard, are subject to the authority of mind to just the degree that the quickening of consciousness enables one to realize spiritual freedom. The self-conscious thinker deduces the concept of natural law by the process of generalization, from certain persistent facts of observation in the physical realm. But experience shows with ever-increasing emphasis that any particular tendency within these limits, however uniform and infallible in its way, only prevails until a sufficiently strong realizing sense of freedom gains the ascendency. One after another, different phases of the coercive power of law disappear as perception of truth increases. At first glance, the law of gravitation, for example, appears as fundamental and objectively real as the universe itself. Phe-

nomena, which are attributable to its operation, occur with unvarying accuracy on the mechanical plane. In the mineral realm certain counteracting tendencies begin to be recognizable. When the vegetable kingdom is reached, those tendencies are even more pronounced. The plant demonstrates the superiority of mind by rearing its head into the sunlight despite the law. In the animal kingdom the power of voluntarily controlling muscular action renders possible a wide variety of predeterminate bodily movements; and already within the scope of human experience we find indications which give assurance of the complete emancipation of man, eventually, from bondage to the law. Its absolute non-reality will then receive practical demonstration. A "miracle" is a phenomenon attending the refutation, in any particular instance, of certain generally accepted claims of law.

To the plant we may conceive that locomotion would appear a miracle; similarly, to the fish, the flight of the bird might well seem miraculous; while to the savage the operation of the steam engine or the automobile would stand in the same category. Thus the standard of natural law appears to vary and keep pace with the progress of consciousness in the observer, as does the rainbow with the movement of the eye that recognizes it. The horizon of the so-called natural order is ever enlarging. New phases of expression are constantly coming within the scope of human comprehension, and conclusions derived from former observations are giving place to newly formulated views.

In proportion as the spiritual element gains ascendency in one's consciousness, the notion of materiality, which implies a practical acknowledgment of the reality of law, tends to disappear. When, following this line of progress, the Christ-plane is reached, one will have "overcome the world" and acquired the "power to lay down" the physical form and "power to take it again." Jesus triumphed over death because he attained to a type of consciousness which enabled him to realize the non-reality of law, and to carry the practical demonstration of this proposition to its logical conclusion. The highest human instincts point in this direction as the needle points toward the pole, and

give assurance of the ultimate fulfilment of this ideal in the lives of all men.

Law is not an ultimate cosmic fact, for it involves opposition and contradiction; and life itself is eternal harmony and absolute spontaneity.

In contemplating the spectacle of the natural order, one finds himself in a dilemma. He cannot conceive, on the one hand, of boundless space or limitless time; neither can he conceive, on the other hand, of space as bounded in any direction, or time as thus limited; both propositions are unthinkable. He cannot imagine the evolutionary process to have had an absolute beginning, nor can he picture a point in time when it shall cease. Yet the course of events seems to tend steadily in one direction. The mechanism of the universe appears to be forever running down, self-consuming, destined to wear itself out eventually and come to an end. The very thought of a material existence is attended with an endless array of paradoxes. We are thus led to inquire whether the so-called natural order, the evolving universe which the rational, self-conscious type of mind seems to perceive, represents in any true sense the real; or whether it is simply a half-waking vision of life, the dream of a transient phase of understanding, a passing interpretation in which all real entities appear distorted and out of focus? Is it possible to obtain from a rationally conducted investigation of material phenomena any valid knowledge of God, man and the Cosmos? Are the views thus obtained trustworthy? The self-conscious thinker piles Ossa on Pelion in vain attempts to mount to heaven by following upward the path of reason. Devotees of the physical sciences are working industriously to rear, on an empirical basis, a tower of Babel which will enable mortals to scale the dome of heaven and peer into unknown regions beyond. To such an extent has investigation been conducted along intellectual lines, that this concept of the human mind stands, even now, like a stupendous piece of machinery, overweighted and overbalanced, ready to topple over and fall in pieces on account of its cumbersome proportions. The results of exhaustive research in the domain of physics, biology, psychology, ethics and

theology have not sufficed to satisfy the earnest truth-seeker. All stop short of the border line of the real world. "Infinite and eternal energy," "natural forces," "light," "heat," "electricity," "matter," "ether," are but descriptive terms by which the self-conscious thinker attempts to interpret, in a manner comprehensible to the human intellect, an Ultimate Spiritual Reality, of which the natural order, with its show of evolving forms, its endless chain of sequences, birth, growth, death are but a fleeting shadow, an evanescent dream-like vision.

The methods of research pursued by the majority of recognized authorities in scientific circles have pertained to a *rational* interpretation of life, and have, therefore, precluded any direct knowledge, from that direction, of a superrational Reality. History furnishes no parallel to the growth of the scientific spirit of the nineteenth century. Never before has the attempt been made to bring into focus and give unity to the results of systematically-conducted observations extending over the entire realm of human experience. The inductive method of investigation has been pursued with such thoroughness and comprehensiveness that phenomena of every description have been accurately examined and systematically arranged and classified. Yet, despite such unprecedented activity along these lines, earnest inquirers are beginning to turn in another direction in their search for truth. The very limitations attending this mode of research prevent the possibility of attaining by it to any degree of certain and exact knowledge of the Ultimate Reality of the universe. At best it only helps to remove the debris of superstition and the obstructions of human misconception and erroneous beliefs, so that the Reality behind the show of things may be the more readily perceived. It only touches the outer husk of life, leaving the kernel within still undiscovered. It is like an endless chain, never reaching a final conclusion which it can rest assured will not be superseded by another in fuller accord with a wider range of understanding. It deals with relative and dependent phases of knowledge, not with absolute verities; so that the diligent investigator is confronted, at length, with the unyielding barrier of an "Unknowable." "To the unknown god" is the inscription recorded on the

altar of material science. But in the search for knowledge we may appeal from a lower to a higher court, until we arrive at the sphere of axiomatic perception where that which we discern is its own evidence, being unconditioned or absolute. Although for the past half-century the evolutionary philosophy has dominated the thought of scholars and inquirers throughout the western world, the day is at hand when this view must take its place with the mythological conceptions of by-gone days, since it is elementary and inadequate, and does not properly represent that which is real.

Professor Josiah Royce says: "These stars * * * * these hypothetical molecules that have been forever falling nearer and nearer together, this process that has been forever taking one direction without reaching, as yet, its goal—all these things must belong to the show of reality. The substance, the soul of it all, must lie behind. The real world process cannot thus be essentially a paradox, essentially incomplete, fundamentally absurd. * * * When we see it as we do, in this ragged, unintelligible shape, that must be because, in our experience, we are but playing with the 'pebbles on the beach.' The ocean of ultimate reality and truth must lie beyond."

Quite as significant is the statement of Prof. A. E. Dolbear that "the new geometry * * * threatens to modify philosophy as much as evolution has modified former notions of nature."

As on its natural, so on its moral side, the spectacle of an evolving universe is coming to be recognized as only a vague indication of a Reality lying beyond the grasp of the self-conscious type of understanding. We encounter paradoxes on every hand in essaying to deal logically and exactly with either the natural or the moral concept of the universe. Whenever we undertake to consider the phenomena of the moral order, we seem confronted with the spectacle of evil existing with good; yet we cannot conceive of a Supreme Being who, Himself infinite in wisdom and goodness, either creates or permits the existence of evil. Can we for a moment suppose that an all-wise Creator has designed and brought into being a world so imperfect that the average mortal would shrink from assuming the responsibility of its authorship?

Truly, "the fashion of this world passeth away." This psychic dream of the natural and moral order is transitory and unreal, a shadowy suggestion of the Eternal; just as the phantom-like "new moon" is but a semblance of the resplendent orb at its full. Man is gradually coming to realize that the conception of a universe actuated and governed by law is a rudimentary, child-like phase of human understanding; that the real world order is created and sustained by a Wisdom and Intelligence whose mode of manifestation transcends the possibilities of law—a mode of which law offers but a dim reflection. The plan and purpose of God can be but feebly and imperfectly apprehended by the human intellect. The picture of an evolving universe is the best interpretation of the Eternal Reality it is able thus far to offer. The spectacle of evolution is merely phenomenal, not real. It appears real to the self-conscious thinker, just as the sun appears to revolve around a stationary earth, when, in fact, it remains fixed in this particular respect. As we are frequently misled by impressions received through the medium of the physical senses into forming incorrect opinions concerning the constitution and relations of that which we apprehend as objective, so are we misled by the intellect into entertaining erroneous views regarding the proper value and significance of problems relating to the natural order. As the ancient theory of a flat earth gave place long ago to the modern concept of a universe boundless in extent in which countless globes revolve in space and evolve in time; so this rational view of things is being supplanted by the *super*-rational knowledge of a spiritual realm transcending the natural plane. The estimate of man as an incidental product of the evolving order is due to misconception of the true nature and signficance of life. The self-conscious man "knows not what manner of spirit he is of." The evolving order is not God's handiwork. The evolutionary aspect of things is due to human misapprehension of a Reality that transcends the physical.

God and His universe lie beyond this apparition. As the sunlight shining through a window of colored glass appears to take on the various tints of the medium through which it passes, so, to the human in-

tellect, does life seem to partake or consist of those qualities and characteristics which we are wont to associate with natural and moral phenomena. We need to open the window of human misconception and behold the true source of life beyond.

Professor William James says: "Suppose that the whole universe of material things * * * should turn out to be a mere surface veil of phenomena, hiding and keeping back the world of genuine realities. Such a supposition is foreign neither to common sense nor to philosophy. * * *

> Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
> Stains the white radiance of eternity.

* * * Suppose, now, that this were really so, and suppose, moreover, that the dome, opaque enough at all times to the full supersolar blaze, could at certain times and places grow less so, and certain beams pierce through into this sublunary world. These beams would be so many finite rays, so to speak, of consciousness, and they would vary in quantity and quality as the opacity varied in degree. Only at particular times and places would it seem that, as a matter of fact, the veil of nature can grow thin and rupturable enough for such effects to occur. But in those places gleams, however finite and unsatisfying, of the absolute life of the universe, are from time to time vouchsafed. Glows of feeling, glimpses of insight, and streams of knowledge and perception float into our finite world."

As the growing grain appears to move in rhythmic waves across the field when caressed by the breezes, although, in fact, each stalk is rooted in the ground, so does life appear to advance by succeeding stages of evolutionary progress as we watch the incessant play of phenomena upon its surface and follow the endlessly differentiated forms which pass in review before our eyes across the horizon of time and space. As the evolutionary phase of understanding has been the distinguishing characteristic of the century just closed, completely overturning and superseding previous conceptions of life, even now we have prophecies of a similar fate awaiting it, in turn. The coming

century bids fair to witness the ascendency in the race of a type of consciousness that will lead to a general recognition of the Divine Order behind the natural and moral concepts.

The self-conscious thinker is, indeed, a dreamer and not the true self. As in the case of the hypnotized subject, the things he seems to see are not the Reality of life, but vague, indistinct reflections. He sees confusedly, like the man who, born blind and receiving his sight, beheld men, at first, as "trees walking." His ideas conform, in their essential particulars, to current standards of race belief. He assumes premises that are not founded in Absolute Truth, but are derived, in the main, from the thought of preceding generations.

Although an argument be unassailable, the conclusions arrived at may, at the same time, be vitiated by some undetected flaw in the premises. Inasmuch as he judges all things with reference to a center apparently stable within himself, and not at random as does the sleeping dreamer, the self-conscious thinker's estimate of life possesses certain elements of constancy and consistency and a degree of organic unity and coherence which, from his point of view, seem to give it a definite and permanent character. But this center is, in reality, variable, not absolute; so that his conclusions have no abiding value in themselves. In confirmation of this fact, we have only to review the past history of philosophic, religious and scientific thought, and note how, one after another, tenets which to us to-day seem rudimentary and absurd, have been accepted as everlasting truth, and defended with the utmost zeal and assurance, by scholars and thinkers whose judgment and authority were unquestioned by contemporary critics. As one in a trance, the self-conscious thinker—the psychic dreamer—fancies himself dealing with realities, acquiring knowledge, gaining understanding of the truth, while, in fact, he is simply "playing with the pebbles on the beach." He no more appreciates the fundamental absurdities of the situations in which he seems involved than the pseudo self—imaginary in a still greater degree—which appears in the dreams of sleep, perceives the unreality of the experience through which it seems to pass.

As the illusions of the dream consciousness are dispelled one seems to enter a new sphere, that of self-consciousness. The conditions which seemed to obtain in the dream world are no longer recognizable. Yet it is not the dreamer himself that awakens—he is left behind and forgotten, together with the other sensations and apparitions of the dream, for he is purely a myth; no such person in reality existed. The self-conscious thinker knows no such person. Likewise, as the illusion of the self-conscious trance is, in turn, dispelled, one seems to enter still another sphere—that of Spiritual Consciousness. The conditions that seemed to obtain in the self-conscious trance are no longer recognizable. Here, again, it is not the self-conscious, psychic dreamer who awakens—he is left behind and forgotten together with his thought-elaborated show world, for he, too, is purely a myth; no such manner of man as he fancied himself to be existed in reality. The spiritually-minded man knows him not. "Flesh and blood shall not inherit the Kingdom of Heaven." The material consciousness, "the mind of the flesh," "the natural man," cannot know the true God and His universe. Only by being "born again" into a new consciousness, so that one shall cease to identify his life with the local, material, personal, thinking, believing semblance of self, can one "see the Kingdom of God"—the Eternal, Divine Order.

FRANK H. SPRAGUE.

THE PATH OF SAFETY.

A fair young girl stood by the river shore, and looked down at the waters at her feet. There was no danger in that shallow ford, for always may the feet of purity walk safely over quicksands which lie low beneath the running waters of all life.

At length she entered in with timid tread; then, growing confident, smiled gaily down at all the little waves that hurried by in silver ripples past her tender feet.

"I must have crossed this shallow ford before," she whispered softly, as she made her way into the more impetuous middle tide, and laughed with childish glee when she had gained the quiet waters of the further shore.

"I must have crossed this shallow ford before! It seems familiar, and the grateful waves old friends that once again refresh my feet, and fit them for the pilgrimage to come. 'Tis no new flood to me—this tide that runs between all childhood and maturity. I know the way across; I know it well. How was it that they told me whence I came that all the way before me was unknown, untried and dangerous? I feel that I have crossed this shallow channel many times—too many times to find the crossing strange!"

She ceased just as her wet and rosy feet stood bare upon the sands that edged the stream all souls must pass to gain the slope by which they climb to real life, which lies beyond.

Within a flowery meadow close at hand, in wait for her, stood, dimpled, fair and wise, the child-god, Cupid. When she saw him there she laughed as if she'd found an old, old friend, and nodded to him pleasantly.

At this, he flew toward her on his daring wings, and, catching at her snowy robe's soft folds, drew her along, with swift, half-dancing step, far up the gentle slope.

Bright flowers bloomed. Up in the azure depths birds soared and sang, and warm and languorous airs blew o'er the land. The sun shot

golden arrows through the trees, and blossoms swooned beneath his ardent kiss.

She cried, "Oh, little Love, 'twas kind of you to meet me early on this happy day. Be kinder still, and let me stay and rest; nor hurry me so swiftly on my way!"

"Hast thou forgotten that the soul Love leads looks all in vain for rest this side the grave? Hast thou forgotten that the only stay made on Life's path is but for sacrifice? The way grows steeper; take me in thine arms—the burden of a welcome Love is light!"

At this she stooped, and raised him in her arms, and carried him exultantly; nor felt the burden of this love which was her life.

At length he nestled down, and, folding close his little wings, the boy-god fell asleep. At first she was content; but after while she found the way was dreary when he slept. She missed his prattle and his soft caress, his quick response, and all the witcheries that made a level of the steeper slope, and her young, willing arms unconscious of the dead weight of the pretty, slumbering boy.

Yet on and on she urged her trembling limbs, up slopes that ever steep and steeper grew, nor fretted at the burden that she bore.

Long hours passed. And she, who dared not stay nor rest beside the way, for all her willingness could walk no more—could climb no steeper height.

"'Tis time to wake, dear Love!" she cried, at last, unwinding with fond care the dimpled arm that fell across the shoulder now grown thin and angular and lacking in all grace.

The tender limbs were cold and motionless; the eyes of Love half-closed. Beneath their lids reflected lights shone only—no sweet gleam of tender joy flashed out at her who looked and wept at this eternal mystery.

She cried out, "Love is dead! Love's dead and gone!" and wrung her hands above the little form that lay so still across her weary knees.

Then to her stricken soul there came a calm, her spare, sad features speaking deepest thought. She felt along the chain of memory, following, slowly, golden link by link, the long concatenation of past

lives, which seemed to yield her up a thousand whys and wherefores of this piteous suffering.

"Love is not dead—Love cannot die," she said; and, turning to the pretty, trance-fixed god, she lifted him and carried him to where the grasses of the meadow made a bed fit for his godship. Over him she piled the rarest, sweetest flowers of the field.

"I can remember now, 'twas always so," she murmured, as she hid his face from sight. "Love sickens on the path that youth must tread —sickens and seems to die within one's arms. But 'tis all *seeming* —the Immortal lives—though Youth must leave his empty casement here and go its way alone; must learn to do without his tender touch and tender tone; must lay the precious, precious burden down, and cover it with earth's most fragrant flowers!"

From far along the lofty heights above there now descended one who came to meet the soul bereaved, and lead it up the path that grew more rough and steep with every step. This new guide took her hand in clasp so cold—so different from Love's own fervent grasp—she shuddered as the fingers touched her own.

At first she was led zigzag up the slope. "'Tis easier climbing thus," the new guide said, "and, with eternity as heritage, one never needs to hurry on one's way."

"Love hurried me along," the woman said.

"And he whom you call Love grew weary soon, and bade you carry him the while he slept—I know, I know, dear heart!" the guide replied.

"Was that not Love?" the wondering woman asked.

"In part," was the response; "the rest was——"

"Yes?" the woman cried.

"The rest was Selfishness."

"What part was Love?" the woman asked again.

"The part you played yourself. That was all Love! The rosy lenses of Illusion lent the rosy glow to yonder pallid form. The ears with wilful fondness heard no hint of what lay back of honeyed passion-tones. The mortal heart, not yet divine enough to recognize the

Love that is divine, hath yielded to emotions that are born of false and flattering transport.

"Come, dearest heart, look not so sadly down on this small mound made fair by blossoms you, yourself, have laid upon the corse that never held true Love. Beyond the hilltop yonder—far beyond Earth's dark environs, you are soon to pass—you'll find the Love of which you are a part—the part Love lacks to make the perfect god!"

"What is your name?" the wondering woman asked.

"Reason," the new guide said, and looked at her with smiles so cold, yet kind, it was as if a fresh, sweet breeze blew over sun-baked plains.

"What do they call the valley there below—the place where sunlight lingers, and fair flowers fill all the warm air with their fragrant breath?"

"'Tis called the Valley of Illusion. Some there are who pass it quickly; some there are who grow old there, and will not leave the place, nor see the hand I reach across the grave wherein lies buried that which they call Love!

"Yet I am true Love's emissary; sent from Love's own Realms of Light to free the world of shadows fabricated by an erring host that will not read the message on the scroll until its dull, self-blinded eyes are washed with its own tears, and it has learned the use, and all the tender mystery of pain!"

Then Reason took the woman by the hand, and led her upward to the slopes beyond. And on these slopes they walked for many hours, the woman asking questions of her guide—a score of questions, at which Reason smiled, and said "Not yet!" to some, and bade her wait till her own soul could speak and make replies.

And so they journeyed on.

Upon the path rough stones began to hurt the woman's feet; gigantic bowlders stood forbiddingly, and their progression grew more difficult.

"What placed these rugged rocks here in the path where men must pass?" the woman asked her guide.

"Men who have passed," said Reason. "Those huge rocks are ancient superstitions which retard all pilgrims toiling on their upward way. This mammoth pile of shifting, slippery stones, whereon the foot may find no settled place, are this world's small conventionalities. But take my hand, and you may safely cross."

Beyond the bowlder stood a wall of rock at whose dark base a mighty cavern yawned. The woman stopped at sight of it, and shrank before its awful depths.

Next Reason said: "This is the entrance to the World of Men. Go—enter in!"

"I dare not enter in—it is so dark, so deep, so strange and terrible!"

"Yet must you enter in."

"Then go before."

"*I!*" Reason asked; "*I* enter in that World that knows me not?"

"Must I then go alone?"

"Truly, dear heart——"

"But if I perish there——"

"Cry out to me, and I shall hear your cry, and send to you a strong uplifting thought that will support and aid you in distress. Be brave! The way is dark and drear, indeed; but 'tis a path that you must tread alone. Each mortal child must learn for its own self the Lessons of Experience.

"Know this: That ignorance is never innocence; that only when life's lessons all are learned, and choice is made between the right and wrong, may any soul be judged. Now, go your way. Be brave, dear heart, the timid suffer so——"

"And I'm a woman!"

"Therefore far more brave than you, yourself can realize! Go, now; the great world lies beyond; and, though Mankind has crowned Unreason as its mighty king, and I am exiled, know that I shall hear, and shall respond to every cry for help."

The woman turned, and, with one backward glance toward that green valley now so far below—the sunny vale that held the little

mound—looked back through wistful tears; then boldly plunged into the blackness of the World of Men!

Into the blackness of the World of Men!

When all light failed the woman stopped, and peered into the inky gloom that lay beyond. Before her into darkness most profound the woman's eyes stared fixedly, until they grew accustomed to the dismal shades, and found a narrow path beneath her feet.

Past obstacles that loomed up in her way; past grewsome barriers she needs must climb; along the path now more distinctly seen (which led the lonely soul too often past the frightful depths of many a drear abyss—if she swerved here the woman would be lost!); on, and still on—now full of cowardice, now striding bravely in the selfsame path where many a man had yielded up his life!

The tunnel widened as the woman walked; widened, and with each hour grew less dark, until, at length, her anxious eyes discerned grim walls of endless heights that were not walls, but something living, sentient, terrible! The barriers were formed of mortal men welded together in a concrete mass, each soul a soul in torment, clutching at a brother soul from which he fiercely longed to separate himself, yet from which he could never get away!

The woman shrank from gaunt arms that reached out to her, and heard a score of writhing lips give utterance to words that hissed like serpents through the air. Sometimes the woman's weary feet were caught within the meshes of a hideous web made up of thoughts of men, and set for prey.

Sometimes a chasm yawning at her feet would send her reeling far to right or left; but with a cry she swiftly stood upright—so burning hot the walls that met her hands—or else so bitter cold!

"Is there," she cried, "no Path of Safety in this World of Men? No middle ground," she cried, "where I may walk unharmed between man's hate and so-called love?"

Then Reason sent this answer: "Yes, dear heart, there is a Path of Safety through the World; but unless you, yourself, are strong enough to build the walls that must encompass it, you may not hope to walk its narrow way."

"Where is the Path?"

"Beneath your feet."

"What—this?"

"There is no other highway through the World—none else than this road hath been anywhere."

"But some there are who seem to walk apart——"

"Ay, *seem* to; all is 'seeming' in this world."

"Perhaps they have built walls?"

"They have built walls."

"How may this be accomplished, tell me, pray? For I would walk in safety in a Path where now I shrink before the World's fierce hates and fiercer loves! Of what material must I," the woman queries, "build my wall?"

"Of thought—of thought alone. All things that are, all things that ever were, and ever will be, the pure, primordial essences that change and change again, are all transformed by Ideation. Of this, then, make you your wall, dear heart; for until you have built it high and strong to right and left you never may know peace."

"Will it be hard to build?"

"It will be hard; but be assured that, though at first its base may seem to melt with the World's heats or crumble with its cold, do you be steadfast, and 'twill come at last to be as strong as adamant, and grow before you as you make your onward way."

"By what name is the Path of Safety known?"

"Indifference."

"Ah—that!" the woman said. "I see—I understand!"

"But have a care," then Reason warned her, "that you build your walls so that no needing fellow-being finds them all impassable. For should you shut the cries of ailing brothers from your ears; the pangs of suffering sisters from your heart; the woe and agony of mortal souls distressed; from human sympathy which is divine, no highest bulwark will avail you aught upon your journey through the World of Men!"

Now, although Reason told her what to do, and though she tried

to follow her advice, the baleful thoughts of her own fellow-men destroyed her work as fast as it began to show upon the edges of the Path.

"I cannot build the wall," she cried aloud. "The frost and fire, men's loves and hates destroy my earnest efforts!"

"Oh, build one, dear heart," cried Reason, then. "Get closer to your work—*get on your knees,* and shape the barriers with patient hands."

"What makes the ground so wet?" the woman asked, when she had bent her knees and touched the Path whereon she knelt.

" 'Tis moistened by the tears of those who tried, yet could not build their walls."

"And where are they that failed?" the woman asked. Then Reason pointed out the seething, writhing, hideous human mass that went to make the World's enormous bulk. "Each soul hath had its opportunity. Some seized their chances, yet did not succeed. Some triumphed, as you will."

"And where are they?"

"Far on the Path."

At this the woman smiled, and at her sunny smile the Walls arose on either side, and kept their firm, true shape, till she who built them of her very thought stood upright once again.

Protected, now, by lofty barriers that rose before the pilgrim as she made her onward way, safe from all that which once had wounded her and dragged her down, the woman went in peace, unharmed by aught within the World of Men.

EVA BEST.

INDIVIDUALITY VERSUS ORGANIZATION.

Advance a single proposition for greater freedom of opportunity for the development of individuality in man, and see how such a proposition will be received.

The word freedom, in nine cases out of ten, is the sesame that will open Pandora's box and let loose an opposition and antagonism that move as blindly in the realm of reason as a bat in the light of day.

The right to such opportunity, as an abstract truth, is seldom disputed. It is, in fact, generally agreed to; but the agreement is so closely followed by questions which modify and change the whole character of the agreement, that we soon find it to be no agreement at all—just one of the many platitudes that man repeats in an idle, meaningless way.

Why should a simple plea for greater opportunity for man arouse so much opposition? Are these objectors fearful that freedom for one will entail restriction and servitude on every other member of a family or community? Their objections, framed as questions, imply such a fear.

"Yes," they concede, "that is true; but what about the rights of others? Hasn't man a right to consider other people?" etc., etc.

Such questions are entirely irrelevant to the proposition, and one would think the personal liberty of the questioner was in danger. In advocating freedom there is no advocacy of restriction. Have they not, through their own objections, shown what they conceive freedom to be? I think so.

It is the common experience of every advocate of freedom to find that no assurance, no amount of argument, can ever convince those who hold and nurse such objections, that freedom—to be freedom even in its most external relation—must be equal opportunity for all. The consciousness of man propounds questions to him, which he alone can answer. He sees through the window of his own development.

He is only affected by things toward which he himself unfolds. A man's questions reflect nothing more serious than the state of his own development.

The mass thought of individuality is that it consists in securing the most comfortable chair in the house, choosing the largest and best apple on the table; in fact, a form of monopoly, special privilege and perpetual advantage over every one else. Individuality has substance and form, and so it must occupy space, consume food and express itself through and by means of objective things. Use, however, does not always imply monopoly. Everything in nature shows by its outward form what its stage of development is. Man, belonging to nature, has not only the changing phases of physical growth to emphasize, but he must also in his actions reveal the different states of consciousness through which he must pass before he can attain self-knowledge. The evolution of nature causes us no uneasiness, but incites us to deeper inquiry and investigation. Why should not the evolution of character in man call for the same inquiry?

Until we have knowledge of how the bean, maple, etc., grow, their cotyledons can reveal nothing to us. The relation of the seed-leaves to the later leaves, with which we are familiar, remains a matter of conjecture until we are able to recognize their inter-relation. Nature furnishes hundreds of examples of changing phases of growth which are contradictory and illusive to the casualist, but interdependent and full of meaning to the observant student.

Man's earliest consciousness is a physical one. Through *sensation* of self he is forced to gain all knoweldge of himself. The universe at this stage is his personal inheritance. It is his great storehouse, from which he draws freely and lavishly, having no thought but to gratify his own desires, to satisfy his own needs. When he sees a comfortable chair he proceeds to occupy it, looking neither to the right nor left to see if anyone present has a similar need. Everything that he desires he tries to secure in the same way. Such a stage of development causes much inconvenience and unrest when a similar development in the same surrounding is equally desirous to secure the

same thing. But in the struggle of desire with desire for supremacy, man measures his power with man, and thus gains a knowledge of life, a rounding of character that no other experience can possibly give to him at this stage of his development. If this is true, then we must admit that this phase of his growth is not lawless, but lawful; not out of relation, but in relation to his development.

There is no consciousness in man, of freedom in this personal struggle for supremacy, and yet through all this chaos and conflict of expression I do maintain that the individual is steadily advancing toward freedom, because through it he is gaining self-knowledge.

To dwell on this or any other particular phase of individual development as if it were the sum total of all man's striving and endeavor; or to repudiate it as untrue to the fuller consciousness of man, is to confess our ignorance of human development, an ignorance we would be heartily ashamed of in relation to any other "ology."

The difference between man's physical endeavor to grasp and retain things, and his later individual effort to see and understand the *relation of things*, is the unlikeness that exists in every form of life between one stage of growth and another. As soon as his development demands of him that he associate with others, that need compels him to consider the need and claim of the one he wishes to unite with. Through his need of association he realizes that his right is balanced by the right of another, and through the concession that his own development forces him to make he conceives the meaning of liberty, to be—the right to do what one needs to do, leaving equal opportunity to others. This conception of liberty causes man to experience what seems like a limitation of his own right. He no longer feels himself as the only heir to the universe. He sees that there is another claimant whose right is equal with his own. This consciousness disciplines him into a wider and fuller realization of life. The recognition, while it limits his physical area, enlarges his area of realization and consciousness. If he desires companionship, he finds that he must pay his tribute to it, he must share his physical possessions with it. It is the only form of tribute he can pay, because it is the only possession

that he is yet aware of. Consciousness of self can only come to him through his willing relinquishment of the externalities of life.

Freedom is necessity, not license; and yet license is the first rung in the ladder toward consciousness of freedom.

Freedom binds and unfetters a man. When a man is conscious of the law inherent in all manifestation, that very consciousness necessitates him to live the law. It releases him from superstition and speculation. Hope and fear are dissipated when he realizes that there is no element of chance in life; that not even a leaf dropped from the tree is blown hither and thither without a purpose, but is following and obeying the Law Eternal.

Nature distinguishes man by endowing him with a personality that separates him from all other forms of life. Nature gives to him instincts and desires which urge him into particular relationships that evolve a consciousness in him of what life is. But man individualizes himself when he realizes the source of his creativeness as centered within himself.

Personality is a physical differentiation. Individuality is a differentiation caused by man's own development of consciousness.

When man knows what the true relation of association is, he neither pays nor exacts tribute to retain it. When he has discovered the center of his own power as within himself, he no longer desires uniformity, and so he need not conform. In realizing his own integrity he is allied to the integrity of the universe. Realizing that the law of the universe is inherent in his own nature, he sees himself as the conditioner of his own life, and so he has neither complaint to make nor redress to expect from the outside. He sees himself in all things and feels all things in himself. He sees in the diversity of manifested life the working of one great, infinite cause, demanding infinite variety of expression. Ascending to the height of his own being, his vision of life becomes clearer. Penetrating to the depths of his own nature, his knowledge of life is increased.

Individualized man demands freedom of opportunity in which to express himself, not monopoly of opportunity.

To attempt to limit the province in which man must express himself; to repress the aggressive personal aspect of his development; to stamp his nature as perverse, because it does not in its elementary period manifest the attributes that we consider admirable, is as wise and rational as it would be to hinder or thwart the unfolding of the cotyledons, because they are not the leaves by which we have known the plant, and just as reasonable as it would be to destroy the caterpillars that come from the moth's eggs, because they were neither like that which they came from nor like that which they are to be later on.

Man must first realize all that his state of physical consciousness holds for him, before he can comprehend any other state of being. To urge man to be like "this" or like "that" is equivalent to a repudiation of his existing development. He cannot be more or less than his development requires of him. He is necessitated from within, not from without. The very development that tends to evolve a consciousness of individuality forces him to find association with those who are equally free. "Like responds to like."

To get the personal equation of another, individualized man needs and requires individuality in others; perfect freedom for all, perfect equality in every relation that he holds. The antagonism of the ignorant—who always consider the gain of another as loss to themselves—may be discouraging to the ardent advocate of individual development, but it is easier to overcome than the subtle, partial agreement that we often hear:

"Oh, yes; man is whole and complete in himself, *but* he is also a member of the larger whole, the social body."

"But" never better fulfilled its office as a disjunctive than in the present instance. It introduces a clause that insinuates such an unknown quantity, such an abstraction from the individual life, that the first clause is devitalized by it.

Rarely, indeed, do we find man strong and confident enough in his own integrity to question and investigate the power which magnitude and quantity seem to hold as either for or against his own development and need. Nothing is harder to refute than a half truth, and

nothing is more subtle to affect the integrity of the individual than a partial agreement. The latter reflects an unsure state of mind where admission and denial are continually tripping each other. It is also a weapon of diplomacy used to disarm a simple mind in argument. To agree before introducing an objection is ingratiating, for it gives an impression of fair-mindedness in discussion that can only be resisted by one who is fully possessed by the truth he advocates, and is influenced neither by the agreement nor disagreement that he meets with.

Nothing is more conducive to the development and preservation of rationality in man, than for him to go straight to the object that intimidates and find out by his own investigation where its power and potency lie. Until he takes the initiative with determination to know the truth, he must be subject to every hallucination invoked by others, or that his frightened sense may conjure into substance and form.

When man is overawed by the magnitude of the "larger whole" and feels that his claim is puny and insignificant when contrasted or compared with that unknown quantity, he must, if he is ever to be freed from that superstition, inquire into the nature of that "Larger Whole," "Social Body," etc., that he finds so glibly talked of. Every statement made to him he should see as subject to his own intelligence. If he desires knowledge on any fact in the universe he must question it. Acceptance is not understanding.

I remember well how, when I struggled to grasp the meaning and place of individuality in life, the traditions of life checked and hampered my reason and made me fearful of results. Outside of my consciousness was a voice which spoke with authority; within myself was the fearfulness born from the unsure, because yet untried, way. At last, eager to know whether I were a subject or a free agent, I questioned this "Social Body," and the answer I received helped me to rise from a prostrate position to one that was erect.

When I asked what is the "Larger Whole?" the answer came, "The Larger Whole is Humanity!"

"Humanity? Well, how can a man find out what relation he bears to humanity?" By living with humanity.

But humanity is as great an abstraction as the "Larger Whole." Man can form no concept of such a generalization. Humanity is too vast a quantity, too abstract a term, for the mind of man to fully comprehend its significance and relation to himself.

Generalizations can neither be proved nor disproved. It is well known that they either make no impression on man, or in the dim light of his intelligence their unknown quantity suggests a substantiality which he cannot proportion; therefore, he is intmidated by it. The real intimidator or liberator dwells in one's own state of consciousness. Our apprehension or conception of things depends upon the attitude or position that we take in relation to them. Let man inquire into the nature and quality of "Humanity." Let him particularize it. Let him subtract from that sum total "Humanity" until he gets a quantitv or quality from it that he can understand. Let him separate "Humanity" and see what the outcome will be.

The most particular expression of humanity is what? Man. And who is man? The man whom you meet on the thoroughfare, with whom you transact business, or your close personal friend.

And so we find, when we calmly investigate it, that the abstraction called "Larger Whole," "Social Body," "Humanity," etc., is the particular, known quantity, man. Just Tom, Dick and Harry. All good fellows, probably, but to no one of them would you allow the directing of your life or the overruling of your conviction.

Then, in the last analysis, there is no "Social Whole." No, there is *just individual man.* There is nothing greater nor less in this manifested universe than the individual. Individuality reigns supreme through every phase of nature as well as through humanity.

We find that the abstraction from man is like all mathematical abstractions. It is built upon the unit, and the correctness of the sum is proved by reducing it to the unit again. The fallacy that the individual is less because of many individuals can easily be seen by transferring such a method of reasoning to something with which we are quite familiar. To use such reasoning in mathematics would seem ridiculous. It would be like saying, Oh, yes, the unit is whole and complete in itself, but it is also a part of an aggregate.

Well, what if it is a part of an aggregate, does it alter its power or lessen its freedom as a unit one iota? No, it is just as unchangeable in its nature when aggregated as when it stood alone. The aggregate is the combination of the unit, and must testify to the strength of the unit or the combination will cease to exist. A chain is a chain because of its links.

When the "Larger Whole," "Social Body," "Humanity," etc., are presented to man, and he feels the littleness of his unit of force as against a combination of units, let him reassure himself by examining the claim. Let him not run in like the child who contends for his right to stay in the "open" until his mother shuts the door and tells him to stay there and the "rag" or "bogie man" will catch him. How the whole aspect of the outside is changed to the child, as soon as he *receives* and *holds* the insinuation of his mother. No physical force is needed to subjugate that state of consciousness. The unknown quantity and quality of the "rag" or "bogie man" sends the child in terror from the "open of life" back into the place and condition from which he was instinctively striving to differentiate himself.

Fear so obscures reason that, while it dominates man, he is unable to get the true relation of things. It subjugates him to every implication or suggestion from without. Instead of demonstrating the truth to him the report of his senses serves to intensify his self-hypnotized condition, for he shapes every sensation as fear suggests it should be shaped, and so victimizes himself.

Quantity is always the first crude conception of strength and greatness. This is why thunder is the cause of alarm instead of lightning. The sound is so out of proportion, usually, to our knowledge of its power that we cannot comprehend it, so we give to it a credit of force and strength that it does not possess—except to our ignorant terror.

For the same reason man is silenced into subjugation by the insinuated "Larger Whole," "Social Body."

The larger whole, or social body, is simply one of the many materializations of results that man had to personify, as he was obliged to personify the invisible force and power that he felt in the universe and later on in himself—in his effort to understand it—as God.

Mass results are purely individualistic, in spite of the many examples and illustrations presented to demonstrate the greater value of combined effort as against individualistic effort. The army in battle is always advanced as one of the strong arguments. The truth is that battles are fought and won along purely individual lines. If man could subjugate himself entirely to the command of another, an army would at once be converted into a bulky, unwieldy mass that would frustrate instead of further the cause involved.

The one captain in a company, the one colonel in a regiment, etc., are significant symbols that through the whole combination it is individual quality and not individual quantity that holds the potentialities of the army for success or defeat. It is just the amount of individuality put into the fight that decides the issue. Every man when filled with desire to preserve, protect or defeat, feels the fight as his own. Self-preservation, too, if there is nothing more involved, will necessitate him to fight for himself.

Kipling recognized this in "With the Main Guard."

"Look a-here!" He picked up a rifle an inch below the fore sight with an underhanded action, and used it exactly as a man would use a dagger. "Sitha," said he softly, "thot's better owt, for a mon can bash t' faace wi' thot, an', if he divn't he can breaк t' forearm o' t' gaard. 'T is not i' t' books, though. Gie me t' butt."

"Each does ut his own way—the butt or the bay-nit or the bullet, accordin' to the natur' ave the man."

We find recognition here and there of the force and potency of individualistic effort, but in the main we find very few who do more than assent to it; they neither believe nor trust in it.

How often, after an acknowledgment of some question of principle we hear it followed by, "But what can one do against the many?"

What can the one do? He can do all that he recognizes as right to do, if he is only conscious of his own integrity. If it is *right* that man is truly concerned about, and not a fixed result that he wishes to attain, he will realize it as a necessity in his own life to do the thing he sees to be done. If in nature the different manifestations of life known

to us as molecules, germs, etc., should hold back their individual effort, waiting for a mass expression to effect a mass result, we should have, instead of evolution, inertia. Is a mass of wheat leavened by organized effort or individual effort? It is leavened by individual effort wholly. The result, in the form of bread, is the outcome of individualization. It is *one* and *one* and *one* that leavens, not one and one waiting to act concertedly; but each self-actively advancing and fulfilling the law of its own nature.

Things are indistinctly massed in the imperfect light of the approaching day; and so, in the genesis of man's consciousness, we find that whatever he cannot understand he masses and treats as a generalization, an abstraction. He proves his grasp of a thing when he is able to particularize it.

If we inquire into our knowledge of objective things, we learn that once we have grasped the individuality of a thing, for example, that we have distinguished the daisy from the clover, the clover from the buttercup, etc., we never again see them as massed and indistinct, undifferentiated.

And so we find it in man. After he has succeeded in separating himself from the mass of humanity so that he can think and act independently, he is never again merged in it. Once he has realized his own identity as a self-active being, he never loses himself in the mass expression again. He must first of all feel his own creativeness; he must desire intensely to do something in his own particular way, before he can in any degree understand the rationale of individuality.

Those who have never felt the desire or impulse to create cannot understand it when they see it as a need in another's life. Indeed, all the effect that individuality seems to have on the major part of mankind is to fill them with horror. All that they can see is its primary distinguishing quality that separates and holds it apart from all other forms. They are in consequence fearful of its separating, disintegrating effect upon the social organism. They have not the intelligence to trace the unfoldment of unity through its different aspects of growth, so they fear the separation as loss to the advancement of the

race. Of course they, too, talk of individuality; everybody who claims to think does that; but their only appreciation of it is that it yield its unit of force, its energizing quality to combine with others for the attainment of an ultimate end, designated as a good for the "whole." Man is, to the greater number, only an instrument for the attainment of race results. Activity, energy, is all they know of him. They see in him a driving force, a disintegrating or constructive factor to effect and transform conditions or things.

The Chinese are a very good example of this activity. As a people they are intensely active and productive, but what benefit does such exercise of activity return to them as men? Well, they produce many material things, but those things return to them neither knowledge nor consciousness of themselves as beings self-actively creative. The Chinaman reflects physically the stage of his development. As he is not creative, but imitative in what he does, so in turn he is so little differentiated personally that he has little distinction as a man. He seems to be merged in his race, massed with them. This we see in their oneness of feature and expression. The likeness of one Chinaman to another is so great that they have no personal identity for those not holding intimate relationship with them.

The more fully and freely that man reveals himself in the external, the more distinct and highly differentiated he becomes, even personally, from the mass. This separation from the multitude is not divorcement in any sense. On the contrary, it polarizes mankind and causes a vibration of attraction that unites and holds them together in a living relation.

Individualized man, having realized the meaning and need of self-activity in his own life, is able to appreciate and understand the effort of others to express themselves, no matter how vague the form of their striving may be. He remembers the sign posts that he passed on his road to freedom, which he now sees others trying to decipher.

On the other hand, the struggling, less differentiated human beings feel in the individualized, conscious man their own endeavor ob-

jectified. Instead of feeling the differentiation as disuniting, they seek to identify themselves with him, feeling their cause as one.

I believe that this attraction, caused by differentiation, is the source of hero worship and followership. The truly individualized man, however, can never lead others. Leadership is the other side of followership. Leadership is only useful to man when he is principally concerned with the externalities, when results are aimed for as the goal of all effort. The individualized man cannot lead, because he knows that *every* effort of man is tending toward self-consciousness, and that the result or circumstance is only of moment as far as it reveals to man the nature of his own striving. He knows that the effort of man and the consequence resulting from the effort, is the only way in which man can gain consciousness of himself. His concern is not with the success or defeat of the act, but with the experience and consciousness resulting from it. He understands the value of the result, but not in the sense that it is ordinarily regarded—as a thing or possession to be held in its concreteness—but as an externalization of man's desire and impulse, in which he may mirror his own nature.

Consciousness of individuality does not make an Ishmael of man. On the contrary, it is the source of all true friendship and relationship. It is the only condition for true unity. In every relation held by the individualized man, he has his own integrity as a basis to support it. There is no longer any union held together by concession or self-repression; it is cemented by the selfhood in every link that binds them together. In individuality alone can unity be realized. There can be no interdependence until man has realized his independence.

The mass opinion and mass expression is the refuge of the undifferentiated consciousness that has not yet felt the force of its own life.

Results mean just as much to the conscious man as to the mere formalist. The attitude, however, is so different that it changes the whole aspect; and so it often appears as if the Casualist were the only one who appreciated results, because he prizes the possession and holding of things—their tangible, graspable quality.

The conscious man sees in the tangible and concrete a sign post

that makes clear to man's sense what his own life is. Externalities have no permanency, no fixedness to the conscious man. He recognizes that it is the spirit which liveth and causeth form. That form, to reveal life, must have the adaptability and flexibility that will manifest the infinite nature of life.

Results, in truth, mean more to the individualized, conscious man than they can ever mean to the formalist. The external, to the conformist, is something which he sees as separate and distinct from himself; something as good outside of himself, which he tries to secure. He has consciousness of his own power to sustain him. He is possessed by a desire for quantity which makes him crave large, great results. He speculates in hope and fear. Magnitude can overawe him and also incite him. A result is valuable to him in proportion to its magnitude. Its nature and quality have no meaning, no significance to him.

To individualized man the value of the result rests wholly in its quality. Its magnitude is only a matter of degree to him, which he sees in relation to man's own consciousness. Its magnitude does not detract, neither does it add to the value of a thing. Form to him is simply the exterior of an interior cause. He values it for what it reveals—not for itself.

Instead of man feeling his inability to deal with unknown quantities, let him have confidence in his own intelligence as the interpreter of all things.

The greatest attainment of knowledge is self-knowledge.

Self-knowledge can only come to man through self-expression. Self-expression will give to man experience, experience will give him realization—consciousness of self. Self-consciousness will interpret to him the striving and endeavor of all life.

To be self-active is to be creative; to be creative is to be original; to be original is to externalize and objectify from an inner necessity.

When man grows into the consciousness of the main spring of his actions, he has then realized his own integrity, and when he has realized his own integrity, he has realized the integrity of every living thing in the universe.

ELIZABETH BURNS FERM.

THE LOTUS.

Far away in Eastern lands,
Hedged about by burning sands,
In temple courts, on still lagoons
Mirroring sky, the Lotus blooms,
That sacred flower of eld!

Hidden 'neath its golden heart
In miniature, by wondrous art,
Within the seed there lies concealed
The perfect form to be revealed,
So doth the legend tell.

Firmly rooted in the mud,
Burdened with its precious bud,
Like sinuous serpent gliding by,
With egg in mouth, thro' the liquid sky
That tops the waters' tide.

Th' eternal wisdom of the snake,
Pilots safely thro' the lake
Of seeming sky and shifting light,
To outer air; where from such height
The truth is well discerned.

Cradled on the water's breast,
Sleeping Beauty lies at rest;
The queenly flower but answers to
The Prince of Day, when he doth woo;
So well she knows her own!

Thrilling to the touch of light,
Loved by sun, till all bedight
With glory's sheen, an answering beam
From breast of purest white doth gleam,
A golden heart doth glow.

Proudly throned, in fabled scene
Of sky and cloud—of all the Queen!
An atom-symbol of the Sun,
Modelled like the greater one
From out the mind of God.

All the elements combine,
Earth, water, air and fire—enshrine
Heaven and Earth—and all unite
To chain the Sun! by their own might
A jewel in the Lotus.

In the hollow of the brain,
Image fair, of God, would fain
Reach to the everlasting Light,
Till fulgent, it be brought to sight,
"Om-Mani-Padme-Hûm."

MAUD RALSTON.

A man must use intellect and conscience as the very instruments by which alone he can arrive at the conviction that the Church's claims hold good. But if intellect and conscience are good enough for that bit of preliminary work, they are good enough to stand the strain of asserting authority themselves.—*Richard Armstrong.*

THE WISE MAN AND THE SEA URCHINS.

(XV.)

It is to-morrow.

A gentle little breeze flies across the bright waters of the bay, and, stopped in its course by the sails of John O'Connell's boat, it grows rebellious, and tries to push the canvas out of its way. This effort of the wind sends the little craft flying across the dimpling waves, and pleases the children into speech.

"Doesn't the sea seem to be laughing this morning? It has a million dimples on its face."

For answer, the Wise Man declared, in rich, musical tones, that it was "better to laugh than be sighing," and sang:

"Tho, our joys, like the waves in the sunshine,
Gleam awhile, then be lost to the sight,
Yet for each sparkling ray that so passes away
Gleams another as brilliant and light!"

"It's the same water, but it's never the very same little waves; but if the next be as bright and shining as the preceding one, why fret?"

"I suppose we fret because we are very much afraid that the wave to come *won't* be as bright and shining as the one just passed."

"And so, Ruddy, my lad, you'd keep the ocean still—crystallize it into a dead, bright, beautiful, useless thing, so that the very same sparkles might never disappear? What good could the limpid little ripples do if they couldn't go on with their appointed tasks? A beautiful thing is a million times more beautiful when it is moving about doing its duty in the world. As I have often told you everything is for use, my Urchins, and when we view them in their proper spheres—that is, in their proper grooves of active usefulness—true beauty is given to the ugliest, homeliest objects."

"*I* know how *that* can be, sir," said Blackie, his dark eyes lighting with his thought. "My father has told me how such a thing as that happened to him one time; how what was hideous to him came to be the loveliest thing he ever saw in his life."

"Tell us the story, Blackie—— What's that, O'Connell?"

"It's Long Point, Professor, that you wished to make by noon?"

"Yes; there' plenty of shade there, you say?"

"Thickest woods this side of Farron's Grove—timber and underbrush, wildcats and snakes."

"Famous! Now, Blackie."

"Father said that when he was in the army he fell ill of a fever—sort of chills and fever, the surgeon said; but, as every man was needed at his post just then, father tried to pretend to himself that he was all right, and marched on with the others in spite of his miserable condition.

"My father was an artist—a very fine artist, indeed," and there was a ring of pride in the boy's tone, "and his 'sense of the beautiful,' as he used to call it, was such that ugly things were really hateful to him. He often used to say that he never could understand how other artists could see beauty in ugly things. To him ugly things were *ugly*, and when they tried to explain to him that they were *picturesque* my father always laughed and said perhaps so, but he wasn't that kind of an artist. A big, bumpy, knotty, sunburned hand or foot might be 'picturesque' enough, and all that, but it was ugly, and what was ugly was hideous, and *he* wouldn't paint it on any canvas of *his*.

"Once on the road through the Cumberland Mountains, the army halted near a little village in northeastern Tennessee. There were always a few 'sympathizers,' as they were called, wherever the army halted—those, you know who didn't agree with their own folks' and country people's views, but sided with the 'enemy.'

"In this particular village there seemed to be only one of these 'sympathizers'—a tall, bony, elderly woman, with big hollow eyes, whose face had not only been drawn out of shape by some awful disease, but had been deeply marked by smallpox. Her hair was short

and a dirty gray, and her whole appearance, clothing and all, made her appear to father less like a human being than a scarecrow.

"She insisted on following the army; said she was strong as a horse, and, as she was a mountaineer, declared she could walk as many miles and carry as heavy a load as any man. She begged to be allowed to go as nurse, cook, or anything at all, so, only, that she might go. My father said that after that she seemed to just haunt him, and that he actually suffered at sight of the hideous hag. She was so ugly she attracted his gaze, and, to his own disguest and surprise, he would catch himself looking at her in spite of all he could do.

"Well, there was a skirmish about a week after the woman joined the army, and my father was shot in the thigh. He says he doesn't know just how it happened, but in his delirium he managed somehow to crawl up into a thicket away from the sharp firing, and then he swooned away. Whether he lay there hours or days or weeks he could not have told when at last he opened his eyes and found himself all alone in the thicket on the hill—all alone and burning up with a terrible fever, his whole body on fire, and his thigh swelled to something awful. And then, father said, he learned two pretty terrible lessons. First, he came to realize what real thirst might mean, and what it was to be *alone*. 'Water,' was his first thought; then somebody—just *anybody*, so that it was a human being.

"At first father feared he would die; then he feared he wouldn't. Hour after hour he suffered agony alone on that mountain, and dying of thirst as much as of the awful hurt of his wound.

"After a time he became half delirious, and thought he was lying on the shore of a stream, which, although it somehow seemed so near, he couldn't reach to save him. He imagined he saw the cool current flow by, and heard the music of the water as it ran over the shallows. The while he heard and saw the water, however, he felt the hot sun beating into his very brain. Then he fancied the clouds turned into smoke, that the smoke was rising from the earth, and that the whole world was on fire. After that the pain seemed to vanish, and, as he didn't suffer any longer, he thought that he had died, and was just

lying there, sort of resting, and waiting for some angel to come and show him the way to heaven.

"But, although the pain was gone, father said he still felt that if he could only get to that stream he thought he saw, he, *whether dead or alive,* would drink it dry. The thought at last grew so awful and unbearable that he thinks he gave a loud scream for the angel to come to him; for he remembers he shrieked with his *mind,* if not with his *month,* and father thinks it must have been with *both.*

"And then——" Blackie paused, with a little pleased look on his bright, boyish face; for here had always been to him the climax of interest in his father's story.

"And then?" questioned the children.

"The angel came."

"The angel came?"

"The angel came. There was a halo 'round its head and all the edges of its robe were gleaming with a golden fire; the eyes looked like stars, father said, and looked down so full of love and tenderness he just begun to weep because of his weakness and joy.

"Then the angel's arm lifted his head up very carefully, and a canteen, tipped at his lips, poured some precious drops of cool water into his parched throat. As he tasted it, my father fell to sobbing like a baby, and let his head fall upon the angel's breast. Two more sparing little swallows were given him, after which he fell into a sort of stupor. When, at last, he really regained consciousness, he was in camp, and the surgeon was bending over him."

"But where was the angel?"

"The angel had carried him half a mile to camp, and given him into the surgeon's charge."

"Then where did the angel go?"

"About her business—nursing the wounded soldiers, helping some to live and some to die. For my father's beautiful angel was the scarecrow from the little mountain village. She was never ugly to him after that, and, when the war was over, he brought her home and cared for her as if she had been a second mother, and to me (for I can re-

member her in her old age) she was always beautiful as an angel, because she was so good."

"And what was the magic that could work so great a miracle?" asked the Wise Man.

"Love?" asked Violet timidly.

"Yes, Violet; love, the wonder-worker."

"That's what makes Nurse Dinah think her little cross-eyed, hump-backed, crippled black boy the very loveliest child in all the world," declared Snowdrop, as though she had at last found a solution to a hitherto unsolved problem. "Her love for him just *makes* him beautiful to her."

"Yes, my lassie, and proves the truth of the old saying, 'Beauty dwells in the eye of the beholder.' "

"And that's why the very same people may be perfectly lovely to some folks, and not at all lovely to others?"

"Yes. And I do believe the ugliness of the world (its mental, moral and physical ugliness) could absolutely *be loved out of it.* Suppose we all try our little level bests to do what we can toward loving ugliness out of existence," said the Wise Man, gravely.

"How shall we begin?" asked Blooy.

"You tell him, Brownie."

"I don't believe I should know how to begin myself," confessed the boy.

"How would you begin, Goldie?"

"I don't see how a person could *ever* begin if the ugliness is made more by bad temper and hatefulness than by the features of the face," said the lad, Goldie, his eyes fixing themselves upon the lowering visage of John O'Connell, who, near them at the wheel, stood frowning darkly out at the laughing water-dimples.

"But that's the kind of ugliness love *can* reach far more quickly than it could the mis-shapen features of flesh. These would respond in time; but, long before they began to 'round up' into symmetry, these very features would begin to take upon themselves a certain comeliness that would cause one to forget their imperfections. The

Real Man is always beautiful; for he is the manifestation of All Beauty. It's like the clear blue of the arching heavens which at times is hidden from the gazer's view by heavy, sullen, black clouds."

The object of these remarks was the only one utterly unconscious of their personal application. He stood at the wheel glaring out at sea, the words of the talkers falling upon his ears with far less meaning to him than had the creaking timbers of the little craft he guided with unerring hand.

"My Urchins," said the Wise Man, in a tone of voice that called attention to its hidden purport, "there *is* an azure arch above even such clouds as we now perceive marring the beauty of a certain patch of sky, and I'm going to give you a little object lesson, here and now. This is story-telling day, and I'm going to tell one which will disperse a few shadows, and show you by positive proof that, for all the apparent gloominess, there's heaven's own blue in even so unbeautiful a stretch of horizon as that now before you. Watch for the sunlight; note the change it will make, and from it learn the first letter of the new-old alphabet we are going to set ourselves to learn."

The smothered ripple of laughter that followed the masters' words, the fixing upon the scowling face of the skipper of seven pairs of bright, young eyes full of only partially-suppressed glee gave the self-elected historian assurance that the children understood that he meant to clear up the countenance of the unconscious man at the wheel, and show them that clouds were not necessarily persistent, ugly features in any "human landscape."

It was a sailor's yarn he told—a story of adventure. By no means foreign to the telling of the story did he seek to attract the attention of the man at the wheel; but before long the children (waiting almost breathlessly for the "first sign") saw the tiniest cloud in all the world shift a wee bit; saw the gleam of something new in the eyes that still kept themselves fixed steadfastly upon the sea, and noted a slight lifting of the chin—a movement that in some mysterious way changed the whole attitude of the gradually beginning-to-be-absorbed listener.

Skillfully the master touched the strings of the unconsciously re-

sponsive instrument he played upon. Bright were the chords of "promise of pleasure to be"—strong and clear those of daring and danger.

From an ever-ascending scale of human emotions he drew forth tones merry and sad—gay majors of gladness, sad minors of pathos—and as he played, the soul of the man before them, ignorant and innocent of its full responsiveness, lightened and brightened the face of the body through which it manifested, until a new John O'Connell these children had never seen before stood there at the wheel—an absorbed, self-forgetful John O'Connell, whose features were alight with living, human interest.

With the purposeful telling of a farcical episode which allowed the almost-convulsed Urchins an excuse for the roars of laughter that followed, the story came to an end. And he who was laughing with as much genuine heartiness as any of the children turned toward them a face scarcely recognized, and cried out, in jolly good humor:

"Professor, you're not going to ask us to believe that story's *true?*"

"Why, O'Connell, man," and the Wise Man's laugh was but a chuckling echo of the laughter that shook the usually surly skipper, "was ever a sailor's yarn anything *but* true?"

"Well, if it *be,* I've *my* opinion of that idiot of a fellow in your story. I'd 'a' done exactly the opposite if I'd 'a' ben *him.*"

"But suppose you had been the *baboon?*"

This supposition completely upset John O'Connell. A perfect roar—a "squall" of laughter, Goldie called it afterward, when referring to it—of merriment was all the answer he could make to the question, and at the sound of his cyclonic hilarity seven children and one usually dignified gentleman joined with a will in the fun.

"I never, never saw such *cloudless blue!*" cried Blackie, enjoying to the full the unconscious skipper's part in the merry-making.

"Do you think it can *ever* cloud over again?" asked Snowdrop, slightly hysterical, and running up a silver scale of merriment in her high, girlish treble, as she gazed at the smiling face of the sailor.

"Is this the way to begin? Upset a man's equilibrium?" asked Blackie.

"Yes, my boy; upset it so that it will shake down into something different. Change the rate of vibration, you see. There isn't enough jollity in the world—it's the most harmonizing thing known—better than medicine."

"I say, sir—I've thought of something!"

"Hear! hear!" cried Goldie, as Ruddy blushed at his own confession.

"Well, my lad, what is the thought?"

"Why," said Ruddy, bashfully, "I thought we children might form a club—a society, you know—we seven, and call it 'The Rainbow,' and each wear a color of it—there are just seven—and begin—begin—loving all the ugliness away, sir, as you said."

"That's a splendid idea, and appropriately named, too; for there's always a rainbow where the clouds have scattered, and the blue begins to come out again. Good for you, Ruddy, my boy!"

"But where *shall* we begin?"

"Wherever there's ugliness, of course, Blooy."

"Just as *you* did, sir?"

"Oh, there are many, many ways, my boy, to work such miracles. I chose this particular method becaue I wished to prove to you, as no mere explanation, declaration or assertion of mine could do, how Self can be made to forget Self, that happiness and all its gladdening crew can sail in and take possession of the Kingdom of Surliness."

"I wonder," ventured Brownie, slyly, as his laughing eyes' quick glance indicated the object of his remarks, "if blue skies know when they are blue? But that isn't going to matter to us 'Rainbows' whether they do or whether they don't. All *we've* got to do is—what was it, sir?"

"Change the rate of vibration, Brownie. There—Pinkie's eyes are saying, 'definition, please,' if ever blue irises could speak. My little Demander of Meanings, 'vibration' comes from the old Sanskrit word, 'vip,' to tremble, to shake. I shall take the pendulum of a clock for an

object lesson in vibration, as it is simplest and most easily comprehended.

"When a clock has stopped, and the pendulum is at rest, we may represent it by drawing a perpendicular line like this," and the teacher's pencil places a straight black mark on a blank page of the little notebook on his knee. "When our clock is wound up, and set going, the pendulum swings out, first to one side, then to the other of the 'line of rest'—always leaving it, coming back to it, passing it, and returning again.

"Now, we have learned that everything that exists is in motion, even the atoms that make up the granite rock. There is no real quiet anywhere. When the rate of vibration is such that it is neither too fast nor too slow for our rather stupid physical senses to perceive, the organs of sight, the eyes, tell us of it, the organs of hearing, the ears, hear and inform us of the fact; but, as scientists know, there are rates of vibration too slow and too fast for sense perceptions to distinguish—to recognize.

"Sound is vibration; when the vibrations are slow and detached we recognize what we hear as *noise;* when rapid, and, consequently, blended, we have music. Here, for instance, is this little pocket comb of mine. I draw the edges of this card slowly along the teeth in this manner, and all we hear is a 'tack, tack, tack, tack, tack,' of the separate teeth as the pasteboard slips past them in turn. But let me move it rapidly, thus, and we hear a varying, but decided, musical sound."

The children exclaimed as the little instrument sang to them in its uncertain, wavering tones.

"If we strike a bell on its metal rim, what happens? What is it that vibrates—that is, moves to and fro with sufficient rapidity to send loud, sweet sound-waves abroad? Can nobody tell me? Then allow me to answer my own question.

"The blow we give the bell sets all its little metalic particles to dancing (for we have learned that no atoms or particles touch one another, but have an atmosphere of their own), and this dancing, or vibrating, of the particles makes the sound we hear. After the blow

has been struck—after the first violent steps taken in the dance, the particles begin to gradually come again to a state of rest (an *apparent* state, we understand), backward, forward, backward, forward, slowly and more slowly in their little invisible sphere of action, until, at last, the sound (which never really dies) is lost to our material senses, and we call what follows 'silence.'

"Color, fragrance, flavors, sound, and that fine thrill which runs through our beings at those moments when we experience certain emotions of fear or valor, grief or joy, pain or pleasure, these are all the natural results of states of vibration brought about by a divine force in activity, in manifestation.

"It is through the emotions we reach the soul of the Indweller of the Temple, who, as master of the house, ought to be able to 'run it' satisfactorily to himself, but who is, as yet, in ignorance of his own mighty power.

"That's why, my little ones, so many skies are overcast, and why the beautiful azure *that is always there above the dismal, leaden clouds* is so seldom to be seen in all its serene purity."

EVA BEST.

(*To be Continued.*)

All visible things are Emblems; what thou seest is not there on its own account—strictly speaking, is not there at all. Matter exists only spiritually, and to represent some Idea, and to *body* it forth.—*Carlyle.*

The Bible is the utterance of a period of law and widespread civilization in the East. It is founded on politics and religion, and requires but a correct knowledge of the ancient language, philosophy and Semite history to enable us to comprehend the purpose for which it was written, the theology it inculcates, the theocracy it supports, the philosophy on which it depends, and particularly the form of causation that it teaches.—*S. F. Dunlap.*

The World of Thought.

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

THE HABIT OF INTERRUPTING.

It is a common experience that I am describing, one often annoying as well as common. Many seem to forget that conversation should be an interchange rather than a monopoly. It is hardly good breeding for any individual in the group, even though a Holmes or a Johnson, to assume to be "Autocrat." Time enough for that when voluntary consent yields the permission; but oftener, it is an ill-mannered usurpation.

Many years ago, when I had just passed the teens, I paid a visit to the Association at Northampton. At that time there were many experiments at new forms of society, and this was one. Sojourning there for the Summer months were William Lloyd Garrison, Nathaniel P. Rogers, and James Boyle, men conspicuous beyond others in anti-slavery circles. I had known of them, and sympathized warmly with their work. When all were seated for conversation, Mr. Garrison began by assailing another individual who was equally prominent in another field. I attempted to explain, but was interrupted with another of his monologic utterances of sharp criticism. Two or three other endeavors were made, when, finding it virtually impossible to say anything, I gave it up, and let others of a more combative temperament do the talking. I was a youth, diffident and peace-loving, and in no way desirous of displaying myself in such a company; but this incessant interrupting left an unpleasant impression that was never effaced.

This has been no solitary experience, but one often encountered. Individuals of a certain stamp will not permit a person who differs from them to reply to any assertion which they may make, but either interrupt or hurry away. Many are habitually inattentive, giving little heed or attention to what others are saying, but often over-pressed by eagerness to utter what is on their own mind. I remember several such, to whom I had endeavored to give some information, but was interrupted so constantly by divergent remarks that I either gave up the attempt in despair, or if I persevered it was with the vivid impression that what I told was hardly noted. A few such occurrences are sufficient to induce me to keep silence altogether.

The late Professor Garrettson once honored me with a visit. He was a scholar, a profound thinker, and a most estimable man. He came to see me, as one earnest-thinking man does, to compare his own best thoughts with those of another. Yet we had hardly begun to converse when he took up the discourse in his own way, leaving me only the part of listener. It was no hardship, however, for his ideas and statements were excellent. But when he had finished, the time had come for him to go away, and he had missed the object of his visit. He had effectually kept me from speaking, which, in fact, was a relief to me.

Men who have much to do with minor politics are prone to the habit of interrupting. They seem to imagine it their place to monopolize every opportunity, disregardful of what is due to others. I have often waited with some impatience at the Capitol at Albany that I might speak to an individual who was at the time engaged with another. When he had finished the interview, I began with my errand, but before I had unfolded it some one else would bolt forward, interrupt and break me off. It seemed to be a common form of rudeness.

Clergymen used formerly to indulge in the same practice.

They evidently regarded themselves as possessing the authority of umpires, and entitled to such disregarding of others. Grown-up persons frequently treat children in this way, as though the rights of a younger person were not as sacred as their own.

Even the listener fails of just treatment. He may barely ask a question, or utter a sentence, and yet because much time is consumed in the interview he will be accused of the garrulity. As a rule, the severest imputations are made against the defenseless.

A curious experience of my own illustrates how these crude folk miss their aim. A committee waited upon me to procure a statement of my views upon a certain matter. I was a youth then, and ready to tell all. But when I attempted to answer a question some one would interrupt me and a discussion follow between them. They afterward complained to one another that I had not replied to their inquiries, never imagining that they had themselves hindered me.

It is unfortunate that this habit is so prevalent. Dialogue is the best method of diffusing knowledge. It is a reciprocity, an interchange, a coöperation, giving and taking. No one knows the whole of any thing, and we all need to learn from our fellows. In such communicating a blessing and benefit enure to both the one giving and the one receiving. Hence to divert it from its purpose by checking any one is a sad mistake as well as a flagrant discourtesy.

"IF."

A world of results often depends on the condition which the little word "if" expresses. "If," says one writer, "if a private gentleman in Cheshire, England, about the year 1730 had not been overturned in his carriage, it is possible that the United States, instead of being a free Republic, might have

been a dependent colony. That gentleman was Augustine Washington, who was thrown out of his carriage into the company of a lady who afterward became his wife, emigrated with him to Virginia, and in 1732 became the mother of George Washington."

If this writer had been aware that John Washington, the great-grandfather of the General settled in Virginia about 1657, he might have given a more reliable date than 1730.

Mary Philipse, of Philipse Manor, New York, was sought in marriage by George Washington, but declined in consequence of a prior engagement. She always remained a Tory, or Loyalist, in sentiment. "If," said she, "if I had married him he would never have led in the Rebellion."

John Fiske narrates another instance in which an "if" probably changed the fate of the Burgoyne expedition. An order had been prepared in London for the British troops in New York to go up the Hudson and form a junction with the army coming from Canada. But Lord St. Germain commanded a fair copy to be made, and then went out of town over Sunday. As a result the new copy was not signed and sent till some days later. Sir Henry Clinton did not receive it till too late, and as the result General Burgoyne was compelled to surrender. *If* the British Minister had sent his order promptly, things might have been different.

In short, *if* the tide in the affairs of men be taken at the flood it will lead on to fortune.

VICTOR HUGO ON IMMORTALITY.

You say that the Soul is nothing but the result of bodily powers. Why, then, is my Soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, and eternal Spring is in my heart. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy,

drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song. I have tried all. But I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others: "I have finished my day's work." But I cannot say, "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to appear with the dawn. I improve every hour because I love this world as my fatherland. My work is only a beginning. My work is hardly above its foundation. I would be glad to see it mounting and mounting forever. The thirst for the infinite means infinity.

HOW THE NARRATIVE CAME.

The early Christians were little concerned with the details of the life of the Savior. They clung to his doctrines and to the belief in his resurrection. The legends of the Nativity were formed under the influence of other religions which possessed aspirations similar to Christianity.—*Carus.*

"If," says an old copy of *Christian Work*, "Christian Science is a science at all, it should embrace not merely one but all divinely operated means of healing. For these people [the Scientists] to reject the remedies shown by centuries of medical experience savors more of self-conceit than of the humble faith which it so loudly proclaims." We leave the Scientists to maintain their own cause, but protest against the "remedies" which are here specified. For two thousand years, says Lacon, there have been only two discovered, brimstone and mercury. These the intelligent of our people have repudiated. If *Christian Work* is going to resuscitate them, it is attempting a task more unscientific than anything which it discards as vagary.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE LARGER FAITH. A Novel. By JUDGE JAMES W. COULTER. Cloth, 223 pp., $1.00. Published by the Author, Pueblo, Colorado.

A metaphysical novel, teaching in broadest sense that the mission of man on earth is to help his fellowman, to do which he must first know and rule himself.

The interest of the reader is held to the end, and the lesson of the book will be of benefit to all who read it.

Judge Coulter's experience of life must be large, especially with the Western world; and he holds that "change in external physical condition does not secure man's happiness; these are *effects*, not *causes*. Man's happiness is within *himself*, and we are unhappy through a failure to take into consideration our *real* nature, the fundamental law of our being." Frank Horton's sermon at the end of the story is admirable in its breadth, and the true Christ spirit is clearly apparent, and his great influence over ranchmen, cowboys, also people of culture, was because he *lived* the true life, *practicing* what he *preached*.

THE RUSTLE OF HIS ROBE. By MARGARET INEZ K. KERN. Cloth, 50 pp., $2.00. F. Tennyson Neely & Co., New York.

"The most Great Peace Message" comes to the author in a dream and teaches the bond of unity which forms the Brotherhood of Man. The very appropriate selections heading each chapter are from the Bible, and "Hidden Words," the latter a parable translated from original Persian and Arabic manuscripts. The mystic atmosphere of this prophetic dream will appeal to lovers of occult thought and to the mind of the student of symbology. A choice gift book, refined in style and illustration.

THE MAGIC SEVEN. By LIDA A. CHURCHILL. Cloth, 88 pp., $1.00. The Alliance Publishing Co., New York.

This little book has the merit of condensation, and is excellent reading for those who wish to learn how to attain concentration, to be self-centered and use the power of Silence, how to ask and receive, and how to attain perfect health; in short, "To make plain a course by which mental and spiritual powers may be utilized in all the affairs of life."

THE WEIRD ORIENT. By HENRY ILIOWIZI. Cloth, 360 pp., $1.00. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia.

These nine mystic tales are filled with the breath and aroma of the Orient, especially with the weird knowledge that has floated down the ages as legends of Jewish and Moslem mysteries.

The writer (himself a Hebrew), by long residence in Oriental lands, has proved himself a master in the psychologic thought of these peoples, and is a writer of fascinating literary style and great mental ability. He furnishes intellectual pleasure for his readers, and a certain authenticity permeates his imaginative stories. "The Doom of Al Zameri" carries out the idea that because Al Zameri assisted Aaron in moulding the "Golden Calf" for the idol-worshiping Hebrews his punishment should be to wander, feared and shunned by the world, "until the people he had seduced should consider the love and chase of gold as base as rapine, as vile as lust; then will the fever of thy soul abate." This tale seems the source of the "Legend of the Wandering Jew;" also of the tale of roaming Cain.

Mr. Iliowizi will find many admirers, and receive the thanks of all lovers of Oriental lore.

ATOMS AND ENERGIES. By D. A. MURRAY, A.M. Cloth, 200 pp., $1.25. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.

This interesting book, although reaching no final conclusion in the ideas advanced, may lead thinking minds along

the path of future solution. Mr. Murray advocates a *third* form of substance: First, material substance, or *atoms;* second, kinetic substance, or *energy;* third, psychic substance, *soul* or *life.* He claims, "The very laws of atomic motion which are used to explain vibration, expansion, and other heat phenomena are themselves the resultant of expansive energy, and those laws and motions could not exist without the very expansive energy which they are intended to explain. This [expansive energy] is a more fundamental fact than the vibrations or the laws which are conceived as governing atomic movements." Instead of saying that *heat* is a *vibration* of *atoms*, Mr. Murray says heat is an expansive energy which is one of its normal *results*, produces *vibration of atoms*, and that heat is a tendency to produce motion.

"All chemical quality is simply variety in the readiness of substance to unite with each other. Variety in the size and shape of atoms must produce just such variety in the readiness for combination as we see, and all the different types and degrees of variety seen in actual nature could and must be thus produced. All elemental quality is thus reduced to simply the size and shape of atoms. So," Mr. Murray explains "that *energy* is a *distinct* entity, and that the nearer we get to *fundamental* truth the simpler we will always find that truth to be. This extreme simplicity is a tribute to our Creator's wisdom, that out of elements so simple He has constructed a world so wonderful and complex, and that all physical and chemical laws are merely the statement of the essential character of the two entities, expansive and attractive energy."

Our Life is compassed round with Necessity; yet is the meaning of Life itself no other than Freedom—than Voluntary Force. Thus have we a warfare—in the beginning, especially, a hard-fought battle.—*Carlyle.*

266
165
161